April 14, 1973

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Changing Room—Semi-pro Rugby in the North of England is plainly a tough game. David Storey tells us what the players say before, during, and after the game, as they horse around in their chilly locker room, but we never get to know them. Admirably acted by a large cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Doctor in Spite of Himself—A one-week engagement of Molière's play, performed in French by Le Jeune Théâtre National. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. Monday through Friday, April 16-20, at 7:30, and Saturday, April 21, at 2:30 and 7:30. For information about tickets, call PL 9-4747.)

Emperor Henry IV—Pirandello posing some of his usual paradoxes about the nature of reality. A curiously sluggish work, redeemed by Rex Harrison, Eileen Herlie, and the rest of an able cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 28.)

Equity Library Theatre—William Inge's SUMMER BRAVE, a revised version of his "Picnic," is the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 15. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

L'Été—A French play by Romain Weingarten, translated by Shepperd Strudwick III. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Finishing Touches—Barbara Bel Geddes and Robert Lansing are a pleasant husband and wife, who have pleasant children, and they all live in a pleasant town, among pleasant friends. So what can go wrong? Not much, but enough to provide another successful comedy by Jean Kerr. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, April 16, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 15.)

Fly Chelsea to Brooklyn—A series of four shows. The second one, "The Naming," a workshop by the Iowa Theatre Lab, will play through Wednesday, April 18. . . . ¶ The third production will be "El Teatro Campesino," a musical revue from San Juan Bautista. Opens Thursday, April 19, and will play through Sunday, April 29. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Ghosts—A static, diminishing production of Ibsen's play, under Gene Feist's direction. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A funny, brief lark, set in a seedy night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White, who also appear in it, and was written by them and the three other members of the cast—Alan Shearman, John Neville-Andrews, and Sally Willis. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8 and 10; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Here Are Ladies—Siobhan McKenna in a revival of her solo program of scenes and poems by practically everyone's favorite Irish writers of the twentieth century. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hot l Baltimore—Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is somewhat synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. All the action takes place in the lobby, a wonder of decayed splendor by the scenic designer Ronald Radice. The actors, many of them comparatively inexperienced, perform very well, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Irene—A pastiche of a lot of musicals of the last fifty years, including "Irene." Nevertheless, the cast is charming and gifted, and the theatre itself is worth seeing. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Little Night Music—As captivating a musical as you could hope to see and hear. Under Harold Prince's dazzling direction, Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, Hermione Gingold, and half a dozen other delightful people sing and spar and fall into what looks like love. The well-wrought music and lyrics are by Saint Stephen Sondheim, and the book, based on Bergman's film "Smiles of a Summer Night," is by Hugh Wheeler. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Manhattan Project—Two André Gregory productions: ALICE IN WONDERLAND, at the N.Y.U. Theatre, Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30. . . . ¶ Beckett's ENDGAME, at the Normandy Theatre, Saturdays at 7:15 and Sundays at 8:30. (111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. 228-7160.)

Manhattan Theatre Club—*The Yale Repertory* Theatre production of Brecht and Weill's THE LITTLE MAHAGONNY, together with Edward M. Cohen's THE COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT CLOSES AT FIVE, from the Eugene O'Neill Playwrights' Conference, will open Thursday, April 12. "Mahagonny" will play for three weekends: Thursdays at 9 and Fridays through Sundays at 9 and 10:30. The second play will run Thursday through Saturday, April 12-14, at 7:30. (Cabaret 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500.)

Marcel Marceau—The French mime, with

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DRAWINGS: *Al Ross, Frank Modell, George Price, Syd Hoff, Ed Fisher, Alan Dunn, Warren Miller, George Booth, William Steig, Lee Lorenz, Robert Weber, Claude Smith, James Stevenson, Kenneth Mahood, Ton Smits, Mischa Richter, Joseph Mirachi, William Hamilton*

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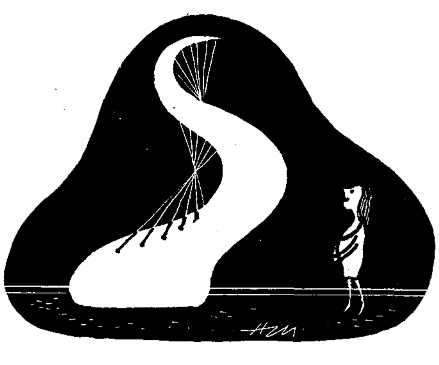
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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15	16	17	18	19	20	21

Pierre Verry, in a three-week engagement that starts Wednesday, April 18 (preview Tuesday, April 17), and will run through Sunday, May 6. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

THE KARL MARX PLAY—A play by Rochelle Owens, with music by Galt MacDermot. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday and Friday at 7:30; Thursday at 6:15; and Saturday at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, April 14.)

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S LEMMINGS—The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. The first half of this revue is terrible. The rock score is by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest; the lyrics are by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra; and the rest of the words are by various members of the staff of the *National Lampoon*. John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:45; and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

NO HARD FEELINGS—A shiny simulacrum of a play, made more attractive than it deserves to be by the charm of Eddie Albert and Nanette Fabray and by the slick direction by Abe Burrows. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

OH COWARD!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PIPPIN—A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE RIVER NIGER—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Douglas Turner Ward (who also directed), Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SEESAW—A reworking, in musical-comedy form, of William Gibson's sentimental play "Two for the Seesaw." The big production numbers work, but the sentiment doesn't. Starring Michele Lee and Ken Howard, who get much help from a lively young man named Tommy Tune. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

6 RMS RIV VU—A labored little comedy by Bob Randall, saved by the skill and charm of Jane Alexander and Jerry Orbach. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SMILE, SMILE, SMILE—A musical by Hugo Peretti, Luigi Creatore, and George David Weiss. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE SOLDIER—A play by Nicholas Bellitto. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE SUNSHINE BOYS—A pair of old vaudevillians sourly pecking away at each other, but because Neil Simon has written their lines and because Jack Albertson and Sam Levene are playing their roles, the consequences of their misery are almost always funny. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THOUGHTS—A light, ironic little musical about a black boy in Alabama who becomes a black man in this city. Lamar Alford wrote the lively jazz-and-rock score and most of the words, and his songs are very well sung by a gifted company of assorted colors. Howard Porter is splendid as the young hero, and he is well supported by, among others, Barbara Montgomery and Mary Alice. Michael Schultz directed, and Ken Billington designed the excellent lighting. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE TOOTH OF THE CRIME—This new satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard is here given an "environmental" production, under Richard Schechner's direction. Much coöperation and agility is called for from the spectators, as they literally track the action all over the playing area and up and down ladders. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. The acting is quite good. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 5.)

TRY IT! YOU'LL LIKE IT!—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesdays and Thursday, April 19, at 8, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

LONG RUNS—DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE: A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,390 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** Agreeable young people singing agreeable songs. The Tom O'Horgan production is crummy-colossal. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Neil Simon's laff riot, directed by Mike Nichols. With Hector Elizondo and Barbara Barrie. Starting Monday, April 16, Cathryn Damon will fill in for Miss Barrie for a week. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND** and **AFTER MAGRITTE:** Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SLEUTH:** George Rose and Jordan Christopher in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR:** A lifeless adaptation, in musical-comedy form, of the great movie "Some Like It Hot." Robert Morse works hard at being funny, and often is. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:** Lots of good-looking young people dancing and singing and paying mercifully little attention to the original Shakespearean plot. John Guare wrote the book with Mel Shapiro, who directed, and the songs are by Mr. Guare (lyrics) and Galt MacDermot (music). (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

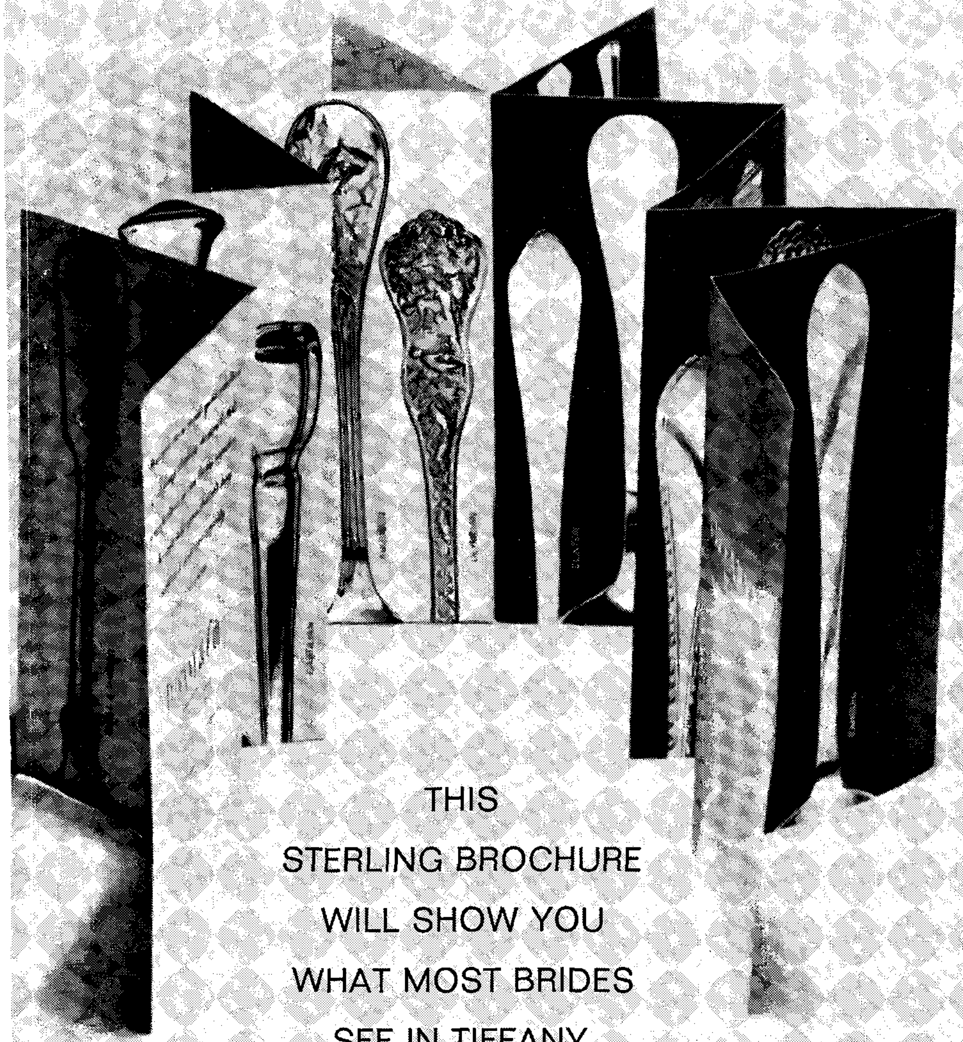
JAMAICA NATIONAL DANCE THEATRE COMPANY—Wednesday, April 11, at 1, and Thursday, April 12, at 8: "Married Story," "Desperate Silences," "Kas-Kas/Jamaican Promenade," "Misa Criola," "Dialogue for Three," and "Kumina." . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 11, and Friday, April 13, at 8: "Celebrations," "Desperate Silences," "Pocomania," "The King Must Die," "Dialogue for Three," and "Kumina." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 14, at 8, and Sunday, April 15, at 7: "Celebrations," "Desperate Silences," "Pocomania," "Married Story," "Dialogue for Three," and "Kumina." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

JOSÉ MOLINA BAILES ESPAÑOLES—A company of dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, April 21, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—A continuous march-past, two by two, of animals, clowns, tumblers, and other rare specimens. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, April 11-13, at 1 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30; and Monday through Friday, April 16-20, at 10:30 and 2:30. Because of a hockey playoff, the evening performance on Thursday, April 12, may be cancelled. Closes Monday, May 28. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY DANCE AND MUSIC FESTIVAL—*Final performances*—Wednesday through Friday, April 11-13: Jimmy Justice, guitarist, and Jack Landron, contemporary singer. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, April 14-15: Neal Tate, guitarist. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Friday, April 17-20: Holly Hamilton, contemporary singer, and Fonzi, a rock trio. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, April 21-22: "Sounds in Motion," a dance group. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fri-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Bunraku—Final performances of a two-week engagement by the National Puppet Theatre of Japan. Wednesday matinée, April 11, at 2 (a performance primarily for children): "The Priest in Exile" and "Fishing for Wives."... ¶ Wednesday through Friday, April 11-13, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, April 14-15, at 2 and 7:30: "The Exploits of the Tycoon" and "The Triangular Love." Simultaneous-translation sets may be rented. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, April 18, and Friday and Saturday, April 20-21, at 8:30, and Thursday, April 19, at 7:30, plus a performance primarily for children on Saturday, April 21, at 2:30. For tickets, call 861-7955, between 2 and 4 and 5:30 and 7:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St.—(242-9066)—A seagoing squire, to judge by the nautical oddments about. John Foster, a pianist with funk and forward-looking ideas, directs a trio Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. No music Mondays through Wednesdays. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm to this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—The group Teenage Lust and comic Bob Altman will appear through Sunday, April 15. Folk singer Terry Reid and a group called Batteaux will arrive on Wednesday, April 18. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples. Closed Monday, April 16.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue Notes and black-eyed peas. Thursday through Sunday, April 12-15, pianist Junior Mance will be in charge of a trio. Music from nine to two. Closed Mondays.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A good-natured dining establishment, with a convivial bar and some interesting canvases on the walls. Pianist Richie Beirach and bassist Frank Tusa entertain six nights a week from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays, Bill Rubenstein is at the piano between nine and one.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is here, as are his customary sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, and it is just one of those things, the way the crowd loves Bobby and Bobby loves the crowd, and everything is wry—but not acerbly so—in this little piece of the world which hardly ever changes. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Mary Lou Williams, one of the great ones, is at the Steinway, working with bassist Milton Suggs, Mondays through Saturdays from eight until one. Sundays, Dick Hyman brings his profusion-of-notes approach to the keyboard. Saturdays and Sundays, between three and seven, Roland Hanna is at the piano. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—This large and casual bar-and-back-room comes up with a mixed bag of performers. Mirabai, a folk singer, will share the stage with a trio named the Gene Pistelli Group through Saturday, April 14. Singer and international guitarist Anita Sheer comes in on Tuesday, April 17. Sounds from nine. Sundays are a sort of hootenanny. Closed Mondays.

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Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—One of the quainter historical facts of the Big Apple is that this little club used to be a hamburger stand. Now it is a first-class listening room in which Ellis Larkins is displaying his long-perfected piano technique six satisfying nights a week. His bassist is Al Hall, and they do magical things from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, April 15, they will play an all-Jerry Bock program from five to eight, before their regular session. Mondays, singer-pianist Norma Shepherd performs. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Habitués of the old place on Hudson Street may not recognize this new one. It is polished and sleek, with blowups of old Woody Herman arrangements on the walls and a decidedly midtown spirit. What is more, there are two jazz groups each night. Through Saturday, April 14, the quartet of tenor-saxophonist Sonny Rollins will play opposite George Wein's Newport Ensemble. Beginning Monday, April 16, Dizzy Gillespie's quintet will trade sets with the Junior Mance trio. Music Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine. Sundays, between nine and two, a big band under the leadership of Dick Cone and Leo Ball makes big sounds.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jimmy Young fills in. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays and Saturdays. Nine-thirty to three. Sundays, from four to seven, the Quantzy Major Trio (violin, oboe, bassoon) plays music of the baroque era.

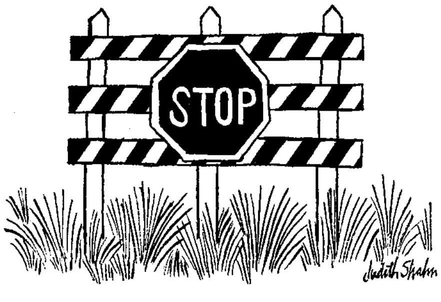
Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—A long, narrow bar-and-backroom with an atmosphere that is faintly submarine. Through Sunday, April 15, blues singer Irene Reid will perform with a backup trio. Guitarist George Benson will bring in a band on Tuesday, April 17. Mondays, Joe Lee Wilson sings with a quartet headed by saxophonist Frank Foster. Music from nine to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. The bandsmen: Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, Major Holley, and Roy Eldridge. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—Big and square and mighty like a barn, with some solidly grounded jazz emanating from the bar (which is as round as a quoit). Barry Harris is on piano and Larry Davis on bass Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight until one. Substantial dining. Mondays, pianist and vocalist Dottie Stallworth leads a trio. Closed Sundays.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Rustic surroundings and one of the largest pairs of antlers in New York. Gun Hill Road will play through Sunday, April 15. Singer Buzzy Linhart arrives Tuesday, April 17. Music nightly, from nine-thirty. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Singer-guitarist Bonnie Raitt and an outfit known as Little Feat will be here through Monday, April 16. Singer and songwriter Tom Waits opens Wednesday, April 18. The entertainment is upstairs, above the street-level steak-and-lobster palace. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays (from nine) are devoted to acts by new folkies and rockers. Drinks and snacks.



Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the **blue room cabaret**, on the second floor of this theatre complex, a variety of eager young performers do some urgent playing and singing. Shows from nine each night.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Lions and unicorns, along with a certain number of cats. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until one, pianist Ray Bryant and bassist Hal Dodson do some sterling things. Mondays, from nine to midnight, a Dixieland band entertains. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A corner restaurant with a glassed-in sidewalk gallery and space enough for lounging and listening. Thursdays through Saturdays, April 12-14 and 19-21, pianist Horace Silver will direct his quintet. Music from ten to three. No live entertainment Sundays through Wednesdays. Dining.

Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—Mugs (not surprisingly) hang from the ceiling, and a relaxed atmosphere predominates. Patti Wicks, a vital young singer and jazz pianist, collaborates with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to midnight and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to two. No music Sundays and Mondays. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—Vocalist Christine Spencer and pianist Edward Morris are the featured performers here at the moment. Permanent members of the crew are pianist Sammy Benskin and singer-host Jimmie Daniels. Benskin is present from seven to one. Daniels and the other entertainers appear at nine and eleven Tuesdays and Wednesdays and at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five Thursdays through Saturdays. In addition, there are cocktail concerts from five-forty-five to seven-thirty: Mondays through Wednesdays, the Vieuxtemps String Quartet plays classical music, and Thursdays through Saturdays, singer-composer Kathe Green acompanies herself at the piano. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer speaks of—and to—all the sad young men, the folks who live on the hill, and innumerable little girls blue as she performs her carefully styled recitatives to the accompaniment of Jimmy Lyon's piano. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sunday through Saturday, April 15-21.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms, one of them with an illustrated ceiling, above a Greek-French restaurant. Guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli and singer Karen Akers perform in an *intime* setting. Nine-thirty until two. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Small and attractive. Friday and Saturday, April 13-14, bass player Jimmy Garrison will lead a trio. Music from ten until three-thirty. No live music the rest of the week. Snacks.

Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303)—Blossom Dearie, an urban sprite who may have sprung full-blown from the brow of Zeus, is singing at the piano between six and eight Thursdays through Saturdays and at four-thirty and six-thirty Sundays in this little bar-and-restaurant.

Two Saints, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—Bassist Charles Mingus is presenting his quintet Tuesdays through Sundays beginning at nine. Italian food. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Pianist Ahmad Jamal's trio is here nightly. On Wednesdays, a trio led by harpist Daphne

Our friendly dolphins

divide their attention between a short shirty jacket, 8 to 14, 45.00 and easy skirt, 8 to 16, 25.00—both of black cotton-rayon chino with anchor buttons. Shirt full of dolphins printed in black on white polyester-cotton, 8 to 16, 28.00 By Maurice Antaya, on the Sports Floor, Fifth, Lord & Taylor, all stores

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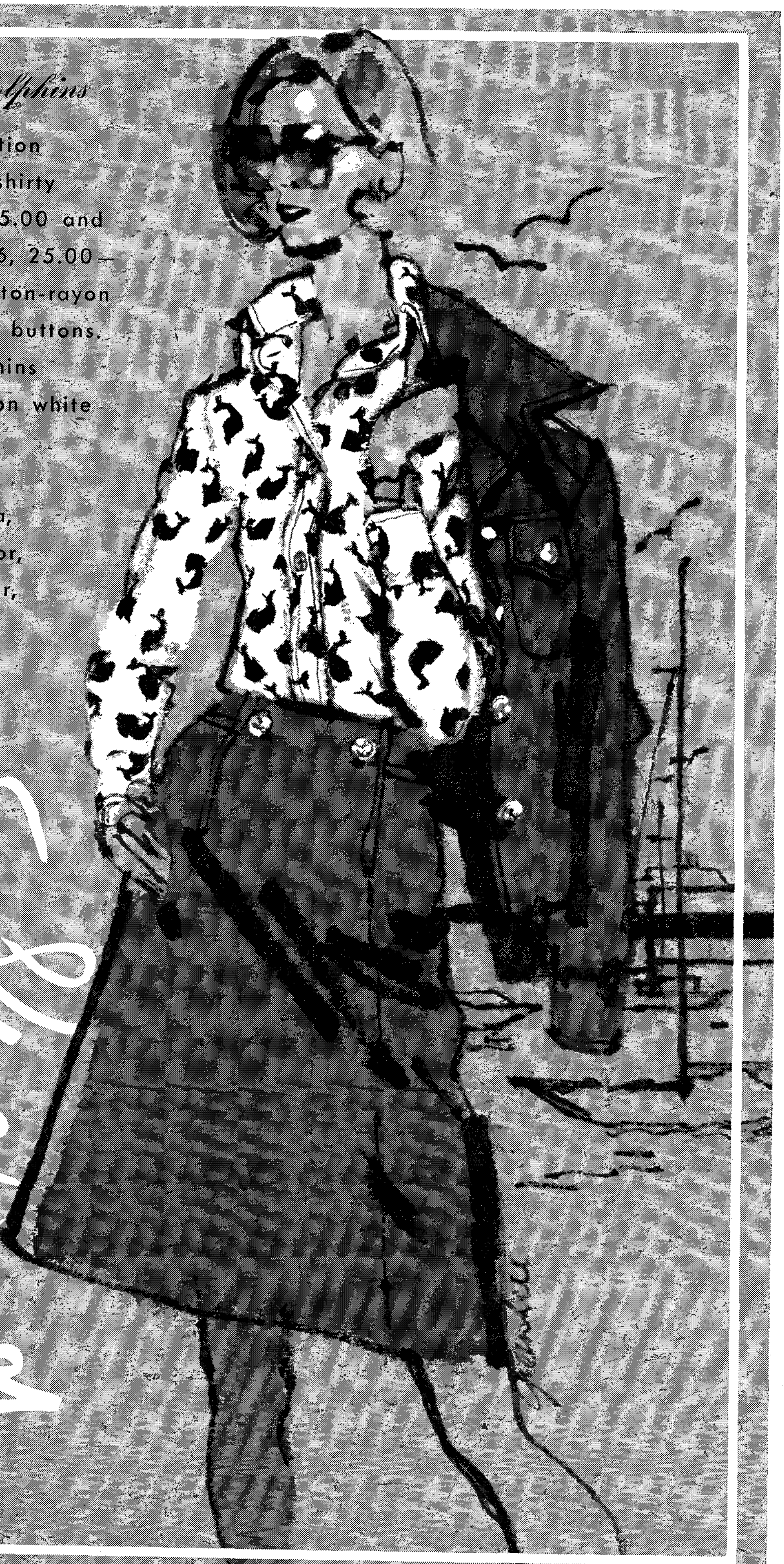

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hellman joins the proceedings. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—McCoy Tyner, an advanced and influential pianist, will conduct a quartet through Sunday, April 15. Singer Deedee Bridgewater and a septet led by drummer Norman Connors will turn up on Tuesday, April 17. Mondays are reserved for the dynamic seventeen-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with the location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Intelligent jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Kenny Brawner and a partner Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus. The owner of the tavern is Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old mace. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Mr. Dangerfield will be away Monday through Friday, April 16-20. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a miniature revue, is on tap at ten-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Also, singer John C. Attle performs at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then one comes upon a novice humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's pot luck for the customers, but, then, what isn't nowadays? Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus*. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—The **ROYAL BOX** is accommodating Bobby Hackett and his All-Stars (including Vic Dickenson, Hank Jones, Remo Palmier, Jackie Williams, and George Mraz), who play for dancing from seven-thirty to two every night but Sunday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, the George Cort trio plays listening music from five-thirty to seven-thirty, and dance music thereafter in alternation with the Hacketts; Mondays, the Roger Steele trio fills the interludes, and Sundays, it plays alone.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España, stamping, cavorting, and singing. On Thursday, April 12, another show moves in, headed by Cuban singer Blanca Rosa Gil and Marcelo and his Spanish Ballet. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round, assigned—beginning at eight-thirty and ending late—to a bunch of flamencans who work things out in a real spur-of-the-moment madrileño fashion. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Don Rickles is doing the talking. Pete Lemongello is doing the singing. On Thursday, April 12, they will be succeeded by pop singers Dick Jensen and Cathy Carlson. Shows at eight, eleven, and two Fridays and Saturdays, and at eight and midnight the rest of the week. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, the eastern border of Nevada, there is music from ten o'clock on. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The enchanted woodland known as **LA FORÊT** is in season, and the babes in the wood (gilded youth, mostly) are floating about to the tunes of Horace Diaz's orchestra and a soft-rock band called Boogie from seven-thirty until

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two. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **CAFÉ**, Herb Winner's dance threesome is around Tuesdays through Saturdays, seven-thirty until curfew. Phil Wayne's trio prevails Sundays and Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Ethel Ennis is singing the songs of Gladys Shelley at dinner and supper in the **PERSIAN ROOM**. Dancing to the Dick Lewis orchestra the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play every day from four-thirty to six-thirty and from eight to midnight Mondays through Thursdays and nine to one Fridays and Saturdays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Through Saturday, April 14, the sumptuous mountain fastness is presenting the Sy Oliver orchestra and vocalist Carolyn Daye. On Monday, April 16, Julie Wilson will start singing. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Count Basie orchestra will end its dinner and supper sessions in the **MAISONETTE** on Saturday, April 14, after which the room will close for a week. Dancing all evening to the Anthony Terini orchestra and trio. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE** is a quiet glade stirred only by the fiddle of Jani Sarkozi. A Russian menu. Closed Monday through Saturday, April 16-21.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Egypt as it never was. Dancing to records from five, but three times a night live people do pop songs and move around with smiles on their faces. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Hale the conquering hero comes, and hearty, too; i.e., Sergio Franchi, singing his Roman head off during dinner and supper in the **EMPIRE ROOM**. His final night is Saturday, April 14. Dancing to the Charles Turecamo band. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): A brick-walled clubhouse in which Bill Halsey's piano can turn almost any kind of tune into a litte show-stopper. In company with bassist Leonard Gaskin, he plays Mondays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience. Such a Western World touch as a rock band is not necessary, but it has been added. Until all hours, but no music Sundays. . . . **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revivalist musicians (they start at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself participates in the choreography, which is very Attic folk dance. Again, until all hours. Additionally, singer-guitarist Robert Miano performs at ten-thirty and midnight, every night but Sunday. . . . **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek Revivalist meeting, not as elaborate but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous foursome is on the podium. Nobody thinks of going home early. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): A collection of avid violinists, and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A busy bar and tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Charlie La Torella. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Of I Pagliacci, by I Pagliacci, and for I Pagliacci—waiters and (not infrequently) guests alike. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri sings from atop the piano in her tiny parlor—a parlor not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **FRANK'S PLACE**, 41 E. 58th St. (838-0364): Norman Kubrin, with a swinging approach and plenty of musicality, sings at the piano Mondays through Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. His audience is mainly a cocktail crowd. No music Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's mod concept of Imperial Rome. Songs and guitar from Gino Toscano. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Down underneath Iperbole is a Roman grotto, just as decorative. Here a threesome makes dance music, seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, one of the last of the truly romantic pianists, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone understudies him. . . . **THE GRIFFIN**, 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): No rush, no fuss. Piano by Richard Wilkins from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Gration Oullette is the current pianist in this aged Village bar. His hours are eight to two every night but Monday and Tuesday. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. Piano by Norman Rollings, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, pride of Western Australia, is at the piano from four-thirty to ten-thirty. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER**, 72 E. 56th St. (355-8989): Marty Berns maintains an even keel at the keyboard in this diminutive, candle-lit retreat. He plays from seven to two Mondays through Fridays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour, amour* is the mood of the piano operated so well by Robert Poitevin, who is on hand from five until one, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): George Feyer, a feudal lord of the Hapsburg Empire, conducts his piano recitations Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one-thirty. Tony Gorody will sit in for Mr. F. on Friday, April 13. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life, garnished, from seven until a late bedtime, by a group of ambulatory musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **NIRVANA**, penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9007): Arooj Lazewal plays sitar and Badal Roy drums and tabla every night but Sunday and Monday from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. The cuisine, like the gentle music, if not the view over the Park, represents Bangladesh. . . . **LAIR**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (472-0163): Larry Oleno, whose baritone softens the night, is at the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays between nine and midnight. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): In the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, and in the King's Inn when it's time for dinner, and in the Gold Room when it's time to be postprandial, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Lee Adler—Paintings inspired by machine parts; through Thursday, April 19. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Barbara Adrian—Realistically painted figures in landscapes and looking out of buildings; through April 24. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Crayon landscapes by this influential American colorist; through April 26. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mike Bakaty—Light-catching forms in plastic;

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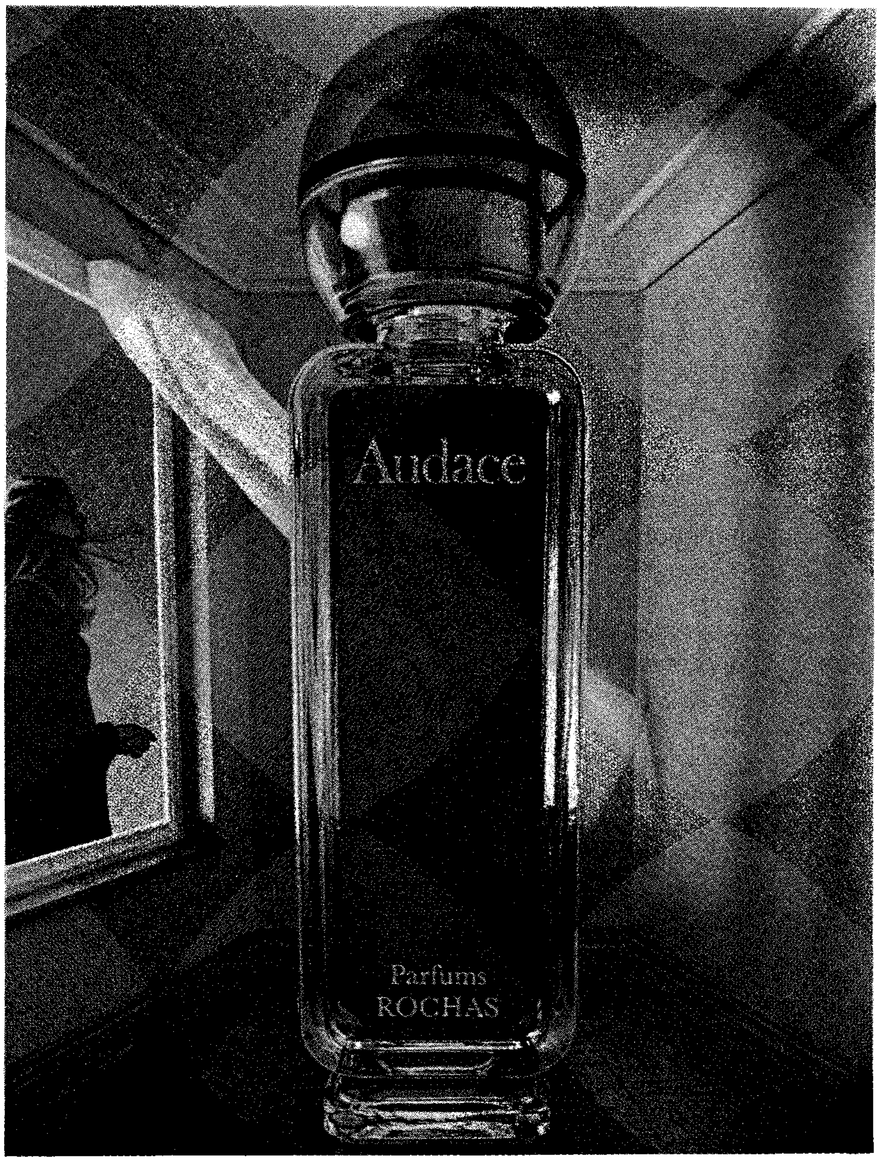
So choose wisely and never ask more of your perfume than you ask of yourself.



Rochas Paris creates Audace, Femme, Madame Rochas. For men, Monsieur Rochas and Moustache.

PARFUMS ROCHAS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Wednesday, April 18. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Romare Bearden—Bright-colored combinations of collage and painting; through April 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Bradley—Sprayed-paint abstractions; through April 25. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

David Budd—Monochromatic paintings; through April 28. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Reg Butler—Four life-size figures in bronze and fifteen drawings by a leading British artist; through Saturday, April 14. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jon Carsman—Paintings of New York cityscapes; through Friday, April 20. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Neke Carson / Allan Hacklin—Portraits of persons, some well known, and video tapes of the artist at work. / Abstract paintings by an artist who lives in California. (LoGiudice, 59 Wooster St. Through Saturday, April 21. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Carroll Cloar—Not-quite-naïf works by an artist who lives in Memphis and paints mostly scenes of his Arkansas childhood; through May 5. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Russell Cowles—Landscapes from the late thirties to the present; through Saturday, April 14. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Niki de Saint-Phalle—Numerous polyester figures representing the theme of "The Devouring Mothers;" through May 8. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Louis Michel Eilshemius (1864-1941)—Fifty paintings by this American Romantic; through April 28. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Drawings and watercolors from the artist's sketchbooks; through April 28. (Lewison, 30 E. 60th St. Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.)

Oyvind Fahlström—Paintings that include games with movable parts, plus commentary; through April 28. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Dan Flavin—Diagrams for circular fluorescent light works; through Saturday, April 14. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Jean-Michel Folon / Roland Topor—Color drawings of cityscapes with figures. / Realistic figure drawings that aim at black humor. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Starts Tuesday, April 17. Closed Mondays.)

Mary Frank—Figurative stoneware sculptures and monoprints by a leading young New Yorker; through April 28. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Cristos Gianakos—Cast sculptures in colored polyester; through Saturday, April 21. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Lionel Gilbert—Abstract and semi-abstract oils of still-lifes, landscapes, and interiors, some with suggestions of the human figure; through Saturday, April 14. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Frances Godowsky—Abstract paintings and collages; through Saturday, April 14. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Sidney Goodman—Paintings, watercolors, pastels, and drawings of figures, frequently with ominous overtones; through Saturday, April 14. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Robert Goodnough—Large-scale paintings by a well-known New York experimentalist; through April 25. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Balcomb Greene—Semi-abstract figure paintings and seascapes; through April 27. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Greeves—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by a Westerner documenting the life of the American Indian; through April 28. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dale Henry—One large four-part painting that reflects light; through Wednesday, April 18. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

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Al Hirschfeld—Fifty years of drawings, lithographs, and etchings by the theatrical caricaturist of the *Times;* through May 31. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Will Insley—Fragments of walls, drawings, models, and photographs of buildings; through April 26. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. and 489 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Jenkins—Watercolors in this artist's free-flowing rich colors; through Saturday, April 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harriet Kline—Painting-constructions using Plexiglas; through Saturday, April 14. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Joyce Kozloff—Color paintings, plus drawings and lithographs, with a feeling of landscape; through April 26. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frances Kuehn / Michael Johnson—Realistic portraits. / Color-area paintings. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Through April 25. Closed Mondays.)

Leroy Lamis—Cubic constructions in clear and colored plastic; through Saturday, April 14. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Barry Leva—One sculpture of circular metal elements and connecting rods; through Tuesday, April 17. (Bykert, 484 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Martin Lewis (1881-1962)—Oils, watercolors, gouaches, drawings, and prints by an artist whose subjects are far-ranging but who specializes in New York; through April 28. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henrietta Liebowitz—Paintings and drawings of shapes based on rhythmically interwoven flower forms; through April 28. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Lippold—Sculptures done since 1962; starting Tuesday, April 17. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Eleanor Lockspeiser—Abstract paintings with ground eggshells in some; starting Tuesday, April 17. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Ethel Magafan—Paintings based on studies done in the mountains of the Far West; through April 28. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nicholas Marsicano—Figure paintings of nudes; starting Saturday, April 14. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jan McEvoy—Paintings and collages of abstract landscapes; through Saturday, April 14. (Gallery 84, 1046 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Armando Morales—Paintings of nudes, pears, and apples, by a Nicaraguan; through Saturday, April 21. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

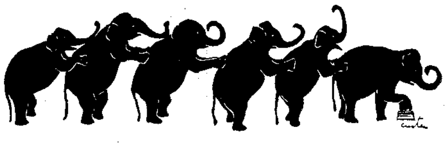
Ed Moses—Paintings built up in several layers of paper; through Wednesday, April 18. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Costantino Nivola—Terra-cotta plaques and figures, including a series with a seaside motif; through Saturday, April 14. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Claes Oldenburg—Lithographs, silk-screens, and photo-offsets of notebook sketches; through Saturday, April 21. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—Oils, watercolors, and drawings by this School of Paris artist who also worked in New York; starting Tuesday, April 17. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Michael Price—Sculptures and reliefs based on the human figure; through Saturday, April 21. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)



Robert Rauschenberg—Cardboard constructions and sculptures incorporating found objects; through Saturday, April 21. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Sophy Regensburg—Still-lifes in high-keyed colors, a number using collage; through April 25. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Larry Rivers—Large paintings, some with cut-outs; through Saturday, April 14. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St.)

David Roth—Painted strings arranged according to mathematical schemes; through May 3. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Saul—Two very large paintings in brilliant Day-Glo colors by this specialist in violent historical themes; through May 3. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Tim Scott—Sculptures of steel tubing and acrylic sheets by a British artist; through May 2. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kurt Seligmann (1900-62)—A comprehensive exhibition of the graphic work by this well-known Surrealist; through Saturday, April 14. (La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St.)

Hyde Solomon—Paintings of the Southwest by a well-known Abstract Expressionist; through April 28. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harold Stevenson—One huge painting, eight feet by twenty-two, using Greek and Roman allegorical elements on the theme of peace, plus fifty related paintings and drawings; through April 28. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

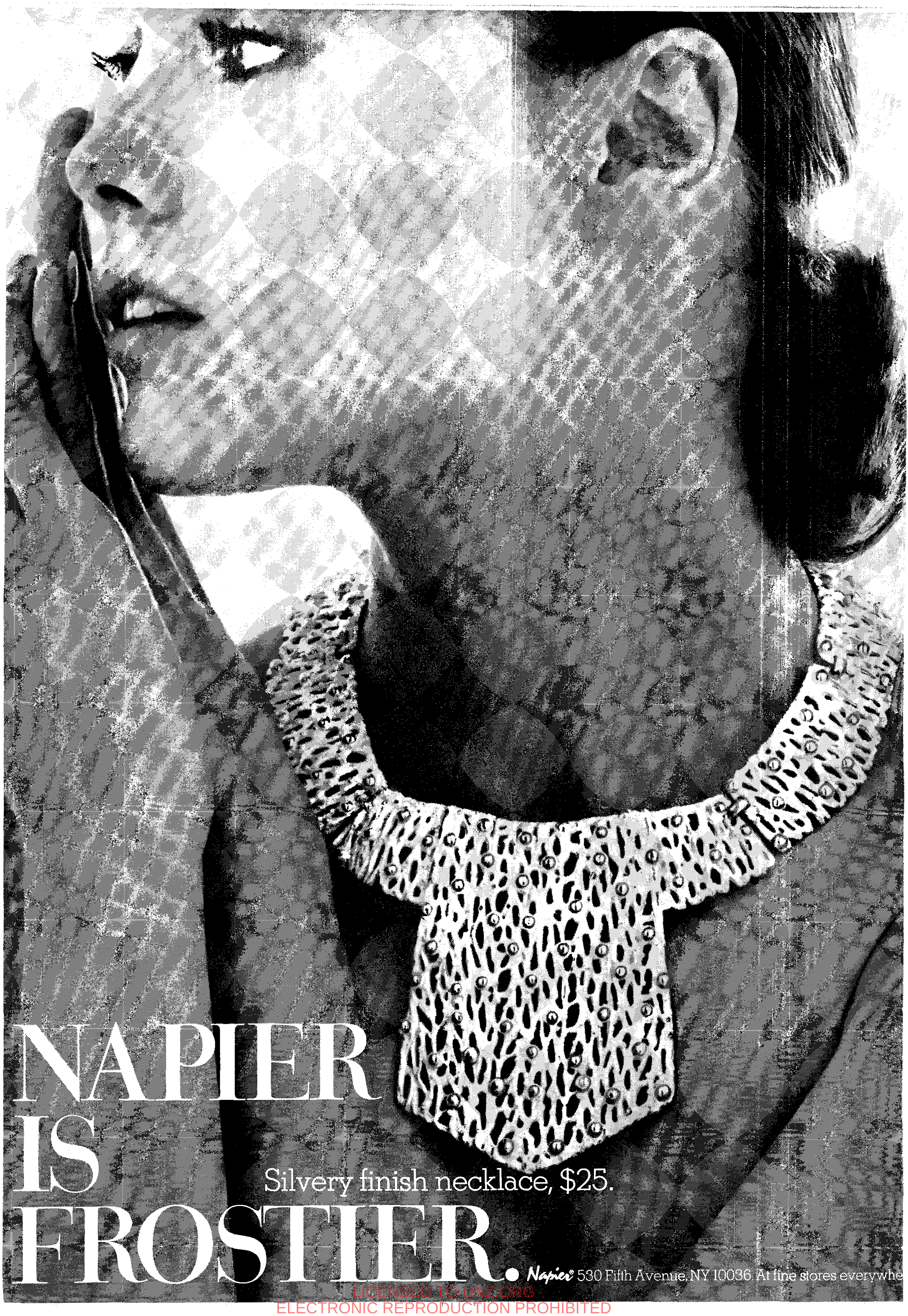
Ruth Vollmer—Mathematical interpretations of seashells, done in Plexiglas; through Saturday, April 21. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Walker—A large wall drawing executed at the gallery, plus five small paintings by a Briton; through April 24. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Jane Wilson—Still-lifes by this painter also known for her landscapes; through April 28. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

American Watercolor Society—The hundred-and-sixth annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through April 22. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **AUSTRIAN INSTITUTE**, 11 E. 52nd St.: Watercolors, drawings, and graphics by Hundertwasser and other members of the "Vienna School of Fantastic Realism;" through April 30. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Newly acquired paintings by Picasso, Matisse, Mondrian, Braque, and others; through April 30. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Fifty major Impressionist works by Pissarro, Boudin, Fantin-Latour, Chase, Cassatt, Hassam, and others; through April 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway: Abstract paintings on paper by Manny Farber, realist paintings by Martin Hoffmann, and slide projections by two other artists; through Saturday, April 21. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PRATT GRAPHICS CENTER**, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.: Black-and-white photographs, color slides, and rubbings of plaster casts of folk art on gravestones in the United States; through Saturday, April 14. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Approximately a hundred watercolors by artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—Hassam, Heade, Homer, Pascin, Prendergast, Walkowitz, and others; through May 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Thirty-six works on paper (drawings, pastels, and watercolors) by nineteenth-century Continental and British artists, among them Turner, Corot, Lawrence, Millet, Lear, Cruikshank, Bonheur, Cabanel, Gros, and Sickert; through April 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Sculptures by David Smith, Lipton, Bourgeois, Ferber, Hare, Noguchi, and Lassaw; through Friday, April 13. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5 and 6:30 to 10; Fridays, 10 to 4.) . . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: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Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Degas, Marin, Picabia, Chagall, and others; starting Tuesday, April 17. (Closed Mondays.)... **WESTBETH,** 155 Bank St.: Paintings and sculptures by six artists, one of them Jan Doubrava (1911-72); through April 29. (Thursdays and Fridays, 4 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 8.)... **DORIS WIENER,** 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Eighty-six miniature paintings from India representing various regional styles from the sixteenth century through the beginning of the nineteenth; through June 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibit of more than sixty-five flower paintings by masters of the seventeenth through the twentieth centuries, among them van Gogh, Monet, Picasso, Redon, Prendergast, and Demuth; through May 5.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—An exhibit devoted to gold in many of its aspects, including ancient jewelry and ceremonial vessels, metalwork from the Renaissance to the Napoleonic period, paintings and drawings on gold leaf, and gold used in ceramics, textiles, and manuscripts; starting Saturday, April 14.... ¶ Over a hundred and fifty gowns designed by Cristobal Balenciaga (1895-1972), plus Spanish paintings, tapestries, and prints from the Museum's collection; through July 1.... ¶ Thirty-six paintings, mostly of Greek and Roman subjects, by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema; through April 29.... ¶ A retrospective of the photographs of Paul Strand, dating from 1915 to 1968; through Sunday, April 15. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An expanded exhibit, in newly remodelled galleries, of paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection.... ¶ Sixty-five prints of Edvard Munch (1863-1944), some of them devoted to the relationship of man and woman; through April 29.... ¶ Eighty twentieth-century collages, watercolors, and drawings, representing major artists and movements in twentieth-century art, by Boccioni, Léger, Sheeler, Oldenburg, and others; through May 28.... ¶ A survey of the work of Charles Eames, the furniture designer and architect; starting Tuesday, April 17.... ¶ Two hundred and twenty-eight examples of news photography; through April 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Forty-five paintings from the Museum's permanent collection, done since 1952; through Sunday, April 15. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Two hundred paintings, watercolors, wood engravings, and etchings by Winslow Homer (1836-1910), one of America's leading painters and illustrators; through June 3.... ¶ A hundred and seventeen pieces—sculptures, drawings, films, video tapes, holograms, and environments—by the West Coast avant-gardist Bruce Nauman, who has been labelled in such categories as anti-form, process, conceptual, and body art; through May 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred sculptures in wood, iron, brass, copper, and terra-cotta representing cultural life of the Dogon people of Africa; also photographs, slides, and films by Eliot Elisofon, plus costumes, textiles, and music. Through May 20.... ¶ Seventy-nine etchings by artists of Paris (Cassatt, Corot, Daubigny, Degas, Monet, and others); through Sunday, April 15. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"And Then There Were None," a continuous slide-showing of extinct and endangered animal species. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Works submitted for Institute awards by thirty-five painters and sculptors; through Sunday, April 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Eighty-six rare Indian miniature paintings from private American collections; starting Thursday, April 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—Ceramics from tenth- to twelfth-century Manchuria and North China; through May 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Eighty-four etchings by Salvator Rosa (1615-73), dated 1651-63; through Sunday, April 15.... ¶ Paintings, collages, sculptures, drawings, graphics, musical scores, and books in which poetry and visual art are combined, done in Italy since 1912; through April 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Manuscripts and first and fine editions of Greek and Latin classics; through May 2.... ¶ A series of illuminations from an early twelfth-century English manuscript; through May 2.... ¶ Major acquisitions of the last two years; through May 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Eighteenth- and twentieth-century altars used for witchcraft rituals, plus dolls and other items employed in voodoo, Pennsylvania hexerei, and other aspects of the occult; through Sunday, April 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Eighty works from Africa, Oceania, and the Americas showing varieties of form, stylization, and scale in representations of the human face; through Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A multi-medium exhibit about East Harlem, with paintings by artists from the community (notably Carl Vicars), along with paintings and photographs done by East Harlem children and adults in five community workshops; through Sept. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Works in soft materials by Oldenburg, Serra, Robert Morris, Rauschenberg, and others; through May 6.... ¶ A scholarly selection of a hundred and fifty-seven French master drawings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in North American collections, including items by little-known artists; through May 13.... ¶ Landscapes, animals, and birds by Chu Ta, a seventeenth-century Chinese; through Sunday, April 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors: the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety. Through May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Documents: Famous & Infamous," an exhibition of letters of historical importance and literary forgeries of great cunning; through May 31.... ¶ Prints by women, from Diana Ghisi (1535-87) to Lee Bontecou; through May 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Final performances of the season—Wednesday evening, April 11: "Il Trovatore," with Montserrat Caballé, Viorica Cortez, Placido Domingo, Robert Merrill, and Paul Plishka; conducted by Carlo Felice Cillario.... ¶ Thursday evening, April 12: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Renata Scotto, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, and Paul Plishka; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli.... ¶ Friday evening, April 13: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Marilyn Horne, Jean Kraft, Franco Bonisolli, Hermann Prey, Fernando Corena, and Cesare Siepi; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 14: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Blegen, Yvonne Minton, Marcia Baldwin, Walter Berry, John Alexander, and Morley Meredith; Christoph von Dohnanyi.... ¶ Saturday evening, April 14: "Tosca," with Martina Arroyo, Franco Corelli, Tito Gobbi, and Fernando Corena; Carlo Felice Cillario.... ¶ Monday evening, April 16: "Roméo et Juliette," with Colette Boky, Judith Forst, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Dominic Cossa, John Macurdy, and Clifford Harvuot; Alain Lombard.... ¶ Tuesday evening, April 17: "Il Trovatore," with Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, James McCracken, Robert Merrill, and Ivo Vinco; Carlo Felice Cillario.... ¶ Wednesday evening, April 18: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Blegen, Yvonne Minton, Marcia Baldwin, Walter Berry, John Alexander, and Morley Meredith; Christoph von Dohnanyi.... ¶ Thursday evening, April 19: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Marilyn Horne, Jean Kraft, Franco Bonisolli, Hermann Prey, Fernando Corena, and Cesare Siepi; James Levine.... ¶ Friday evening, April 20: "Tosca," with Hana Janku, Franco Corelli, Tito Gobbi, and Fernando Corena; Carlo Felice Cillario.... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 21: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Renata Scotto, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, and Paul Plishka; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli.... ¶ Saturday evening, April 21: "Il Trovatore," with Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, and Ivo Vinco; Carlo Felice Cillario. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, April 14, at 1:30, and Saturday, April 21, at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, April 11, at 8: "Manon," with Beverly Sills, John Alexander, and Richard T. Gill; conducted by Julius Rudel.... ¶ Thursday, April 12, at 8: "The Young Lord" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Betty Allen, Kenneth Riegel, and Thomas Jamerson; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Friday, April 13, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Ruth Welting, Beverly Evans, Herman Malamood, and Richard Fredricks; Chris Nance.... ¶ Saturday, April 14, at 2: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Doris Jung, Bianca Sauler, Spiro Malas, and David Clatworthy; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Saturday, April 14, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Marisa Galvany, Muriel Greenspon, Franco Marini, and John Darrenkamp, and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Herman Malamood, Vasile Martinoiu, and Bernard Fitch; Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Sunday, April 15, at 1: "Don Giovanni" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Maralin Niska, Richard Fredricks, and Spiro Malas; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Sunday, April 15, at 7: "Mefistofele," with Nancy Shade, Beverly Evans, Harry Theyard, Michael Devlin, and John Lankston; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Tuesday, April 17, at 8: "Manon," with Beverly Sills, Syble Young, John Alexander, and Michael Devlin; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Wednesday, April 18, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Bianca Sauler, Michele Molese, and Vasile Martinoiu; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Thursday, April 19, at 8: "Don Giovanni" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Maralin Niska, John Stewart, and Richard Fredricks; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Friday, April 20, at 8: "The Young Lord" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Ruth Welting, David Hall, and Sir Rudolf Bing; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Saturday, April 21, at 2: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, Harry Theyard, and Michael Devlin; Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Saturday, April 21, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Bianca Sauler, Maralin Niska, Spiro Malas, and David Clatworthy; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 29.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Aldo Ceccato conducting—Thursday, April 12, at 8:30; Friday, April 13, at 2; Saturday, April 14, at 8:30; and Tuesday, April 17, at 7:30 (all with Martha Argerich, piano; Rafael Druian, violin; Lorne Munroe, cello; Harold Gomberg, oboe; and Manuel Zegler, bassoon); and Thursday, April 19, and Saturday, April 21, at 8:30, and Tues-

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day, April 24, at 7:30 (all with Thomas Stacy, English horn).

London Symphony Orchestra—André Previn conducting the last two in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 11, at 8, with Misha Dichter, piano; and Thursday, April 12, at 8, with Yong Uck Kim, violin.)

National Symphony Orchestra—Antal Dorati conducting the final concert of the season here, with Janos Solyom, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 15, at 3.)

Cornell Symphony Orchestra, Glee Club, and Chorus—Karel Husa directing, with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Frances Bible, mezzo-soprano; John McCollum, tenor; and Donald Miller, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 14, at 8.)

Our Mozart Concert—Henry Schuman conducting an orchestra and playing the oboe in an all-Mozart program, with Mary Burgess, mezzo-soprano; Charles Russo, clarinet; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 14, at midnight.)

Opera Theatre of New Jersey—Alfredo Silipigni directing an orchestra and a chorus in the American première of Donizetti's "Caterina Cornaro" in concert form, with Leyla Gencer, soprano; Giuseppe Campora, tenor; and Giuseppe Taddei, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 15, at 8.)

Berlin Concert Choir and Orchestra—Fritz Weisse directing a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass by this group appearing here for the first time. With Lois Marshall, soprano; Raymond Michalski, bass; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 13, at 8.)

Newark Boys Chorus—James McCarthy directing, with a men's chorus, an orchestra, and soloists. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 14, at 8.)

Fordham University Glee Club—James Kurtz directing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, April 14, at 8:30.)

New York University Choral Arts Society—E. Jon de Revere directing, with James M. Hester, narrator; Susan Belling, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; and an orchestra. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, April 15, at 3.)

Pro Arte Chorale and Orchestra—John Nelson directing a performance of Bach's "St. John Passion," with Carole Bogard, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Paul, bass; and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 20, at 8.)

RECITALS

Birgit Nilsson—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 11, at 8.)

Francisco Aybar—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 11, at 8.)

Voytek Matushevski—Piano. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311. Wednesday, April 11, at 8:30.)

Amadeus String Quartet—In the last two in a series of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, April 12, and Thursday, April 19, both at 8.)

Jascha Silberstein and Eve Queler—Cello and piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, April 13, at 8.)

Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 13, at 8:30.)

David Amram—A chamber concert of his vocal and instrumental music, performed by his seventeen-piece ensemble. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, April 14, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Rudolf Firkusny—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 14, at 8.)

Murray Perahia—Piano, with the Guarneri Quartet, in a Mendelssohn-Schumann program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 14, at 8.)

Jeannine Crader—Soprano. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311. Saturday, April 14, at 8:30.)

Igor Kipnis—Harpsichord. (Fuentidueña Chapel, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, April 15, at 3. For tickets, call WA 3-3700.)

New York Harp Ensemble—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 15, at 8:30.)

Composers String Quartet—A concert postponed from April 10, with Gloria Agostini, harp. The last in a series of concerts of modern music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 17, at 8.)

Classics of Computer Music—A program under the direction of Lejaren Hiller. (Kitchen, Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 475-9865. Tuesday, April 17, at 8. You would do well to verify all this by phone before setting out.)

Peter Serkin—Piano, playing Messiaen's "Vingt Regards sur l'Enfant Jesus." (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 18, at 8.)

Evenings for New Music—The last in a series of programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 18, at 8.)

Montserrat Caballé and Bernabé Martí—Soprano and tenor, in a program of Spanish music, with an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 19, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The final concerts of the season, with Eileen Farrell and Beverly Sills, sopranos; Annie Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 20, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 22, at 5.)

Ray DeVoll—Tenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 21, at 8:30.)

Ravi Shankar—Sitar, with Alla Rakha, tabla; Lakshmi Shankar, vocalist; and Indrani and her dancers. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 22, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Edgard Varèse Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by Diana Hoagland, soprano; Herbert Beattie, bass; Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; Raymond DesRoches, Joel Sachs, and Harvey Sollberger, conductors; the New Jersey Percussion Ensemble; the Orpheus Chamber Ensemble; and a chamber orchestra. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, April 11, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Mary Lou's Mass—Mary Lou Williams, an instrumental ensemble, and the men and boys' choir of St. Ignatius Loyola Church. (St. Ignatius Loyola Church, 980 Park Ave., at 84th St. Sunday, April 15, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interlude Concerts—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall. (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, April 11, at 5:45: **ELLIS LARKINS**, jazz piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 18, at 5:45: **ELEO POMARE DANCE COMPANY.**

Howard Johnson Quartet and Substructure—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 13, at 8.

Roy Buchanan—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, April 14, at 8. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Ry Cooder and His Band—Grand Ballroom, Riverside Plaza Hotel, 253 W. 73rd St. Sunday, April 15, at 5 and 8. For information about tickets, call 265-0425.

Jazz/Tap—Baby Laurence, Chuck Green, L. D. Jackson, Buster Brown, and John T. McPhee. The show that surrounds them is of lesser quality. They come on at 6. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Every Sunday. Admission by contribution.)

Freda Payne and Barbara Jean English—A benefit concert. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 15, at 7:30.)

Dory Previn—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 18, at 8.

Ferlin Husky, Johnny Paycheck, and Joe Stampley—Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 18, at 8.

Helen Reddy & Mac Davis—Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 20, at 8.

Slade, Grin, and Black Oak Arkansas—Academy of Music. Friday, April 20, at 8.

Deodato—With Freddie Hubbard, Jack Dejohnette, Ron Carter, the Airto Group, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, April 20, at 8.)

Procol Harum and Steeleye Span—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, April 21, at 8 and 11.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Wednesday and Thursday, April 11-12, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Saturday and Sunday, April 14-15, at 2. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Chicago, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 17-18, at 2:05, and Thursday, April 19, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. Montreal, Saturday, April 21, at 2:15.

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 21.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup East Division quarter-final playoffs, Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, April 12, at 8:05, if necessary.)

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Friday through Sunday, April 20-22.)

Hunt Racing—My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 14.) . . . ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Sunday, April 15.) . . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 21.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 12. The Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 14; the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Wednesday, April 18; and the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 21. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays and Good Friday, at 1:30; through Saturday, June 2.

Track—Boston Marathon, starting in Hopkinton, Mass. (Monday, April 16.)

Trapshooting—Amateur Championships of America at Clay Targets, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Friday through Sunday, April 13-15, at 9.)

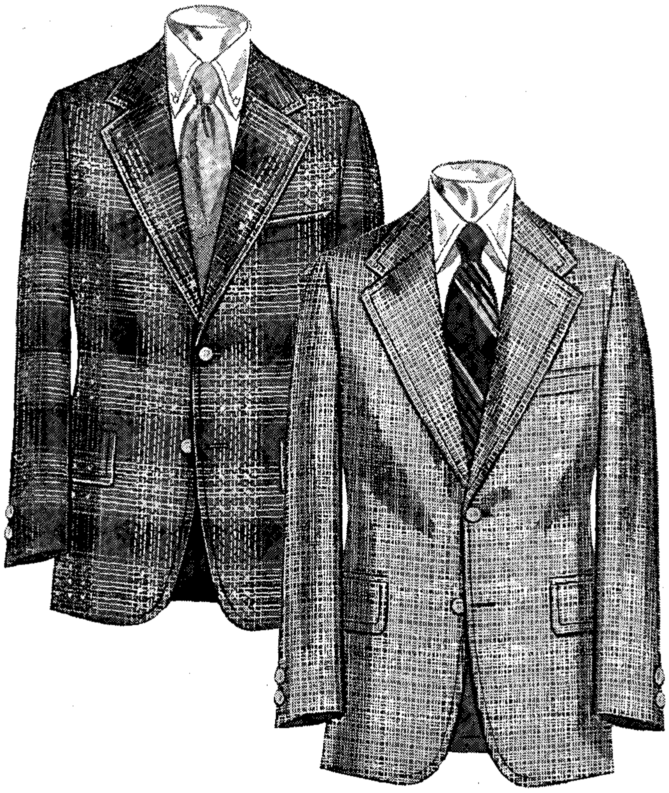
Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, May 24. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, April 12, through Saturday, Nov. 17.

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—By the LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN: "The Mikado," Saturday and Sunday, April 14-15, at 4. . . . ¶ "Patience," Saturday, April 21, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.) . . . BLUE HILL TROUPE: A benefit performance of "Iolanthe." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 21, at 2:30. For tickets, call 861-7955, between 2 and 4 and 5:30 and 7:30.)

Ballet and Dance Program—"Peter and the Wolf," performed by the Boston Ballet Company, with Cyril Ritchard, narrator (James Earl Jones will fill in for Mr. Ritchard on Saturday, April 21). Also "The Mama Lu Parks Potpourri," performed by Louise Parks and her dancers. Opens with a benefit performance on Sunday, April 15, at 3:30, and will run through Sunday, April 29. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. Daily, except Wednesdays, at 12:30 and 2:30. For information about tickets, call 873-9649.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Band-Wagon." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays, Sundays, and also Wednesday and Thursday, April 18-19, at 1 and 3:30, plus Tuesday, April 17, and Friday, April 20, at 1.) . . . BUNRAKU: The National Puppet Theatre of Japan presenting "The Priest in Exile" and "Fishing for Wives." Simultaneous-translation sets may be rented. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday, April 11, at 2.) . . . GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Sunday through Thursday, April 15-19, at 1.) . . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Looice." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.) . . . MERRY-GO-ROUNDERS: "Dirty Air Is Everywhere," Tuesday, April 17, at 1. . . . ¶ "On the Turtle's Back," Tuesday, April 17, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Pepito's Story," Wednesday, April 18, at 1:30. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090.) . . . PERFORMING ARTS REPERTORY THEATRE: "Around the World



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in 60 Minutes." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, April 15, at 2. Children under five not admitted.)... **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Pinocchio," Monday, April 16, at 1.... ¶"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Thursday, April 19, at 1. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM STUDIO, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Between Sky and Earth," an exhibition of paintings and poems by children of New Zealand; through May 13. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Sundays, 11 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Edge of the Universe." (Wednesday through Friday, April 11-13, at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Monday through Wednesday, April 16-18, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; and Thursday and Friday, April 19-20, at 1, 2, and 3:30. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK:** A turreted castle, a Gingerbread House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include monkeys, deer, and rabbits. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)... ¶At the **BRONX ZOO:** In this minute menagerie, the little ones will find a bevy of small animals, among them lambs, geese, and chickens. New, this year, is a honeybee exhibit, where children can watch the bees through peepholes. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

UNITED NATIONS—The Economic and Social Council is scheduled to convene on Tuesday, April 17. In the meantime, there may be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

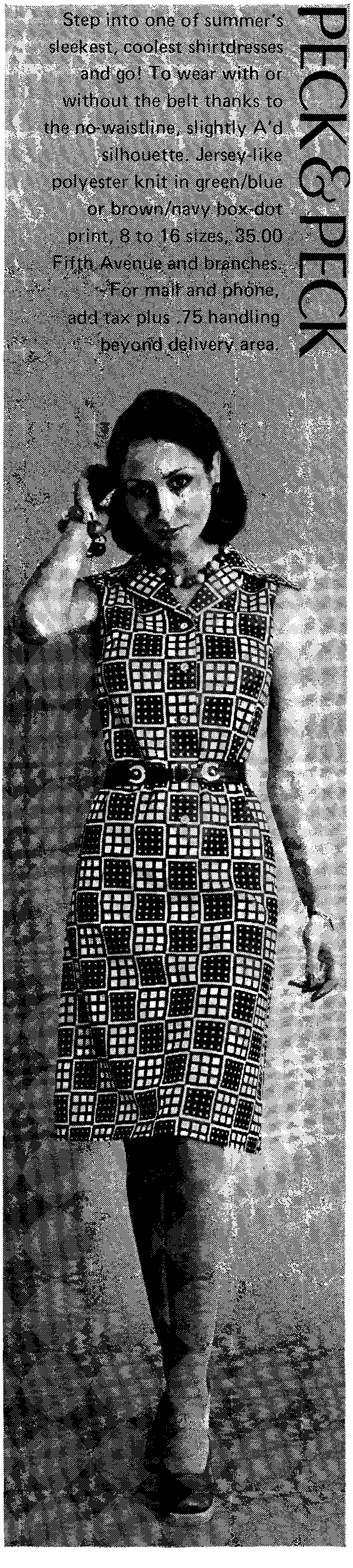
POETRY READINGS—Elizabeth Bishop and James Merrill reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, April 11, at 8.)... ¶Donald Justice and James Reiss reading from their own works. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Wednesday, April 18, at 8.)

FLOWER SHOW—A display of spring flowers and exotic plants. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, April 19, from 1 to 11:30, and Friday through Sunday, April 20-22, from 10 A.M. to 11:30 P.M.)

SATURDAY NIGHTS WITH THE FILMMAKERS—The third in a series of six programs, this one consisting of film clips from movies directed by Peter Bogdanovich, followed by a discussion between Richard Brown and Mr. Bogdanovich. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 14, at 8.)

INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOW—The latest models from England, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Rumania, Sweden, and the Soviet Union, plus antiques, experimentals, and custom jobs from the United States. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Friday, April 11-13, from noon to 10; Saturday, April 14, from 11 to 10:30; and Sunday, April 15, from noon to 8.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS—"The Fashionable Brooklyn of a Century Ago," a conducted walking tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will get into stride on Sunday, April 15. Meets on the steps of Borough Hall, Brooklyn, at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.... ¶Soho Fleas, an antiques



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market at the corner of Grand and Wooster Streets, is open every Saturday, weather permitting, from 10 to 5....¶ The Market Place (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.), another antiques show, is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to sundown.

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, April 11, at 8: Nineteenth-century American paintings and drawings by Bierstadt, Remington, and others; from many collectors....¶ Thursday, April 12, at 10:15 and 2: American Indian works of art, from several owners....¶ Thursday, April 12, at 8: A benefit auction of theatrical memorabilia, from many sources. (No exhibition for this sale.)...¶ Friday, April 13, at 2: Pre-Columbian works of art, from various collectors....¶ Saturday, April 14, at 10:15 and 2: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American furniture and decorations, including a collection of glass from the Museum of Art at the Rhode Island School of Design. ...¶ Wednesday, April 18, at 2: Primitive art, from a number of owners.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 11 at 5:30: "Proud Valley" (1940), directed by Pen Tennyson, with Paul Robeson....¶ April 12 at 5:30: "The Case of the Missing Clerk" (1971), in Danish, directed by Gerd Fredholm....¶ April 12 at 8: "The Tar Dealer" (1971), in Danish, directed by Jens Ravn.... ¶ April 13 at 2: "Hunger" (1966), in Danish, directed by Henning Carlsen, with Per Oscarsson....¶ April 13 at 5:30 and April 14 at noon: "Blackmail" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock....¶ April 14 at 3: "The Tar Dealer" (1971)....¶ April 14 at 5:30: "The Case of the Missing Clerk" (1971).... ¶ April 15 at 12:30 and 3: "Bombshell" (1933), directed by Victor Fleming, with Jean Harlow....¶ April 15 at 5:30: "Hunger" (1966)....¶ April 16 at 2: "Lone" (1970), in Danish, directed by Franz Ernst; recommended for adults only....¶ April 16 at 5:30: "Oh, To Be on the Bandwagon" (1972), in Danish, directed by Henning Carlsen....¶ April 17 at 2: "The Texas Rangers" (1936), directed by King Vidor, with Jean Parker and Fred MacMurray.... ¶ April 17 at 5:30: "Times For" (1970), directed by Stephen Dwoskin....¶ April 18 at 5:30: "The Texas Rangers" (1936).... ¶ April 19 at 5:30: "Dear Irene" (1971), in Danish, directed by Christian B. Thomsen, with Mette Knudsen....¶ April 19 at 8: "Lone" (1970). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Center. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of films starring James Cagney: Through April 12: "Each Dawn I Die" (1939), directed by William Keighley....¶ April 14-15: "Hard to Handle" (1933), directed by Mervyn LeRoy....¶ April 18-19: "Footlight Parade" (1933), directed by Lloyd Bacon. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Vigo, Vertov, Riefenstahl, von Stroheim, Warhol, Anger, Brakhage, Breer, and others. April 11 at 6, 8, and 10; April 12-13 at 6 and 8; April 14 at 6; April 15, 17, and 18 at 6, 8, and 10; and April 19 at 6.... **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (861-5322)—April 11: "New Directions 72-73," a program of short films....¶ April 12: "The Murder of Fred Hampton," directed by Mike Gray and Howard Alk....¶ April 13: "Skezag," directed by Joel Freedman and Phil Messina. ...¶ April 14: "Angela Davis: Portrait of a Revolutionary," directed by Yolande Du Luart....¶ April 15: "Set-Up," directed by Nicholas Doob....¶ April 16-17: "Jack Johnson," directed by William Cayton.... ¶ April 18: "Black Fantasy," directed by Lionel Rogosin; no one under eighteen will be admitted....¶ Starting April 19: "West Coast Filmmakers Part I," a program of seven short films. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the Museum for time schedules and ticket information.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 12: "The Exterminating Angel" and "Simon of the Desert."
April 13-14: "Belle de Jour" and "Nazarin."
April 15-17: "Viridiana" and "The Young and the Damned."
From April 18: "Save the Tiger."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through April 14: "Swing Time" and "Shall We Dance."
April 15-17: "Star Spangled Rhythm" and "The Fleet's In."
From April 18: "Rasputin and the Empress" and "The Royal Family of Broadway."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through April 17: "Children of Paradise" and "Casablanca."
From April 18: "Fellini's Roma," "Fellini Satyricon," and "Psycho."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 17: "Marjoe" and "Gimme Shelter."
From April 18: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 17: "Cabaret" and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."
From April 18: "Travels with My Aunt" and "The Boy Friend."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through April 12: "The Godfather."
From April 13: "Charlotte's Web."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Heartbreak Kid."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through April 17: "Cabaret."
From April 18: "Scorpio."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Class of '44."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Last Tango in Paris."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through April 17: "Sleuth."
From April 18: "The Nelson Affair."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Billy Jack."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Slither."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Brother Sun, Sister Moon."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through April 17: "2001: A Space Odyssey."
From April 18: "Soylent Green."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Ludwig."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through April 17: "Travels with My Aunt."
From April 18: To be announced.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Scarecrow."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Cries and Whispers." (No evening performances on Thursday, April 12.)

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
April 11: "Come Have Coffee with Us."
April 12-18: "The Challenges."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through April 19 (tentative): "White Sister."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Godspell."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
April 11: "Love."
April 12: Theatre closed.
From April 13: "State of Siege."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Lost Horizon."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 17: "Travels with My Aunt."
From April 18: "Jeremiah Johnson."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through April 17: "The World's Greatest Athlete."
From April 18: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through April 17: "Lady Caroline Lamb."
From April 18: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 17: "Cabaret."
From April 18: "Sounder."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through April 17: "5 Fingers of Death."
From April 18: "High Plains Drifter."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Save the Tiger."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through April 17: "Black Mama, White Mama."
From April 18: "Soylent Green."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through April 17: "Vault of Horror."
From April 18: "Charley-One-Eye."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Mack."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 17: "Lady Caroline Lamb" and "The Hospital."
From April 18: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Fellini's Roma" and "Fellini Satyricon."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
April 11: "Conquest" and "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise."
April 12-15: "As You Desire Me" and "Queen Christina."
From April 16: "How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through April 17: "The World's Greatest Athlete."
From April 18: "Love and Pain and the Whole Damn Thing."

Quad Cinemas I, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through April 17: "Jeremiah Johnson" and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller"/ "Travels with My Aunt" and "The Boy Friend"/ "A Separate Peace" and "Bad Company"/ "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean" and "The Boys in the Band."
From April 13: "Charlotte's Web."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through April 12: "Zabriskie Point" and "Brewster McCloud."
April 13-17: "Performance" and "The Devils." (Evening performances only on Saturday, April 14.)
From April 18: "El Topo" and "Bedazzled."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through April 17: "A Separate Peace" and "Bad Company."
From April 18: "Vault of Horror" and "The Mind Snatchers."

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"The Sound of Music."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through April 12: "Sounder."
From April 13: "Charlotte's Web."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Tom Sawyer."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"I Am a Dancer."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Ten from Your Show of Shows."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through April 18: "Before the Revolution."
From April 19: "Ganja and Hess."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"I Love You Rosa."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Money, Money, Money."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Heartbreak Kid."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through April 17: "Lady Caroline Lamb."
From April 18: "Scorpio."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through April 17: "1776" and "Images."
From April 18: "Love and Pain and the Whole Damn Thing."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through April 14: "Cabaret" and "There's a Girl in My Soup."
From April 15: Theatre closed.

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through April 17: "The Godfather."
From April 18: "Soylent Green."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 17: "A Separate Peace" and "Bad Company."
From April 18: "Fellini's Roma" and "Fellini Satyricon."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 17: "Fiddler on the Roof."
From April 18: "Save the Tiger."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through April 12: "The Trojan Women" and "Phaedra."
April 13-15: "Elvira Madigan" and "The Virgin and the Gypsy."
April 16-17: "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" and "Z."
April 18-19: "Pierrot le Fou" and "Hour of the Wolf."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through April 17: "The World's Greatest Athlete."
From April 18: "Up the Sandbox."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 17: "Avanti!" and "Bananas."
From April 18: "Travels with My Aunt" and "The Boy Friend."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

As You Desire Me (1932)—Greta Garbo plays a café entertainer with amnesia in Budapest, trying to escape from the influence of a novelist played by Erich von Stroheim. Melvyn Douglas is her forgotten husband—a count, what else? The plot is taken from Pirandello and made trumpery, but there is always Garbo, though the rewards of the film are pretty inverted. (5th Ave. Cinema; April 12-15.)

Avanti!—With Jack Lemmon and Juliet Mills, directed by Billy Wilder. (Olympia; through April 17.)

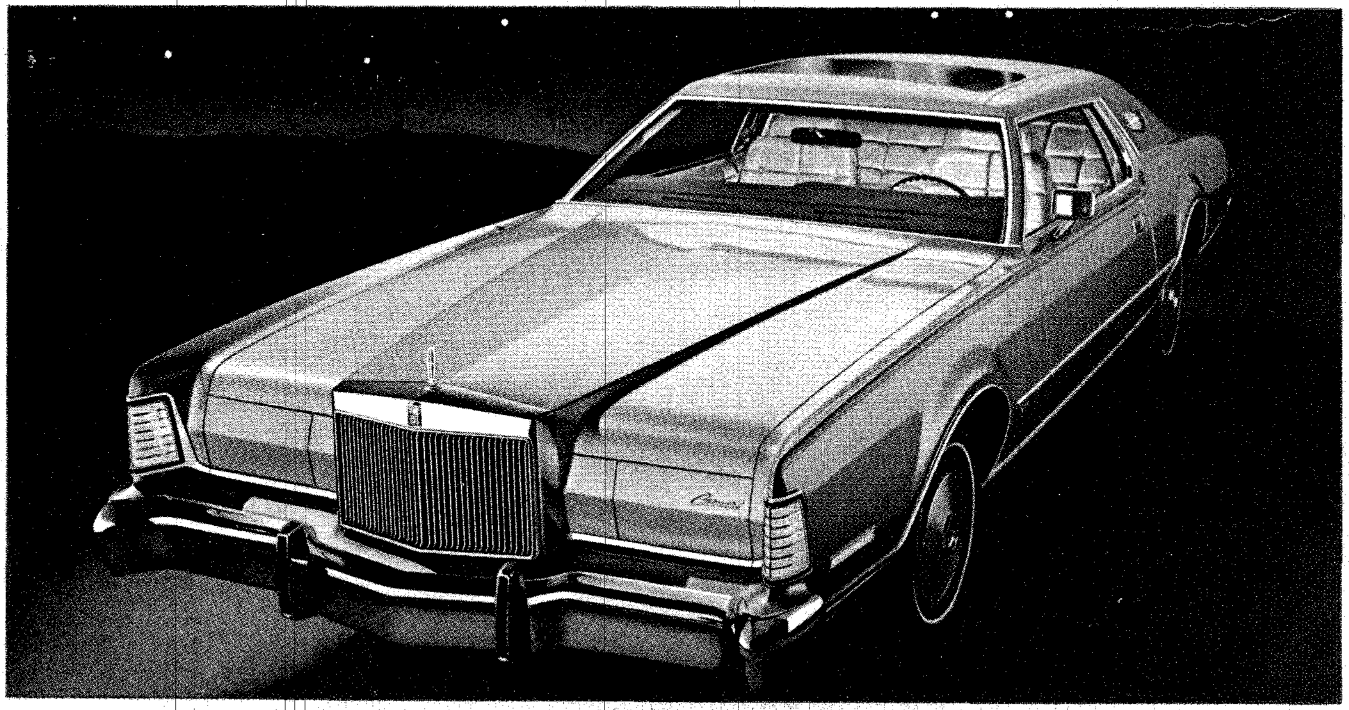
Bad Company—A hip-picaresque comedy set in the Civil War period, with the lively, talented Jeff Bridges as the bumpkin Fagin of a gang of thieving orphans and runaways. There's dazzle in the script by Robert Benton and David Newman, but Benton's direction is tepid, and the yellow-brown autumnal West is getting very tired. The movie is sparked by a caricature of a big-time movie director (Joseph L. Mankiewicz, to be specific) in the character of the cynical robber chief, Big Joe (David Huddleston). (Quad Cinema, R.K.O. 23rd St., and New Yorker; through April 17.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is a nice scene when he is Christ, for some reason, and runs into a traffic problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but not too painfully to avoid an irritable argument about rights to a parking space. (Olympia; through April 17.)

Bedazzled (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme in a comedy directed by Stanley Donen. (Elgin; starting April 18.)

Before the Revolution (1965)—A sweepingly romantic movie about a young man's rebellion against bourgeois life and his disillusion with Communism, set in Parma and written

Moon over Mark IV.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci at the astonishing age of twenty-two. He captures what has rarely been seen on the screen—the extravagance and poetry of youthful ardor. In Italian. (Playboy; through April 18.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Art; April 13-14.)

Billy Jack (1971)—A fascinating, mixed-up movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school." There's a sweet, naïve feeling to the movie even when it's violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it's good it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystic powers on behalf of the young. (Plaza.)

Black Mama, White Mama—With Pam Grier and Margaret Markov, directed by Eddie Romero. (86th St. East; through April 17.)

The Boy Friend (1971)—Ken Russell has turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from Russell's supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (Quad Cinema; through April 17.... ¶ Gramercy and Olympia; starting April 18.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (Quad Cinema; through April 17.)

Brewster McCloud (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (Elgin; through April 12.)

Brother Sun, Sister Moon—The story of Francis of Assisi, directed with unusual fake-primitive religiosity by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis. (Coronet.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Gray and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Beacon; through April 14.... ¶ Gramercy, Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East; through April 17.)

Casablanca (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (St. Marks Cinema; through April 17.)

The Challenges—A trilogy, with Dean Selmier. Directed by Claudio Guerin, Jose Luis Egea, and Victor Erice. In Spanish. (First Avenue Screening Room; April 12-18.)

Charley-One-Eye—A Western drama, with Richard Roundtree and Roy Thinnes. Directed by Don Chaffey. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting April 18.)

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Charlotte's Web—An animated version of the E.B. White story. (Kips Bay, Quad Cinema, and Guild; starting April 13.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; through April 17.)

Class of '44—A sequel to "Summer of '42," with Gary Grimes and Jerry Houser. Directed by Paul Bogart. (Sutton.)

Come Have Coffee with Us—A bedroom farce, with Ugo Tognazzi. Directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (First Avenue Screening Room; April 11.)

Conquest (1937)—Charles Boyer as Napoleon, and Garbo as Countess Marie Walewska of Poland. They had an illegitimate son. The censors of the time caused a two-year wrangle that resulted in four versions of the film; the moral Cerberuses wanted a final meeting of the parents and child that would represent "a forceful illustration of the tragedy of having been born out of wedlock." Pretty high on the Garbo list. (5th Ave. Cinema; April 11.)

Cries and Whispers—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Cinema II. No evening performances on Thursday, April 12.)

The Devils (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about the contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (Elgin; April 13-17. Evening performances only on Saturday, April 14.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (34th St. East.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, who is so exquisitely fresh she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity . The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society, and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. In Swedish. (Thalia; April 13-15.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the members that it can't be broken up, but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Art; through April 12.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini, basking in sin, in the De Mille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous, as if his phantasmagoria of the pagan world were a stage panorama set on a treadmill. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse.... ¶ St. Marks Cinema and New Yorker; starting April 18.)

Fellini's Roma—We've all been tourists before in Fellini's big-top city, so once again we look at the Fellini whores and fatties and say, "Aren't they incredible? So gross, so ugly, so lewd," etc. Fellini is the only star in this ornate sketchbook-movie, with familiar episodes from his youth and modern episodes in which urban chaos is used as spectacle, sometimes for a semi-abstract effect, sometimes for a psychedelic turn-on. This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (8th St. Playhouse.... ¶ St. Marks Cinema and New Yorker; starting April 18.)

Fiddler on the Roof (1971)—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Symphony; through April 17.)

5 Fingers of Death—With Lo Lieh and Wang Ping, directed by Chang Chang Ho. (Loews Orpheum; through April 17.)

The Fleet's In (1942)—Intended to be restful to the Navy in wartime (sailors figure a good deal in the picture) but rather tiring now. Dorothy Lamour throws things a lot, and William Holden marries her. Heavy period stuff. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 15-17.)

Ganja and Hess—With Duane Jones and Marlene Clark, directed by Bill Gunn. (Playboy; starting April 18.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Gramercy; through April 17.)

Gimme Shelter (1970)—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Cinema Village; through April 17.)

The Godfather (1972)—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organ-

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ized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism, and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Kips Bay; through April 12. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; through April 17.)

Godspell—The Gospels designed to be read as their very own literature by the Woodstock generation. This is mostly St. Matthew, in a very fanatic and peculiarly dated happy-happy mode, with Jesus doing music-hall turns. The whole thing generates a powerfully anti-intellectual fundamentalist mood, photographed with a scrappy technique that sums up the ruling coarseness. From the Off Broadway play that seems to have been with us since B.C.; the bloom has gone off these flower children. Directed by David Greene in summery New York City settings, with music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz. Show-biz religiosity. (Columbia II.)

The Heartbreak Kid—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. Charming, unforced comedy. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Murray Hill and Paramount.)

High Plains Drifter—A Western, directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (Loews Orpheum; starting April 18.)

The Hospital (1971)—That great spangled ham George C. Scott in Paddy Chayevsky's farce about the killing incompetence in a modern big-city hospital. The picture strains for seriousness now and then, but even when it makes a fool of itself it's still funny. Arthur Hiller directed. (Waverly; through April 17.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon each other, like "Persona" and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his infected, deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (Thalia; April 18-19.)

How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman—Directed by the Brazilian filmmaker Nelson Pereira Dos Santos. In Tupi, the Latin-American Indian language. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting April 16.)

I Am a Dancer—A study of the way Rudolf Nureyev works, in practice clothes at rehearsal and in costume onstage. If one swoons with pleasure over the thud of famous feet on the boards, this visually serious and verbally hilarious portrait is worth going to—just. (Ziegfeld. Wednesday, April 11, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, April 12-13, at 8; Saturday, April 14, at 2, 6, 8, and 10; and Sunday through Thursday, April 15-19, at 2, 5, 7, and 9. Reserved seats only.)

I Love You Rosa—With Michal Bat-Adam, directed by Moshe Mizahi. In Hebrew. (Little Carnegie.)

Images—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but it is seductively shot and edited, and has some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (Embassy 72nd St.; through April 17.)

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Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion (1970)—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. In Italian. (Thalia; April 16-17.)

Jeremiah Johnson—Robert Redford doing a self-consciously cool version of a strong, silent Western loner. The movie crawls through the wilderness at a snail's pace and is stretched out with ponderous lore. It celebrates tooth-and-claw revenge while featuring the kind of pithy dialogue that produces bellyache: "Keep your nose to the wind and your eye to the skyline." Sydney Pollack directed. (Quad Cinema; through April 17. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting April 18.)

Lady Caroline Lamb—Robert Bolt, directing for the first time, thrashes about from one style and point of view to another. The film seems to have been made by a square Ken Russell; Bolt tries for romantic excess, but he can't get anything warmed up. His Caroline Lamb is an hysterical fool but also a misunderstood free spirit struggling against a hypocritical society—a sort of Regency Zelda. Sarah Miles acts like a dizzy shopgirl dreaming of being a great lady, and falling flat even in her dreams; as Byron, Richard Chamberlain scowls and sneers. With Jon Finch as Lamb; Margaret Leighton as his mother; Laurence Olivier as Wellington; and Ralph Richardson as the King. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Waverly, and Cinema Studio; through April 17.)

Last Tango in Paris—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Trans-Lux East. Sundays through Thursdays at 2, 6, and 8:45, and Fridays and Saturdays at 2, 7:30, and 10. Reserved seats only.)

The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean—Nihilism plus sentimentality about the rugged-individualist hero—Paul Newman. A mock-epic Western that cannibalizes old movies and mixes an enthusiasm for mayhem with a tacky geniality. John Huston directed this disgraceful shambles from a brutal, cheap, jokey script by John Milius. (Quad Cinema; through April 17.)

Lost Horizon—A middle-class geriatric utopia high in the Himalayas, where, if you're sensible and do everything in moderation, you can live indefinitely, lounging and puttering about for hundreds of years. In this new Ross Hunter musical version, directed by Charles Jarrott, Shangri-La is about as alluring as Forest Lawn. The generally embarrassed residents include Peter Finch, Liv Ullmann, Sally Kellerman, John Gielgud, Charles Boyer, and Michael York. (Loews Tower East.)

Love—If you suggest going to a Hungarian film to almost anyone but a Hungarian, you are apt to face mutiny, but this film—by Karoly Makk—is much recommended. Reviving and vivid about the true nature of aristocraticism. In Hungarian. (Beekman; April 11.)

Love and Pain and the Whole Damn Thing—With Maggie Smith and Timothy Bottoms, directed by Alan J. Pakula. (Greenwich and Embassy 72nd St.; starting April 18.)

Ludwig—A disaster on this scale is a prodigy. The Visconti film is big and two hours and fifty-three minutes long, and it never finds a style. The continuity is a splatter of choppy, confused scenes, and the relationships of the characters are never made clear. As Ludwig, Helmut Berger is a tense, prissy-mouthed, gloomy cuckoo, and it isn't until the third hour that the picture becomes fitfully amusing. With Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. (East 59th Street II.)

The Mack—With Max Julien and Don Gordon, directed by Michael Campus. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Marjoe—An interesting *cinéma-vérité* film, by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, about a kid brought up from the age of three to be a revivalist preacher though his heart is really in rock singing. The film takes some surprising turns, and it works sometimes, with an amiable outspokenness and humor. (Cinema Village; through April 17.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (Quad Cinema; through April 17.)

The Mind Snatchers—With Christopher Walken and Joss Ackland, directed by Bernard Girard. Also known as "The Happiness Cage." (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting April 18.)

Money, Money, Money—Claude Lelouch's knockabout comedy concerning a set of farcical urban pirates whose most rewarding theft lies in kidnapping the Pope. The picture is not funny, funny, funny, but fairly. In French. (Paris.)

Nazarin (1958)—The hero is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (Art; April 13-14.)

The Nelson Affair—With Glenda Jackson as Lady Emma Hamilton and Peter Finch as Admiral Whosit. Directed by James Cellan Jones. (Fine Arts; starting April 18.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Elgin; April 13-17. Evening performances only on Saturday, April 14.)

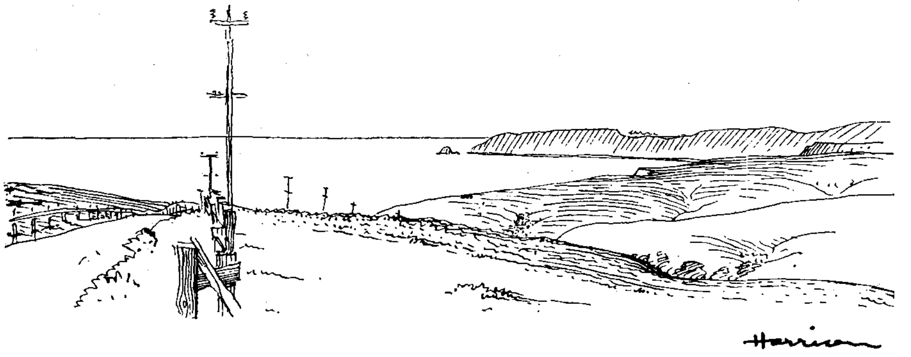
Phaedra (1962)—Jules Dassin's glossy, novelettish version featuring Melina Mercouri, who leaves her husband, Raf Vallone, to run away with Anthony Perkins, while the audience tries to figure out why. (Thalia; through April 12.)

Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an Existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (Thalia; April 18-19.)

The Poseidon Adventure—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (Riviera.)

Psycho (1960)—The Hitchcock thriller with Janet Leigh getting stabbed in the shower and Anthony Perkins with a fly on his nose. (St. Marks Cinema; starting April 18.)

Queen Christina (1934)—Garbo great, with John Gilbert, directed by Rouben Mamoulian. She poses as a man, dressed in black velvet, in a famous inn scene in which she is asked to share a bedroom with the Spanish ambassador; no one has ever come near her ability as an actress to suggest opposite emotions at the same time, and her mixture here of the debonair and the bashful is delicately comic. The film ends, historically, with a heartrending closeup of Garbo's face that runs for eighty-five feet. When asked what he told Garbo to think of when she was doing the



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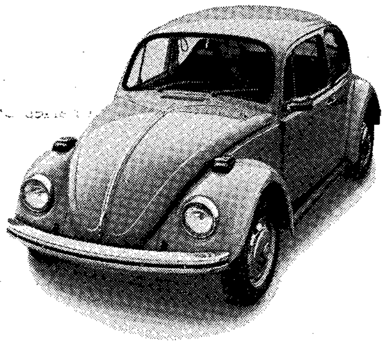

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shot, Mamoulian replied, "Nothing, absolutely nothing." (5th Ave. Cinema; April 12-15.)

Rasputin and the Empress (1932)—The only film with all three Barrymores—Lionel, Ethel, and John—in it. Screenplay by Charles MacArthur; directed by Richard Boleslavsky. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 18.)

The Royal Family of Broadway (1931)—The family is the Barrymores, and the only thing of much consequence in the movie is Fredric March's neat and hilarious parody of John. Script by Herman J. Mankiewicz (and Gertrude Purcell); directed by George Cukor and Cyril Gardner. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 18.)

Save the Tiger—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (Loews Ciné. . . . ¶ Art and Symphony; starting April 18.)

Scarecrow—With Gene Hackman and Al Pacino, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Cinema I.)

Scorpio—A tale of double agents and triple crosses, with Burt Lancaster and Alain Delon. Directed by Michael Winner. (Eastside Cinema and Cinema Studio; starting April 18.)

A Separate Peace—John Knowles' prep-school novel hasn't been dramatized; the director, Larry Peerce, seems to think conversations in lyrical places are all that's needed to make a movie. It's all chatter. The nonprofessional cast acts "natural" enough, but there's no depth of character to this kind of acting, and no excitement. John Heyl, who plays Fearless Finny, bears an amusing resemblance to Burt Lancaster. (Quad Cinema, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, and New Yorker; through April 17.)

1776—A Broadway folk operetta featuring those lovable old codgers, the Founding Fathers, and double-entendres and the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The whole damned thing has the emasculated, giggly tone that passes for clean family entertainment. (Embassy 72nd St.; through April 17.)

Shall We Dance (1937)—The script wobbles, but this seventh Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers film has some beautiful dances and a great score by the Gershwins ("Slap That Bass," "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off," "They Can't Take That Away from Me," "They All Laughed"). With Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore. Directed by Mark Sandrich. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through April 14.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil in the guise of a woman (Silvia Pinal); he falls, of course, in Luis Buñuel's short, witty divertissement on the foolishness of saintliness. In Spanish. (Art; through April 12.)

Sleuth—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Fine Arts; through April 17.)

Slither—This first feature by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and offbeat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard B. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W. D. Richter. (Baronet.)

Sounder—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (Guild; through April 12. . . . ¶ U. A. East; starting April 18.)

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The Sound of Music (1965)—Gigantic sniffles. With Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer, directed by Robert Wise. (National.)

Soylent Green—A suspense story set in the year 2022, with Charlton Heston and Edward G. Robinson. Directed by Richard Fleischer. (East 59th Street I, 86th St. East, and Loews 83rd St.; starting April 18.)

Star Spangled Rhythm (1942)—One of those big-studio inventory pictures, in this case a census of the entire Paramount lot. Even the scenery consists largely of the Paramount offices and grounds. Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour, Fred MacMurray, and so on and on. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 15-17).

State of Siege—The new Costa-Gavras political drama ("The Sleeping Car Murder," "Z," "The Confession"), written by Franco Solinas, who scripted "The Battle of Algiers." Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Mitrione, who worked for A.I.D., was trained in the U.S., and worked in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political "trilogy." It is made with less dizziness than the others, and with a human feeling for ambiguity. In French. (Beekman; starting April 13.)

Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me—Truffaut's newest, and not by any means his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre possibility of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise (1931)—Mediocre Garbo, though she will always be loved by collectors, even in high-flown garbage like this. With Clark Gable. (5th Ave. Cinema; April 11.)

Swing Time (1936)—Rogers and Astaire at their peak as a team. The continuity is functional and uninspired, but the numbers are sublime ("The Way You Look Tonight," "Bojangles of Harlem," "A Fine Romance," "Pick Yourself Up," "Never Gonna Dance"). George Stevens directed; the songs are by Dorothy Fields and Jerome Kern; and the cast includes Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through April 14.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (Festival.)

There's a Girl in My Soup (1970)—A would-be scintillating comedy about a girl who can't decide between a dapper older man and a young hippie—the sort of thing that requires the audience to be enchanted by an elfin kook. Goldie Hawn bats her goldfish eyes, but she seems to have a hook in her mouth; Peter Sellers struggles manfully, trying to find her irresistible. Mechanically directed by Roy Boulting. (Beacon; through April 14.)

Tom Sawyer—The great Mark Twain, diminished for teeny tots and weeny minds. Tom might as well be Shirley Temple, and Huck Deanna Durbin. Directed by Don Taylor in Missouri; he looks as if he's never been outside the buildings of *Reader's Digest*, which here is dipping its whopping big toe into family entertainment for the first time. Tom is obviously going to grow up into the most respectable adman, giving all he has to Nixon, and the poetic Huck vanishes into the thin, thin air of big production numbers about picnics. (Music Hall.)

El Topo (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (Elgin; starting April 18.)

Travels with My Aunt—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (Ciné Malibu, 72nd Street East, and Quad Cinema; through April 17. . . . ¶ Gramercy and Olympia; starting April 18.)

The Trojan Women (1971)—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Thalia; through April 12.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (East 59th Street I; through April 17.)

Up the Sandbox—Barbra Streisand has never seemed so mysteriously, sensually fresh, so multi-radiant as in this joyful mess, taken from the Anne Richardson Roiphe novel. The picture is full of sass and knockabout urban humor, though it doesn't seem to have settled on what it's meant to be about. The heroine is the wife of a Columbia instructor, and the movie is a hip, free-association treatment of her daydreams and conflicting desires, and of a variety of women's-lib problems. Irvin Kershner directed. (Riverside; starting April 18.)

Vault of Horror—Five horror stories, directed by Roy Ward Baker. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through April 17. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting April 18.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy (1970)—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (Thalia; April 13-15.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Art; April 15-17.)

White Sister—With Sophia Loren, directed by Alberto Lattuada. (Columbia I; through April 19, tentative.)

The World's Greatest Athlete—From the Disney Studios, with John Amos, Tim Conway, and Jan-Michael Vincent. Directed by Robert Scheerer. (Juliet 2, Greenwich, and Riverside; through April 17.)

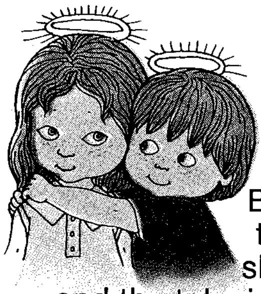
The Young and the Damned ("Los Olvidados;" 1952)—A masterwork. The poor prey on each other in Luis Buñuel's ruthless examination of poverty and delinquency in Mexico. With some classic surreal sequences. In Spanish. (Art; April 15-17.)

Z (1969)—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Thalia; April 16-17.)

Zabriskie Point (1970)—Antonioni's enervated view of American youth. A lifeless movie with a zombie romance, but with a very pretty apocalyptic finish. (Elgin; through April 12.)

Handy answers to hard questions asked by children in the Health-tex years.

Why do brothers and sisters fight?



Brothers and sisters live in the same house and have to share a lot of things like toys and the television set and the bathroom in the morning. Since your brother or sister is always around and close to your own size, it's natural to have fights once in a while.

What brothers and sisters are really doing, though, is learning how to live together and respect each other's rights. And when they finally grow up, they become the best of friends and love each other dearly.

Your aunts and uncles are your parents' brothers and sisters. And if you listen, you'll hear them talk about all the fights they had when they were little. And they'll laugh about them. And that shows being a brother or a sister is really a very lucky person to be.

Health-tex clothes will see you through all the good and bad times. And whether you're a brother or sister, a peaceful friend, or a mother, Health-tex single knits, doubleknits and wovens make things go smoothly. They're machine washable, mostly permanent press and no trouble at all. For boys, size 6 months to size 8, and girls, size 6 months to size 6x.

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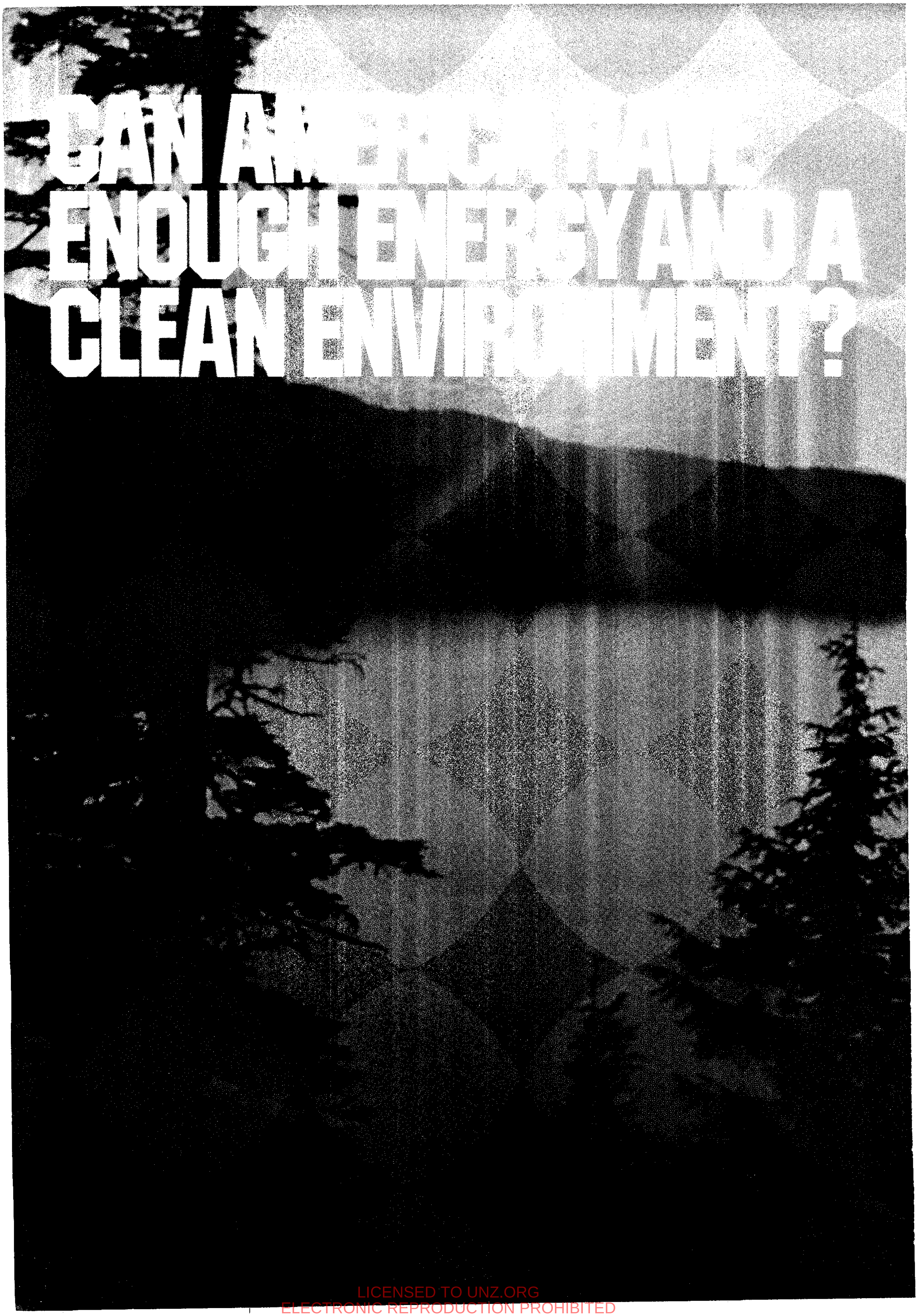


CAN AMERICA HAVE ENOUGH ENERGY AND A CLEAN ENVIRONMENT?

AMERICA NEEDS BOTH. AND WE CAN HAVE BOTH.

IT WON'T BE QUICK. IT WON'T BE EASY. BUT REAL PROGRESS IS BEING MADE.

MORE PROGRESS IS NEEDED, BECAUSE TO CLEAN THE ENVIRONMENT WE'LL NEED EVEN MORE ENERGY THAN WE USE NOW.

This is a report to the American people on the twin subjects of energy and environment.

The two have been closely related ever since our remote ancestors discovered fire—and with it, smoke. All of man's efforts to produce and consume energy have had their effects on the physical world in which man lives.

Today, we are asking ourselves how we can reconcile our need for energy with our desire for a clean environment.

Progress is being made. A recent study by the government's Council on Environmental Quality reports that the air has been made cleaner.

MORE CARS, BUT LESS POLLUTION

Air pollution resulting from automobile emissions has been significantly reduced.

As 1971 ended, there were 113 million automotive vehicles in this country. New equipment and new gasolines have reduced total hydrocarbon emissions in the air to the levels of 1960, when there were 74 million vehicles.

Total carbon monoxide emissions are down to the levels of 1963, when there were 85 million vehicles.

As older cars are replaced by new ones with better emission controls, there will be further declines of hydrocarbons, carbon monoxide and even oxides of nitrogen in the air.

SULFUR EMISSIONS ARE DOWN

Another source of air pollution is the sulfur released from burning oil. Since World War II, the sulfur content of home-heating oils and diesel fuels has been reduced more than 50% through increased use of low-sulfur crude oils and improved refining techniques.

Progress has also been made with the heavy fuel oils used by industries and power plants. In New York City, for example, pollution from sulfur dioxide was severe a few years ago. But, in response to regulations, the sulfur levels of heavy fuel oils burned in New York City have been reduced 90% since the mid-Sixties.

$3.3 MILLION A DAY TO CONTROL POLLUTION

For air and water pollution control in our own drilling, transporting and refining operations, oil companies spend an average total of $3.3 million every day, $1 billion a year, in the United States. This is the largest environmental expenditure by any industry.

Concrete, measurable efforts like these are a solid basis for believing that America's desire for a cleaner natural environment can be realized.

But every American lives in other "environments" beside nature's.

Our homes are one environment. The places where we work, where we shop, where we study, where we are entertained, are also environments.

All of these depend upon adequate supplies of energy. And, although we are making progress toward cleaner air and purer water, our energy supply problem is getting worse.

TWO GOALS TO KEEP IN MIND

The nation must keep *both* goals in mind: enough energy *and* a clean environment. To pursue either goal without considering the other is to invite disaster.

Environmental concerns and economic factors are postponing the development of additional domestic energy: oil, natural gas, coal, nuclear power. Supplies are falling far behind the nation's fast-growing demand.

Oil and natural gas now furnish 77% of all our energy, including nearly 40% of our electricity. Experts believe there are substantial resources of oil and gas still to be discovered in America, especially offshore. But exploratory drilling has been held up again and again by government authorities and by court actions brought by citizens.

For the record: during the past 25 years, 16,000 oil and gas wells have been drilled in America's coastal waters. There have been only three significant instances of environmental damage, no evidence of permanent damage. The oil industry's drilling techniques and safety technology are constantly improving.

MISSING: 2,000,000 BARRELS A DAY

In Alaska, the largest oil field in American history was discovered six years ago. It could supply two million barrels of oil a day, about one-eighth of our current needs.

But none of it is yet available, because the construction of the pipeline needed to bring this oil to market has been delayed by environmental objections.

Nuclear power and coal could contribute more to our energy supply but have not because of a combination of economic and environmental considerations.

The United States cannot hope to get the energy it needs here at home unless it takes a more realistic approach to environmental problems.

ENERGY TO CLEAN THE ENVIRONMENT

The fact is, cleaning the environment and keeping it clean will require huge additional amounts of energy.

Sewage treatment and water purification; recycling aluminum, steel, glass and paper; tearing down and rebuilding urban ghettos and blighted areas everywhere—all these operations demand energy and lots of it.

The life-styles that most Americans want depend on energy—on oil and natural gas—as well as on clean air and pure water. Our aim should be to safeguard *all* these necessities.

THE NATION'S TWO NEEDS

Clean energy and a clean environment are *not* "either . . . or" choices. They are both expensive, but we need both.

We are making progress toward a better environment, although much more remains to be done.

We will not "run out" of energy in the near future. But, right now, we are running out of time to make prudent decisions about energy. Long lead time is needed to develop important new domestic supplies of oil and natural gas, nuclear and geothermal power, sulfur-free coal, synthetic oil and gas, solar energy.

Delay today could plague us for at least the next critical decade.

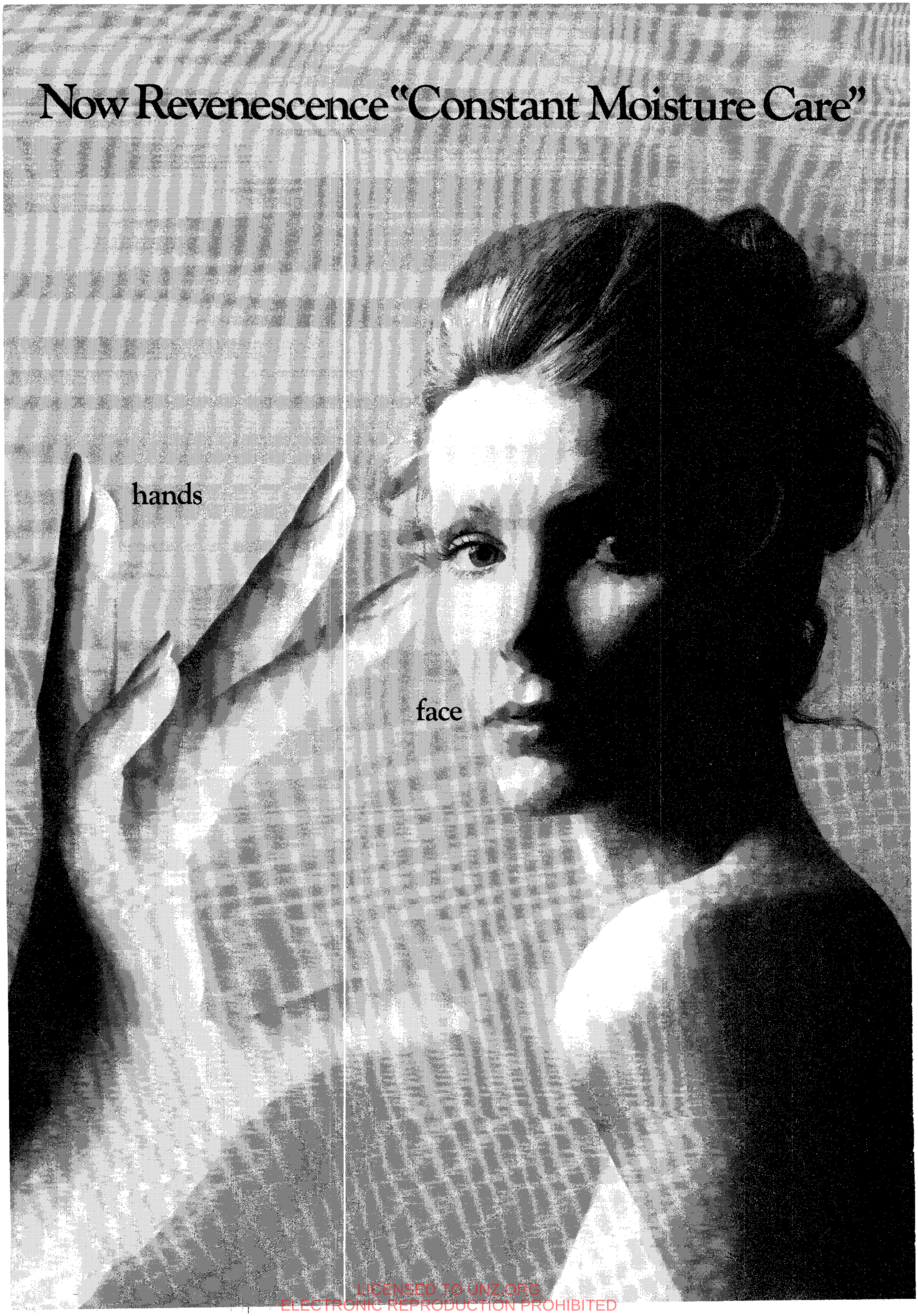
To help you stay informed, we've prepared three basic booklets, "The Energy Gap," "Statement of Policy on Energy" and "A Guide to Efficient Energy Use in the Home." Write to Dept. Y, American Petroleum Institute, 1801 K Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006 for your free copies.

With your understanding and help, America can have enough energy *and* a clean environment.

A COUNTRY THAT RUNS ON OIL CAN'T AFFORD TO RUN SHORT.

THE OIL COMPANIES OF AMERICA

Now Revenescence "Constant Moisture Care"



goes all the way:
body

SOFT-BODY LOTION
REVENESCENCE
REVENESCENCE
MASK
REVENESCENCE

Revenescence. For your face, under make-up. The moisturizer with a unique 'continuous-release' action to keep moisture on tap and to keep make-up fresh all day. Cream or Liquid.

Revenescence Moisture Glow. In Pink, Peach or Rose to give any complexion a lift. Or Eggshell for a pale, porcelain look. And Bronze for a moist, tawny glow.

Revenescence Mask. The moisturizing mask that revs up local circulation. Helps purge the skin of pollutants. Yet remains cool and moist while on. For your face, but don't forget your throat.

New Revenescence Soft-Body Lotion. For your body all day. The moisturizer that drenches the body–torso to toes–with super saturants that work while you work to undry your skin and cloak it with softshine.

New Revenescence Protective Moisture For Hands. Like wearing an invisible moisture-mitten all day long. The wealth of intensified moisture in this creamy whip is enough to replenish lost moisture as well as to protect against further loss and chapping.

The Revenescence Constant Moisturizers

Charles of the Ritz

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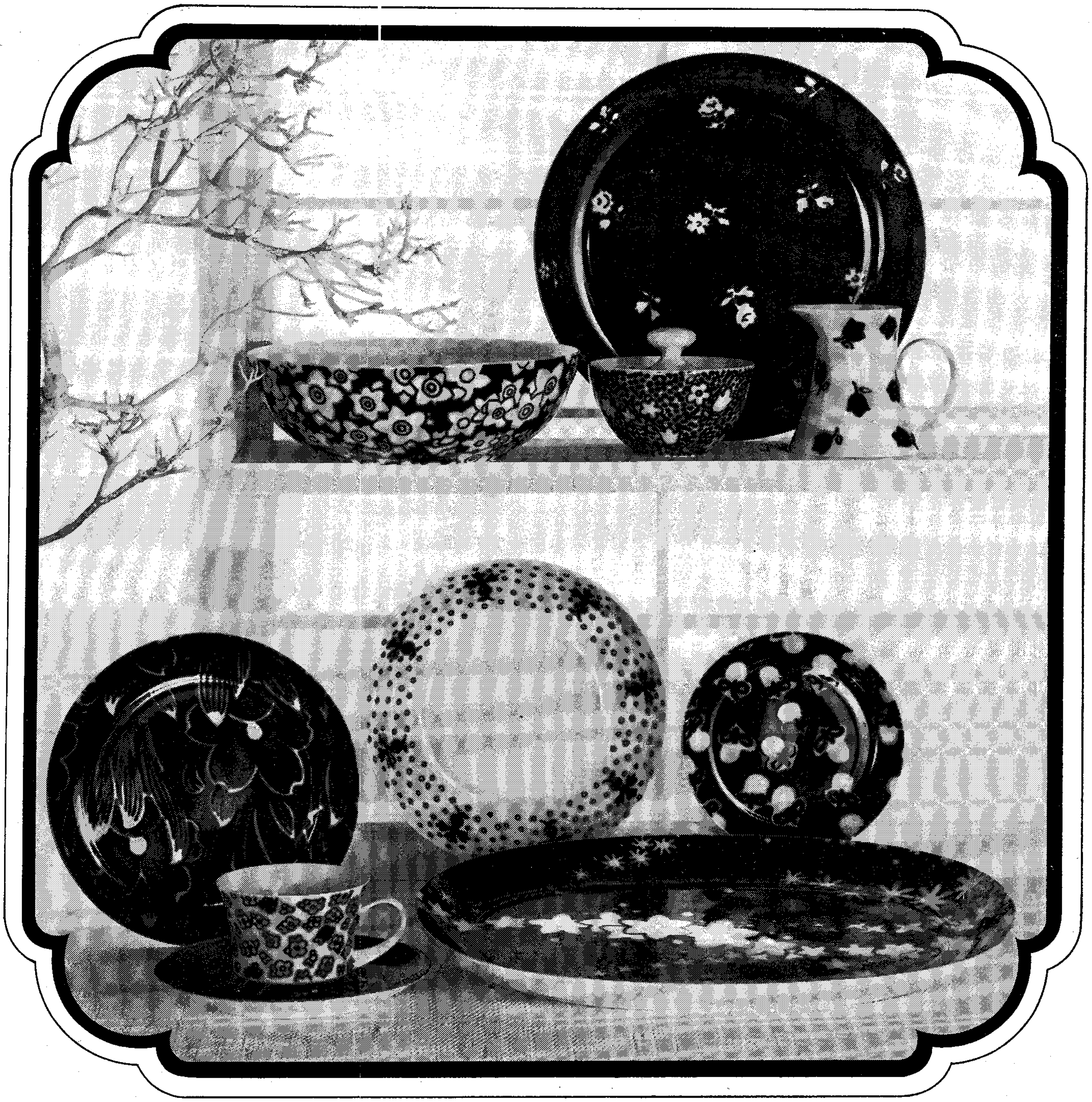

“Variance” by Block....

an interesting new china collecting idea inspired by the romantic days when travelers to the Orient selected china piece by piece, choosing from the rich variety of the typical blue and white floral motifs. Today, be an instant collector with this delightful vitrified china from Spain, co-ordinated in rich Oriental cobalt blue. Each place setting—dinner, salad, bread-butter, cup, saucer—in 5 different floral patterns; with 5 additional patterns in serving pieces. Jack Prince designed the patterns, Gerald Gulotta created the sculptured España shape. 5-pc. place setting, 5 different patterns, 19.95. 45-pc. service for 8, consisting of 10 different patterns, 199.95. Altman China, fourth floor, Fifth Avenue (212) MU 9-7000, and branches.

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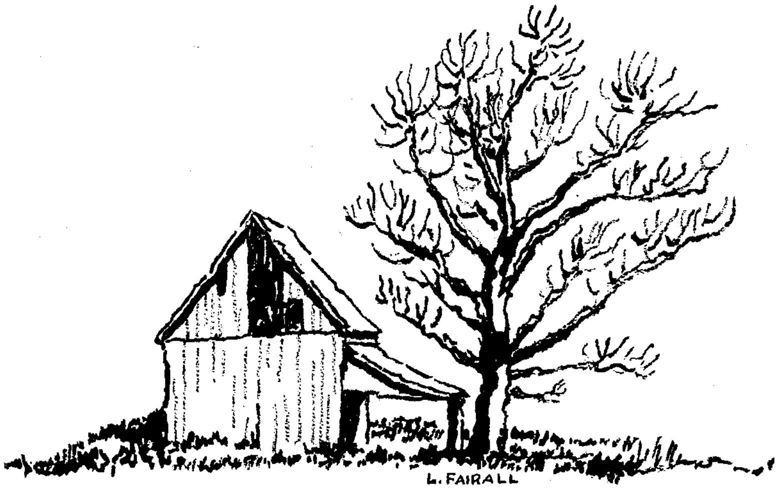
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

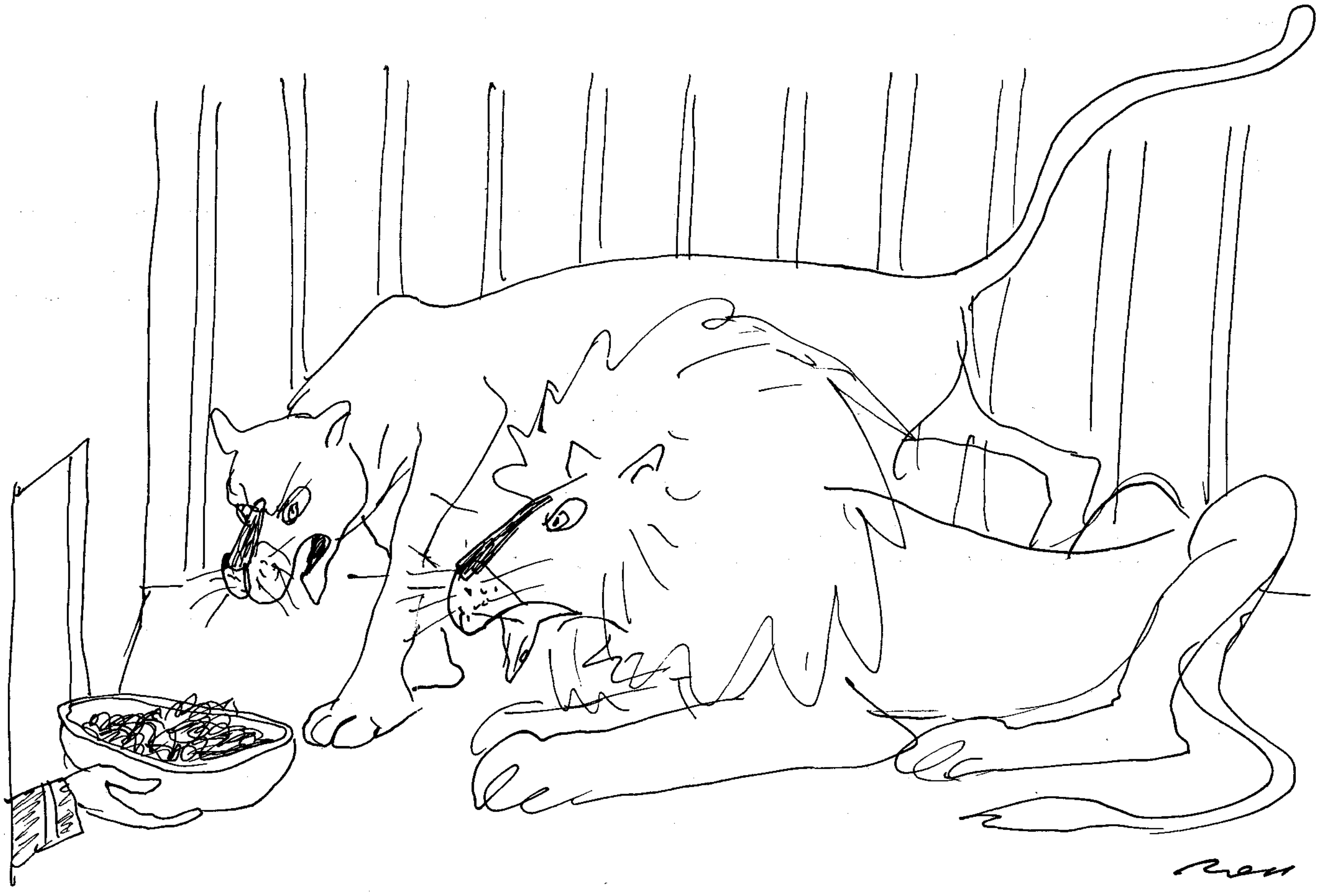
A FEW weeks back, in a radio address, the President announced that he had a plan for the “modernization” of justice in America. By “modernization” he by no means meant, he wanted the public to understand, a “soft” program for dealing with crime. “I mean exactly the opposite,” he said. He meant, in part, the death penalty, which he was proposing for certain federal crimes. Under the new law he favors, the President said, “the potential criminal will know that if his intended victims die, he may also die.” He said he disagreed with those “social theorists” who did not believe that punishment deterred criminals, and in an ensuing message to Congress he made his now famous remark “The only way to attack crime in America is the way crime attacks our people—without pity.”

Perhaps not until today, when people are inclined to believe that every thought that comes into their heads is being thought for the first time, could anyone have regarded the death penalty as a “modernizing” measure—as though a bright young lawyer in the Justice Department had just thought it up for the first time. Not long ago, of course, things were the other way around. The death penalty was seen as a lingering remnant of more primitive days, and modernity was weighing in on the side of *abolishing* it. According to our researches, however, neither of the arguments has much of a claim to a recent origin. We had occasion the other week to quote Dr. Johnson, a writer of the eighteenth century. Now we must go back at least as far as a debate in the governing assembly of Athens in the fourth century before Christ. The city of Mitylene had rebelled against Athens, and the assembly was deliberating whether or not to put the city’s entire male population to death. Cleon, a leather manufacturer and a prominent figure in the assembly, argued in support of the execution. He said, as the modern scholar H. D. F. Kitto has paraphrased his remarks, “This debate only confirms me in my belief that a democracy cannot rule an empire. Your allies are bound to you not by their advantage but by your power, so that any pity you show now will win you no gratitude, but will be taken as a sign of weakness, and others will rebel if they see that it is possible to rebel with impunity.” Arguing against the executions—successfully, as it turned out—was one Diodotus, who is known to history only through what he said that day. When President Nixon mentioned “social theorists” with whom he disagreed, he probably had others than Diodotus in mind. Nevertheless, Diodotus’s argument—which we wholeheartedly endorse, its notable lack of modernity notwithstanding—speaks directly across twenty-four hundred years to the points the President raised. Diodotus said (again, according to Dr. Kitto), “The death penalty has been enacted in many cities for various offenses, yet men commit them, urged on by hope of success. . . . Men are naturally disposed to do wrong, in public and private matters, and increasingly severe penalties have failed to check this; but poverty inspires recklessness through necessity, and wealth inspires ambition through hubris and pride, and the other stations of life inspire their passions. The attempt is suggested by Hope; Desire assists Hope; Chance urges men on the more, by sometimes giving unexpected success, and so encouraging men to run risks beyond their resources. Moreover, each individual, when acting with others, carries his own ideas to the extreme. Let us not, therefore, do something foolish by trusting to the death penalty.”



Background

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY’s Elmer Holmes Bobst Library and Study Center, a great red sandstone structure on the southeast corner of Washington Square, which is about to become one of the biggest open-stack research libraries in the country, has finally come into existence after a difficult ten-year gestation that included postponements caused by suits by neighbors; interminable filing for variances and letting out of bids for construction; a need to switch contractors, to the tune of a nine-month delay; a six-month elevator-construction-worker strike; and a little trouble with the flow of sandstone. The library’s stacks are now being installed; in June, when the university’s vacation period begins, a million and



"Not macaroni and cheese again!"

• •

a half books will start moving in from two dozen lesser N.Y.U. libraries; and the place will open for business in September. We have had a couple of previews, the first in the company of George Winchester Stone, Jr., the Dean of Libraries. The main entrance, on the Square, was still closed, and we entered through a loading dock on the south. Picking our way, past workmen and dangling wires, through a big reference room, we gained an atrium a hundred feet square, ascending twelve stories to an evenly lighted ceiling, where fluorescence glowed softly through squares of acrylic diffusers. (The Roman atrium was an open court; latter-day atriums may be covered.) Heavy paper concealed the floor, which Dean Stone described as inlaid with black, gray, and white marble tile in a pattern based on Palladio's design for a seventeenth-century Venetian church. These colors were repeated in three gray-and-white marble walls divided by black aluminum columns and pilasters. On the south side of this enormous room, chevron-shaped flying staircases, connected with balconies, went all the way up, or down, like a cascade. "There are nine elevators," the Dean said, "but we think the stairs will be largely used to get to the specialized libraries." (The Reserve Collection and the Periodical Room are one floor below the main floor; upstairs are Technical Services, Music and Art, Philosophy and Religion, Classic and Judaica, Rare Books, and so on, all organized according to the Library of Congress system.) He called our attention to a two-thousand-coat checkroom and a vast catalogue room ("It will have phone jacks, so the staff will be able to answer queries without going back to a central desk"), and we followed him up the first staircase to a reading lounge two stories high, looking out on the Square. "There are five of these, on the first ten floors, facing Washington Square," he said. "You can have one named after you for a gift of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Several have been named already."

The library was designed by Philip Johnson and Richard Foster, and Dean Stone said that the idea, or one of the ideas, was to tie it in with the roofs on the east side of the Square, its height being identical with several of the major buildings there. "Why don't you talk about this with President Hester?" he said, and this led to our second preview, which started, a few days later, with a lunch with Dr. James M. Hester in a university suite in an apartment building on the west side of the Square. "We can offer you tomato juice, sherry, or Cinzano," Dr. Hester said, and he led us to a room filled with models of N.Y.U. buildings, including projected ones. "This is our salesroom," he said. "We try to sell future buildings to donors." The chief Bobst donor was Mr. Bobst, a pharmaceutical magnate, who contributed eleven million dollars to its twenty-five-million-dollar cost. (The federal government gave five million dollars, and the rest came from state financing and private gifts.) We asked Dr. Hester about the architectural philosophy of the Bobst, and he said, "Mr. Johnson and Mr. Foster designed it to harmonize with other buildings of ours on the perimeter of the Square. It is meant to be not an arresting feature—we *could* have built a twenty-two-story tower with setbacks—but a background for the Square. The atrium has been the subject of controversy. Objections were made to the staircase balconies as being conducive to suicide attempts. Well, eight or nine years ago, when the atrium was being considered, Russell Niles, who was then Chancellor, and I visited the Union Bank Building in Pittsburgh, which has an atrium as high as ours. It was put up in 1917, and there had been one suicide there. There are investment offices in the building, and during the Depression several suicides took place from the *outside* of the building. We found no traces of acrophobia. The purpose of our atrium is to relieve the density of the building. You don't feel as though you're locked into a vault; wherever you sit, in the lounges or on the balconies, you're related either to the outside or to the atrium. The building is a great place to sit down and work in in the middle of the city."

Following lunch, Dr. Hester suggested a visit to the library, and as we approached it he said, "The sandstone came from a quarry in East Longmeadow, Massachusetts. This particular kind of stone hadn't been quarried for some time. The call for so much of it caused the company's economy to suffer, and when we were thirty feet up it looked as though it might go bankrupt. So we had to advance money to the firm, which has since been shut down. You see this redstone in H. H. Richardson buildings in Boston.

"Is the library too big?" he said as we entered it, again from the rear. "I don't think so. The university has long suffered from a lack of library space. We have twenty-four thousand students at Washington Square, and the library can seat about four thousand at a time. We'll have room for two and a half million books. We'll be open to extra-N.Y.U. scholars, for a fee. The Bobst will enhance the Village as a neighborhood of scholars."

Writer

WE'RE identifying strongly this week with a seven-year-old boy named Erik, who came home from school in high spirits one afternoon and told his mother he had been writing a story in class.

"Do you want to hear what my story is about?" Erik asked his mother.

"Sure," she said.

" 'Once upon a time, there was a dog, and the dog was very lonely, because he had no master' is the way my story starts," Erik said. " 'So this dog looked all over for somebody to be his master, and he couldn't find anybody to take him home. The dog was very sad, and, finally, one day he found a boy who became the dog's master. The boy played with the dog, but he hit the dog, so the dog decided not to let the boy be his master. The dog went all over the world, and finally, in New York City, he found a boy who took him home and played with him and didn't hit him, and ran around with him, and played tennis with him, and the dog lived with this boy as his master, and they were very happy living together forever after,' and that's the story I'm writing."

"I like the story," Erik's mother said. "I'd like to read it."

"I wrote part of the story today," Erik said. "I wrote 'Once.' "

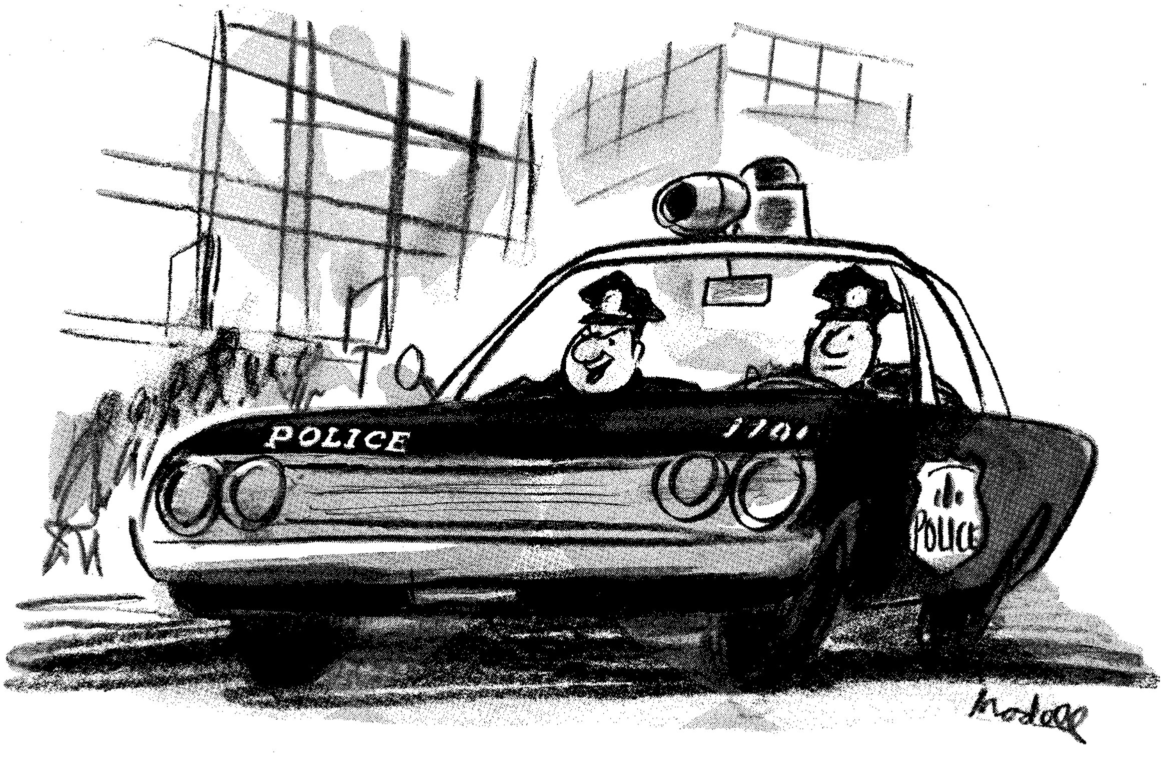
Two Musical Gatherings

COUNTRY: On the rainy evening just before their show at Philharmonic Hall, George Jones and Tammy Wynette sat in front of an arrangement of Italian food in the upstairs room of a West Side restaurant, along with a companion of Tammy's named Jan, and us. George Jones, who has been an important country-music singer for twenty years, was wearing a gray suit and a black shirt. Tammy Wynette, who has been an important country-music singer since 1966, was wearing a gold jersey dress, a gold vest, and four big rings. Tammy Wynette and George Jones were married in 1968, and all of Tammy's rings were gifts from George. "This one's my Christmas present, this one's my birthday present, this one's my anniversary present, and this one's a mother's ring," Tammy said. "George and I have seven children at home. We've had one together, and the others are from previous marriages."

"I've got five women at the house, and a mother-in-law," George Jones said.

"All my children are girls," Tammy said. "If I had a *dozen* children, I think I'd have all girls. I don't think I can *have* a boy. Honey," Tammy said, turning to her husband, "you missed something by not eating this chicken."

Tammy Wynette is a fine singer, who has a real way with lyrics. Her songs, which have been largely written and produced by a talented man named Billy Sherrill, are country songs, but they are slick and melodic in a way that makes them accessible to a wide audience. The integration of black idioms into popular music is almost complete, and the integration of country



"And when Murphy leaves, I'll have outlasted eight commissioners, three mayors, and two investigative commissions."

idioms into popular music is now well under way, and although Tammy Wynette has not lost her identity as a country singer in the fashion that Roberta Flack, for example, is losing her identity as a soul singer, the success of her songs has made the distinction between country music and popular music a vague one.

Over her Italian food, Tammy talked about the lyrics she sings. "I'd rather hear more in a song than 'Yeah, yeah, yeah' or 'Baby, baby, baby.' I want to hear a story. What little success I've had I've had with the story-type songs that Billy Sherrill has written for me. 'D-I-V-O-R-C-E' is maybe my favorite song. Our songs are about the everyday things that happen all the time rather than the just-once-in-a-while things. I like to sing songs about a divorce or something cute that kids say. George says when he writes a song that if the first two or three lines don't hit you, then you've lost the song. You know, in twenty years George has never had a record that wasn't in the top ten. I'm so happy over what little success I've had, but if I can stay in business for twenty years, like George, I'll be in Hog Heaven. I was born in Itawamba, Mississippi. No town. The nearest town was across the line in Alabama. George was born in Texas. I live and breathe Texas now. My father played guitar. He died when I was eight months old, and he left behind a lot of instruments that I tried to play as a child. The people I listened to were Kitty Wells, Hank Williams, and George. My mother was a George Jones fan from way back. In 1965, I moved to Birmingham. I worked as a hairdresser at the Midfield Beauty Salon. I had an uncle who was an engineer for a TV program at six in the morning called 'The Country Boy Eddy Show.' I worked there eighteen months, off and on. In the last part of 1966, I recorded 'Apartment Number Nine' for Epic. It was by no means No. 1, but it helped."

"It was No. 2," Jan said. "And it made you a star."

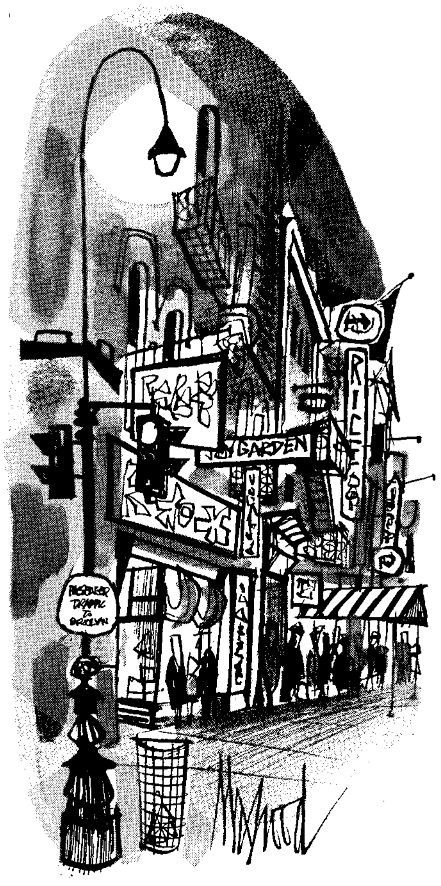
"Well, it helped," Tammy said. "I married George on August 22, 1968. You know, I can remember as a child being jealous of the girls who sang with George. Very few people get to marry their idol. I did."

"I figure that on the day when I got married for the first time, Tammy was fourteen," George Jones said. "I wish I had met her on that day when she was fourteen."

Tammy laughed. Tammy Wynette has a manner that is affectionate and secure and dignified, and she laughs nicely. "You would have had to bring me up, but that would have been all right," she said.

The audience at Philharmonic Hall was various. There were music-business people and broadcasting people, and there were middle-class people with a new loyalty to country music. There were also numbers of sophisticated people. The middle-class people applauded loudly for the opening acts—the Jones Boys, Patsy Sledd, and Harold Morrison—and applauded loudly for every reference to country music. The sophisticated people had come specifically to see Tammy Wynette, and didn't arrive until she did. Sophisticated people, recently, seem to have lost the ability to create any satisfying art for themselves, and to have learned instead to appreciate the forms that unsophisticated people have created to entertain themselves. One man from Wall Street said he thought that Tammy Wynette was the most important singer in America.

Tammy Wynette came on in a white dress with spangled sleeves. Her hair, which is blond, flowed all around her head. She looked, in a way, regal and, in another way, country, which, under the circumstances, was just right. She began with "Your Good Girl Is Gonna Go Bad." ("If you like 'em painted up, powdered up, then ya oughta be glad, 'cause your good girl is gonna go bad.") Then she sang "D-I-V-O-R-C-E," which is a song about a woman who spells out the word "divorce" so that her four-year-old son won't understand. ("But the word I'm hiding from him now tears the heart right out of me. Our d-i-v-o-r-c-e becomes final today.") Then Tammy said that she was going to sing a song that "tells us women exactly what we've got to do if we want to live with men." The song she sang was "Good Lovin.' " At the end of her set, she sang "Stand by Your Man," which is her greatest hit. After Tammy's set was over, George came on. George played and sang well and got a lot of applause. He seemed very happy, and said over and over, in a very pleasant way, how glad he was to be playing in Philharmonic Hall. George clowned around a lot, and clowned around even more when Tammy came out again to sing with him.



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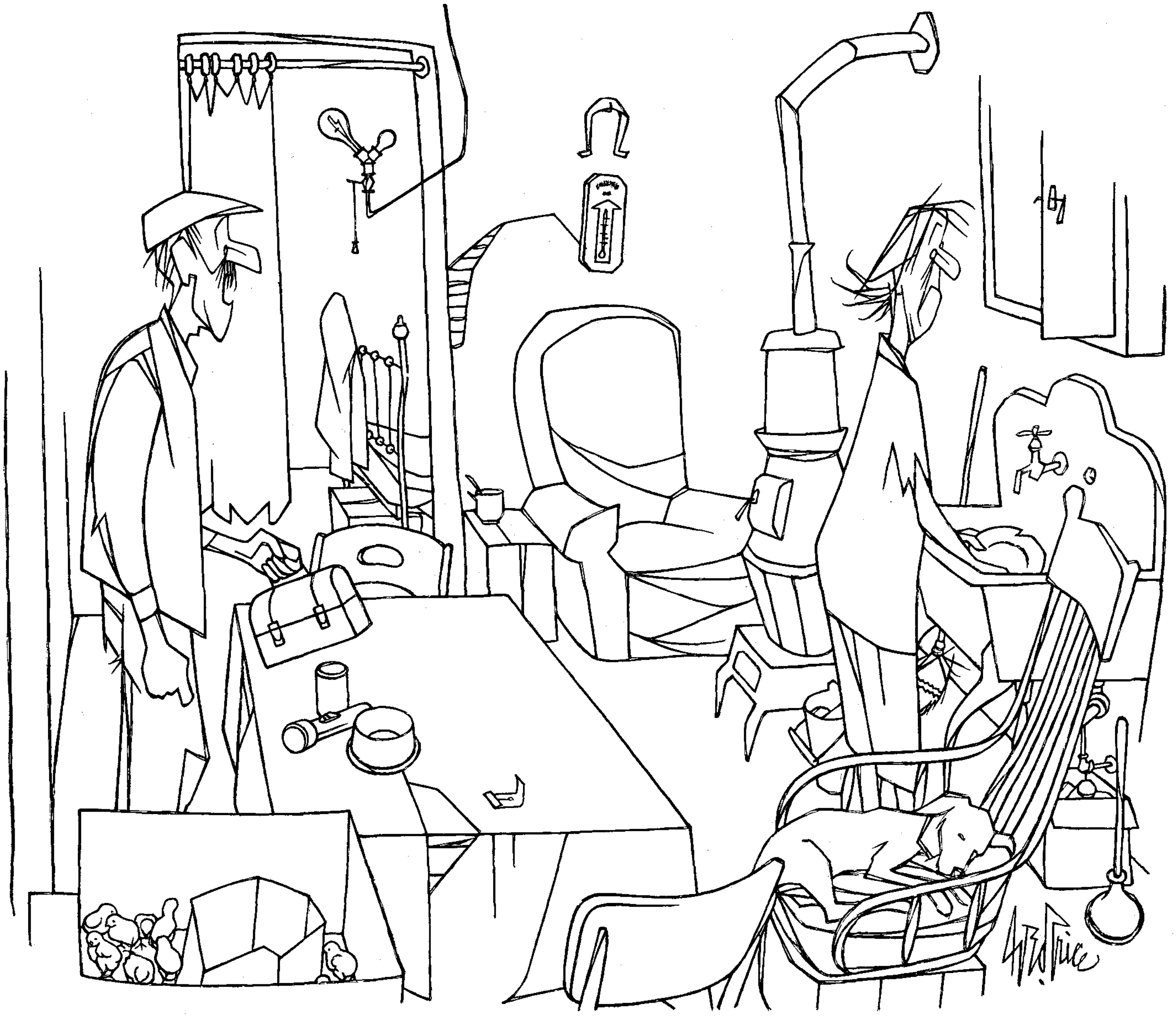
ROCK: The next week, Warner Brothers Records gave a white-tie rock-and-roll party at the Plaza. Everyone there seemed to think that it was probably the first coherent white-tie rock-and-roll party at the Plaza or anywhere else. We have been to white-tie gatherings that began seriously and ended as a joke. The Warner Brothers white-tie party began as a joke—to promote a record by Procol Harum called "Grand Hotel"—and ended rather seriously. There was, among the two hundred or so people who went to the party, a nearly urgent interest in the style they had assumed. By our count, about forty per cent of the men at the party were wearing more or less correct tail suits. Five per cent wore protective-ironic tail suits—theatrical *white* tail suits, mostly. The rest of the men wore fancy street clothes, and the women wore fancy period dresses. The young women who come to parties painted silver from head to foot were not there. No one wore anything embroidered or tie-dyed. There was not much velvet and almost no denim. There was, however, a man dressed like a maharaja.

"That's not a real maharaja, is it?" a young man asked a companion.

"No," his companion answered. "That's not a real maharaja. That's Alan Rosenberg, of Warner Brothers Records."

The only person besides the unreal maharaja at the white-tie rock-and-roll party in anything like a costume was a young man who wore a



"I heard a bit of good news today. We shall pass this way but once."

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jacket that looked like an aluminum life preserver. "A mistake," said a dark-haired girl. "I know him. He wears that everywhere. I saw him at the Balenciaga opening at the Met in it. Everyone thought it was wonderful then. No one thinks it's wonderful now."

We talked with Daphne Davis, from *Women's Wear Daily*. She was happy because one of the members of Procol Harum was following her around. "It's white tie, but it's still a rock-and-roll party," Daphne Davis said. "The world's oldest living groupie is here, right over there, but I won't tell you her name." Daphne Davis said that the white-tie rock-and-roll party was not entirely without precedent. "There was this charity ball," she said. "It was the best charity ball I ever went to. It was the J.O.B. Ball. J.O.B. stands for 'Just One Break.' Anyway, the Shangri-las came out in gold lamé toreador pants and sang 'Leader of the Pack,' and they were backed up by *Meyer Davis*. Oh. There's Alice Cooper in a plaid suit."

We talked with Alice Cooper, who was indeed wearing a plaid suit. He said that he loved the party and that he thought it was very decadent and that he thought everybody at the party was very sick. Alice Cooper is the transvestite rock-and-roll star who is usually seen with snakes. "I didn't recognize him without his boa constrictor," Daphne Davis said.

Alice Cooper wasn't the only rock-and-roll star at the party by a long shot. James Taylor and Carly Simon were there, for instance, and so was Bette Midler. One woman who wasn't specifically dressed for the occasion asked James Taylor (who was in a good-looking white suit) if she could disturb him for a moment and if she could have his autograph on a matchbook cover. "That woman ought to be shot," Daphne Davis said.

Chipmonck, who was the Voice of Woodstock and who had announced to that famous gathering which acid was good and which was bad, was there, dressed in one of the protective-ironic white tail suits. "Chipmonck went to South Kent," Daphne Davis said. "Not Kent. *South* Kent."

The most striking person at the party was Claudia Lennear. Claudia Lennear is a slick black girl who is a terrific singer. She used to work with Ike and Tina Turner, and now she is on her own. She was wearing a pinstripe suit and a pinstripe hat. She danced a lot. We talked with her for a while after she was finished dancing. "This is my first formal," Claudia Lennear said. "Take it easy on me."

THE RESCUE

AFTER the bad spring, the first two or three weeks of that summer turned on a sudden blaze and the pain went out of Mother's shoulder, and she let me buy the shortest miniskirt in town. My tall brother and his taller friend George came down from Cambridge with beards like barley, and when I went out with them my golden hair seemed to flow from shopwindow to shopwindow as we walked by. The sunlight spanked like the cymbals and trumpets of a regimental band in the park, celebrating a triumph. And it *was* a time of victory in our family, especially for Mother. Why had we got a Socialist mayor at last? Why had the Council given in after years of speeches, committee meetings, votes, and letters to the papers and agreed to turn the lake in the park into a lido? Who was behind all this but Mother? On top of this, there was the annual Pageant; she ran that, too.

"You ought to take a rest," people said to her. There was always someone at the door; people rushed in to see her while she sat at the typewriter, made her lists, jumped to the telephone.

"Get on!" she would call to us. "Get on with it. Don't stop." She was short, stout, and bouncing—born to rule.

This year, she was putting on "King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table"—nothing to do with the history of the town, but Pageants were an annual holiday for Mother. Instead of bossing the Council, she would take a breath for a day or two, then start organizing the past. I was to be one of Guinevere's ladies. Every day, new bundles of plastic shields, helmets, spears, swords, and dresses were dumped in the house, so that there was hardly room to sit down. And when my brother and George came, they added Africa to it; thump, boom, and howls came off the records, and they larked about, dressing up in robes and swinging swords at each other.

Get on? We would have done that much faster but for the people she brought in to help. She rarely came home without some new adherent; her strong glasses picked them out as she raced down the street on her short legs or looked out of the car window. She caught people suddenly, as a frog catches flies, and digested them without a blink. Just at our busiest time she brought home the slowest young man in the town, a real plague called Ellis, a boy of twenty. He worked in the library; I had often seen him there when she sent me for books on the costumes of King Arthur's time.

"We want him for advice," Mother said. Ellis was Advice in person. Once he was in the house we could not get rid of him; he sat among the helmets on one of the sofas, gazing at Mother, worshipping her, and, between long silences, uttering deep opinions that came up from his boots. In this hot weather he wore a thick suit, a waistcoat, and woollen socks. Having got him for advice, Mother never listened to him. The only thing I ever remember her saying to him was "Why don't you take your jacket off?" We said she'd brought him home to get him to undress.

"Your boyfriend is in there," we'd say when she came in with a new pile of costumes for the procession.

"Tell Ellis to count these," she said.

I would go up to him, shake my long hair from one shoulder to the other, and say, "For you. To count."

One evening I accidentally let out our secret joke about him: "Count these, Lancelot."

Ellis ignored this. He lived for opinion, not for action.

The Lancelot joke had started because soon after Ellis had adopted us Mother lost the man who was going to take the part of Lancelot in the Pageant. "Every year an accident," Mother said. "That is life." This year's Lancelot had been knocked off his bicycle by a dog and had broken his ankle.

"Don't worry," George said. "You've got a Lancelot here. Promote Ellis."

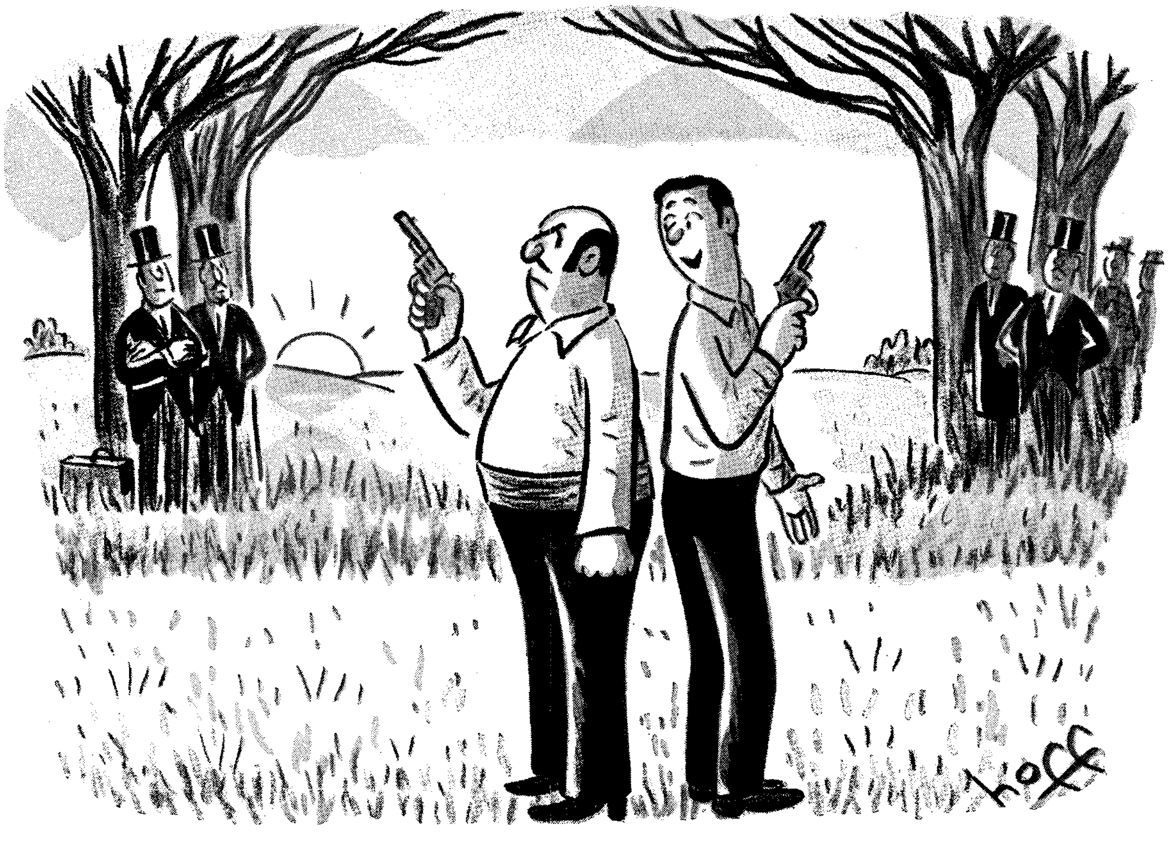
Mother ignored this but kept on worrying about her difficulty for days.

"Ellis for Lancelot," we kept on at her.

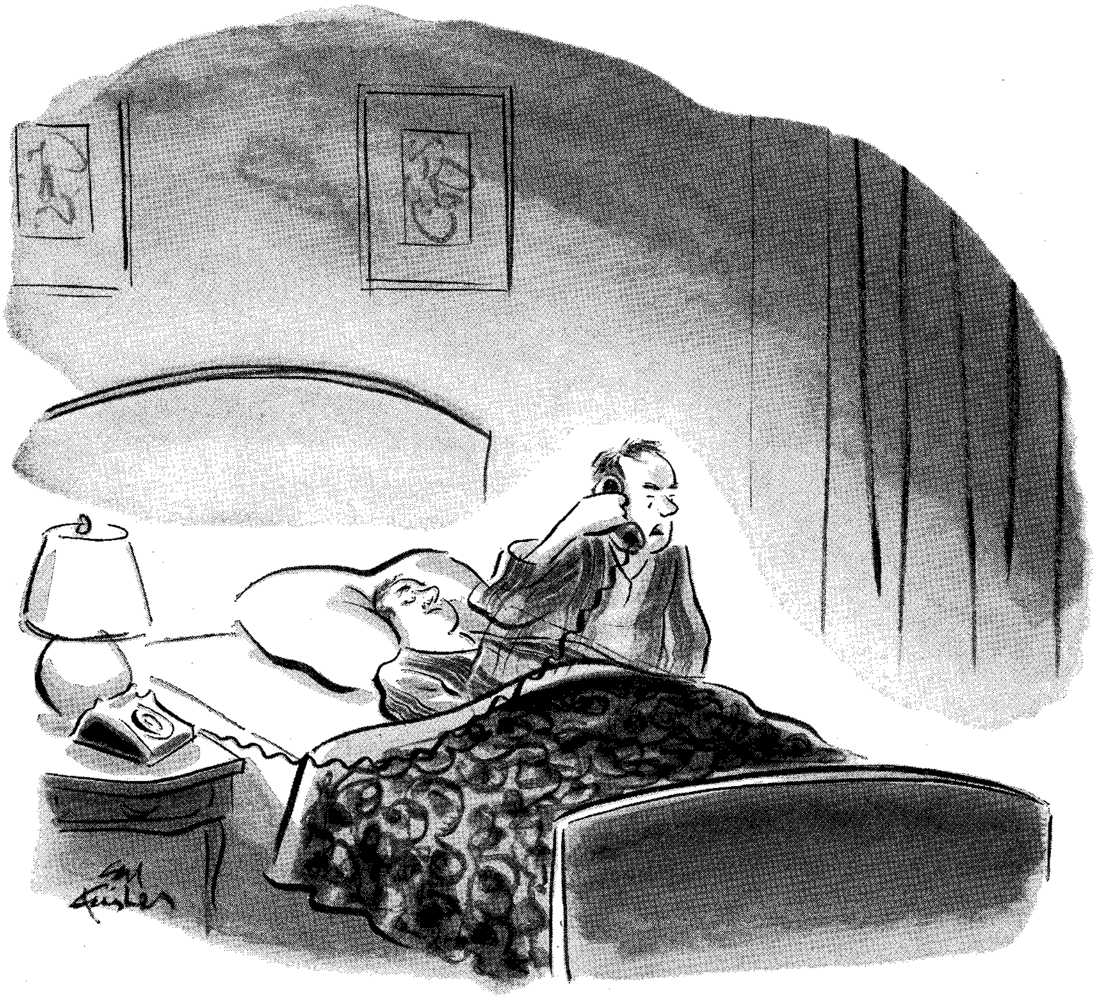
"Don't be malicious," Mother said, at her typewriter. "He lives alone in lodgings."

What was the real Lancelot like? Tall, I thought, with a fair beard and cool blue Cambridge eyes, like George's. But George said, "Don't be a nit. Arthur's knights were dwarfs. Bad food in the Middle Ages made everyone short."

Perhaps he was right. Our Lancelot was a stump, not more than five feet two inches high, with a low forehead and heavy arms. His habit of uttering opinions was a way of making himself seem taller. He hauled up his views from some deep mine inside him,



"I don't suppose you'd settle for bandying a few acerbic innuendos?"



"No, damn it. He's asleep. This is his awakened social conscience."

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and as they came up he stood on tiptoe and his chest swelled and, ignoring us, he unloaded them like coals for Mother alone.

Our joke did not make Ellis wince or laugh. Rather, it made him grow in importance and gaze even more profoundly at Mother, laboring at something he would sooner or later bring out, and when Mother came in and said she had found someone exactly fitted for the part, we saw Ellis looking scornfully at us and even more admiringly at Mother.

"I'm glad," he said. "If you had asked me, I would have had to refuse."

Refuse Mother! We were amazed.

"On principle," he said.

We were putting the helmets into boxes and we stopped.

"He was an adulterer," Ellis said.

We all laughed, except Mother.

"It happens to be a fact," Ellis said.

"But—" we all shouted together. We were soon at it, shouting about history, art and life, love and sex.

"Let him speak," said Mother, getting on with her work.

"It has nothing to do with history," he said. "If I had my way, I would pass a law making adultery illegal. If a man or woman committed it, they would be brought to the courts, tried, fined two hundred pounds, and imprisoned for two years."

"Why two hundred?" my brother said.

"Back to the Middle Ages," said George. "You say you're not influenced by history!"

"And when they came out of jail, I would have them branded on the back of the hand."

"With the letter 'A,' like in Nathaniel Hawthorne," I said. I had read him that term at school.

Ellis looked at me and for the first time smiled, congratulating me for having read the book.

"That's right," he said.

"You mean, you'd make Lancelot march in the Pageant wearing a letter 'A' on his hand?" George said.

"Yes," said Ellis.

"You'd make it fashionable," said my brother.

"Anyone like to join the club?" said George, dancing about and waving his hands. "I've got my 'A.' I see you've got yours. What about it?"

Because George did this, and to show I was on his side and to make him take notice of me instead of going off with my brother all the time, I went to the desk by the window and drew a large "A" on the back of my hand.

"Look," I said, showing my hand to all of them. " 'A.' "

"You won't get that off in a hurry, my girl—it's marking ink," said Mother. George looked coldly at me.

The strange thing was that, having uttered his thoughts and seeing us make fun of them, Ellis went flat and bewildered. He looked at Mother in appeal. He sat back on the sofa, astonished at the ruin of his ideas.

"Do you think it would make it popular?" he asked Mother simply.

Mother was holding up a red robe against George. "Is this too long for Kate Mason?" she said. "I haven't been listening." And to be kind to Ellis she changed the subject and said to him, "The mayor's opening the lido tomorrow, three o'clock. Bring your trunks."

It is strange to see adoration harden into fear. Ellis seemed to step back to the shadows of his lodgings suddenly, away from us.

"I can't get off from the library tomorrow," he said.

A simple statement, of course, but a contradiction of Mother's order. She was not used to being refused anything. She put the robe down. "I will speak to Mrs. Lowkes," Mother said. Mrs. Lowkes was the librarian, and when Mother said "speak" she meant she would require Mrs. Lowkes to do as she was told.

One shock leads to another. Ellis stood up and looked fiercely at me and obstinately at Mother. "I haven't got a suit," he said.

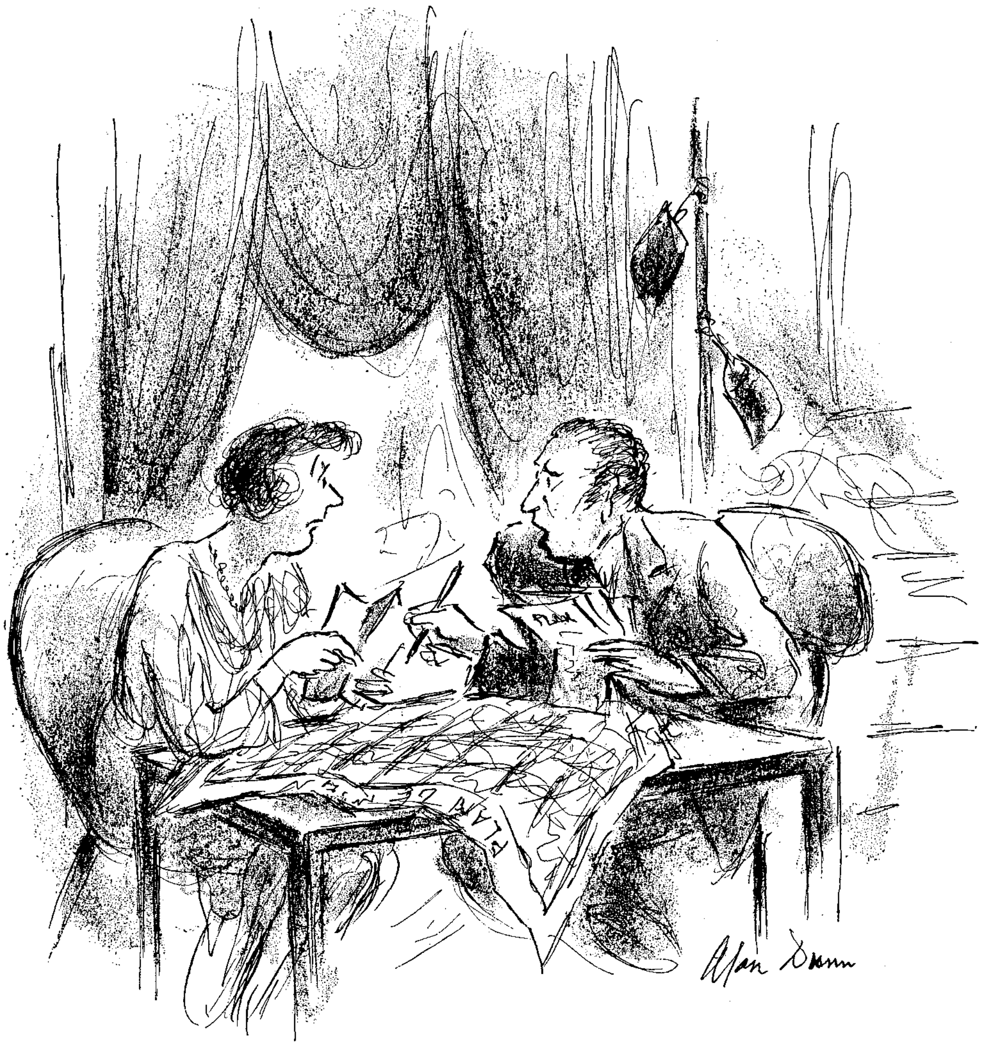
"There are plenty here," said Mother.

"I can't swim," said Ellis, drawing on hidden capital.

"That doesn't matter," said Mother. "We'll teach you."

Ellis moved back toward the door of the room.

"No one can teach me," he said,



"Six per cent less France, three per cent less Italy, one per cent less England, and we'll just squeeze by."

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heaving up a load of pride into his chest. "I hate water. My father was a sailor. *He* couldn't swim. He drowned."

"How awful," I said.

He turned to me and said, "He left my mother. She died."

Until now, we had never thought of Ellis as a member of a family. We hadn't even thought of him as being human, except in a general way. Seeing he had silenced us, he added information that built up the tragic distinction of his family. "Very few sailors can swim," he said. "They are fatalists."

Ellis, our fatalist!

Mother saved us. "Don't worry," she said. "There'll be a crowd there tomorrow."

But having made his stand Ellis got even bolder with Mother. "I don't like crowds," he said. "They'll ruin the lake."

Her adorer was telling her that she was wrong—she who had fought for eight years to get the lido for the town! He was defying her and was appealing to me.

Mother was at her sewing machine. "You mustn't hate so many things, Ellis," she said.

After he left I said, "He looked as though he was going to cry."

"No. His eyes just swell up when he looks at you," my brother said.

"I'll say!" said George.

I knew that. Ellis had very large eyes, and they did swell whenever he saw me come into the library. I used to make up questions about books until I made him leave his desk and say, "I'll get that book for you."

I used to have a special look that said, "You can do better than that," or "Why do you do what you are told?" And I had another, very long look that said, "I know that when you are saying things to Mother you are really saying them to me. You are frightened of me." And I would run my forefinger slowly down the edge of his desk as we talked. At sixteen, a girl likes to see what a young man will do. I hung about while other people came to the desk, because I could see I was embarrassing him. Then I went off. Once when I turned round as I got to the door and caught him looking at me, he dropped five books he had in his hands. There was a noise that made everyone stare. A thrilling noise, like a tire-burst.

MOTHER got her way with the librarian, of course. Ellis was forced to come with us to the lake. As Socialists, she said, it was our duty to see that all mankind was happy. We drove to the park gate, left the car, and walked the last two hundred yards across the grass. George and my brother ran on fast to get into the water. I raced with them—for I liked giving Ellis a distant view of myself—and left him and Mother dawdling behind. Ellis had the bathing trunks under his arm; the bundle looked like a book he was going to read. Presently Mother broke into a trot, to make up for lost time, talking as she ran. Ellis trotted, too.

"I can't run in these shoes. I've ricked my shoulder," said Mother as she puffed up to me. She sat on a stone bench on the stretch of concrete where the diving board and the newly built changing rooms were. She shook her shoulder to get her breath back, and as she gazed at the lido she said, "Have you ever seen anything so wonderful?"

I went off and got changed. The lake was a sight! I don't exaggerate. There were thousands of people—well, no, hundreds—in the water already, others queuing up at the gate, and others already lined up two deep to get at the diving board. A flag was flying over one of the buildings. For years, the lake, which is large and with willows hanging over the far bank, was simply ornamental and empty, except for a few ducks quacking on it. Now it was striped with bodies near the water's edge, and farther out there were hundreds of what looked like coconuts—the heads of the swimmers. Half of the town was there.

Ellis's first words were "They've smashed it up." A good description. Usually still or rippling, the water was now like a splintered mirror, and there was scarcely a yard between any of the people—at any rate, not near the shore.

"A mob," Ellis said, opining.

Mother said, "Ellis, you mustn't be a snob."

Ellis heaved up a thought. "I prefer nature," he said.

"But people are nature, Ellis," Mother said.

Ellis was taken aback. He frowned. One more opinion had been ruined. His love for Mother had gone.

"Come on," said Mother to Ellis, taking off her glasses and greedy for the water. "Get your things off." And she went off to change. I had already changed, as I have said, and was made to stand guard over Ellis, who did not move. I saw he was plotting to slip away when we had gone in.

"I took a walk here last night. I often go for a walk," he said quietly to me. "It was still light. No one was about—only a dog. You could see every branch, every leaf of the trees reflected in the water, going down and down and down."

"It's only ten feet deep in the middle," I said.

"Ten feet!" he said and stepped back, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand.

He was disappointed with me when I laughed.

There were shouts from the diving board, where a very thin man with his trunks flapping on his bones was bouncing up and down; then up went his heels. George and my brother followed him. I was longing to go. At last Mother came out, bulging in her old-fashioned black suit—an embarrassing sight. "Please get into the water quick," I wanted to say to her. But she waited to say to Ellis, "Why haven't you changed?"

Ellis gave her a lover's last, pleading look and then went off miserably.

"He is scared," I said. "He thinks he'll sink through to Australia."

"Look after him and see he goes in," said Mother, who was off at once to the diving board. She went in with a thump, and a man said, "Wait for the tidal wave on the other side."

I was tired of waiting, but when Ellis came out, changed, I cheated. "Good," I said, and left him.

I was soon in the water. George and my brother were swimming out beyond the thick crowd along the shore. Mother was following them, and I raced after them.

"Where's Ellis?" shouted Mother when I caught up.

"He's back there."

"You oughtn't to leave him like that. It's selfish."

"He can't swim."

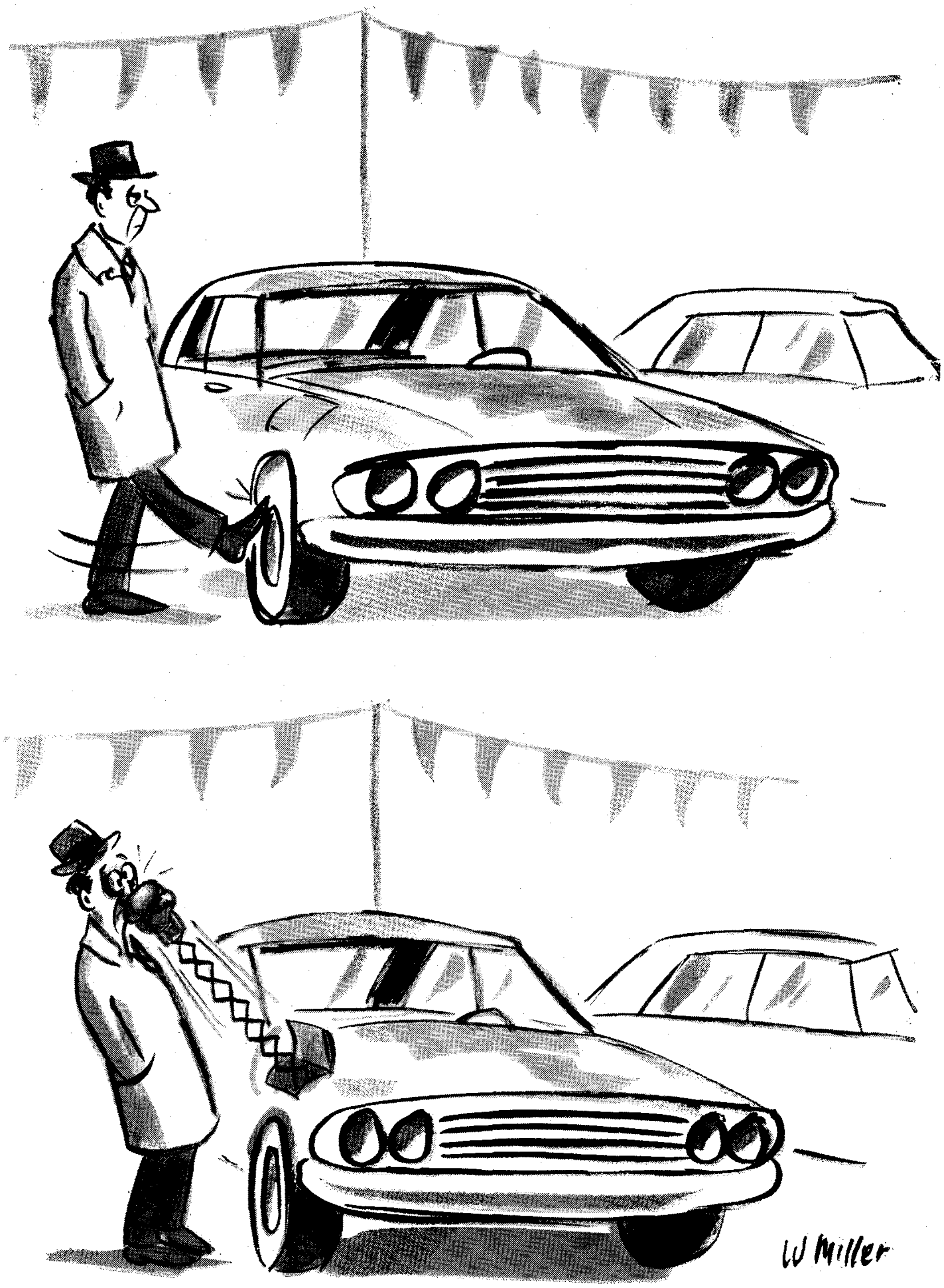
"Teach him," Mother said. "I'll be along in a minute."

Mother was always on at me about my selfishness. So after a while I swam back and waded through the crowd.

"Good!" I shouted.

Ellis was in, all right. He was standing scarcely waist-deep in the brown water. It was strange to see only half of Ellis; it made him seem more human. People bumped into him, and every time this half-Ellis was bumped he turned his head as if to say a few words. He was standing lost, as puzzled as a bust by what was going on around him. Then his arm moved; he scooped up some water in his hand and had a look at it, as if to say a few words about water to anyone near. But since everyone was tumbling and splashing about him, he glumly tipped the handful of water back. When he saw me, he waded back three yards to the rocky bank, with the sudden vainglory of one baptized late in life, and got out. He stood with the water pouring off his thick white body and making a pool around him. He had the furtive look of one who has done half his duty. I had done mine. I left him and went off to the diving board.

The crowd was still pouring in at the gate. The queues for the high-diving platform and the diving board were long and busy. I joined one of them and looked out for Mother, and after a long wait I saw her. She was coming in. You couldn't miss her black suit in the crowd, and when she got to the shallow water she stood up, looking for



Ellis. Then she ducked under, somersaulted, and tumbled about like a kid. She was enjoying herself. Someone turned round and saw her bottom and gave it a slap. I wished she wouldn't make an exhibition of herself, but no one in the water noticed her much. They were all packed together, splashing.

I went for the high-diving platform. On my way up the crowded ladder, where people were so slow, I looked again for Mother and Ellis. I didn't see her at first, but I saw him. He was still standing on the bank, dripping, with three or four youths nearby. He was touching one or two of them on their arms, to make them listen to him. They nodded and turned away. Then he pulled at them again and started pointing. I got slowly higher up the ladder. Ellis had not got the attention of the group, and his opinions were increasing. He was still pointing. Presently his shoulders straightened and his chest filled out; an enormous opinion was coming out of him—one that made them draw away, gaping shiftily at one another. And then I saw Mother. I saw her face as she rolled over on her back in the water. Her mouth was open and her face was dirty at the lips and both her legs came up in the air. Her eyes were closed. A girl next to me on the ladder said, "Look—that woman down there is in trouble. She's drowning."

Although there were several people only a yard or so away from her—two of them were actually throwing a ball over her—no one paid any attention. I pushed my way back down the ladder and then I saw Ellis turn and shout to the group that had moved back to consider her. I saw him step down into the water and wade toward her. He was alongside her, trying to get his arms round her body. She rolled out of them, and then I saw mud on her feet. He was wrestling with her and calling to a man to hold her, but the man's hand slithered. Then Ellis at last got her by the slippery waist, blew out his chest, and in a struggling lunge lifted her, heaved her, blundered with her, dragged her to the bank.

I was down from the ladder and was rushing to the spot where a policeman was saying, "Put her over there," and there was Ellis alone, carrying Mother—the whole of her!—to a bench against the wall, with a trail of water following him and, after the water, a cortege of respectful people. I pushed my way among them and bumped into Ellis, who, being short, was shoved away by the crowd from the bench where Mother lay.

UNPREDICTABLE BUT PROVIDENTIAL

(For Loren Eiseley)

Spring with its thrusting leaves and jargling birds is here again
to remind me again of the first real Event, the first
genuine Accident, of that Once when, once a tiny
corner of the Cosmos had turned just indulgent enough
to give it a sporting chance, some Original Substance,
immortal and self-sufficient, knowing only the blind
collision experience, had the sheer audacity
to become irritable, a Self requiring a World,
a Not-Self outside Itself, from which to renew Itself,
with a new Freedom, to grow, a new Necessity, death.
Henceforth, for the animate, to last was to mean to change,
existing both for one's own sake and that of all others,
forever in jeopardy.
The ponderous ice-dragons
performed their slow-motion ballet, continents cracked in half
and wobbled drunkenly over the waters, Gondwana
smashed head-on into the under-belly of Asia,
but catastrophes only encouraged experiment.

As a rule it was the fittest who perished, the mis-fits,
forced by failure to emigrate to unsettled niches, who
altered their structure and prospered. (Our own shrew-ancestor
was a nobody, but still could take himself for granted,
with a poise our grandees will never acquire.)
Genetics
may explain shape, size, and posture, but not why one physique
should be gifted to cogitate about cogitation,
divorcing Form from Matter, and fated to co-habit
on uneasy terms with its Image, dreading a double death,
a wisher, a maker of asymmetrical objects,
a linguist who is never at home in Nature's grammar.

Science, like Art, is fun, a playing with truths, and no game
should even pretend to slay the heavy-lidded riddle
What is the Good Life?
Common Sense warns me never to buy
either but, when I compare their rival myths of Being,
bewigged Descartes looks more *outré* than the painted wizard.

—W. H. Auden

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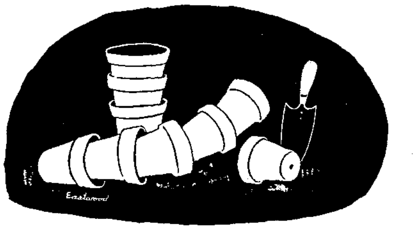
"She's all right," he said importantly. Then George and my brother ran up and pushed their way into the scrum.

I can't give a clear account of what happened. I got to Mother. She looked so slimy and wet and swollen in the face. A lot of people were saying what a scandal it was—a woman drowning a few feet from the shore in a crowd like that and no one taking any notice of her, and arguments about what is nearest to the eye is hardest to see, and strong swimmers are always the weakest, and the same thing had happened to a child at the town swimming bath last year, there ought to be a law, and an argument about who pulled her out. Mother came back to life quickly, and the crowd thinned away, moralizing. When we got her wrapped up and sitting up, she was soon herself and very angry. I took her to the changing room and got her dressed.



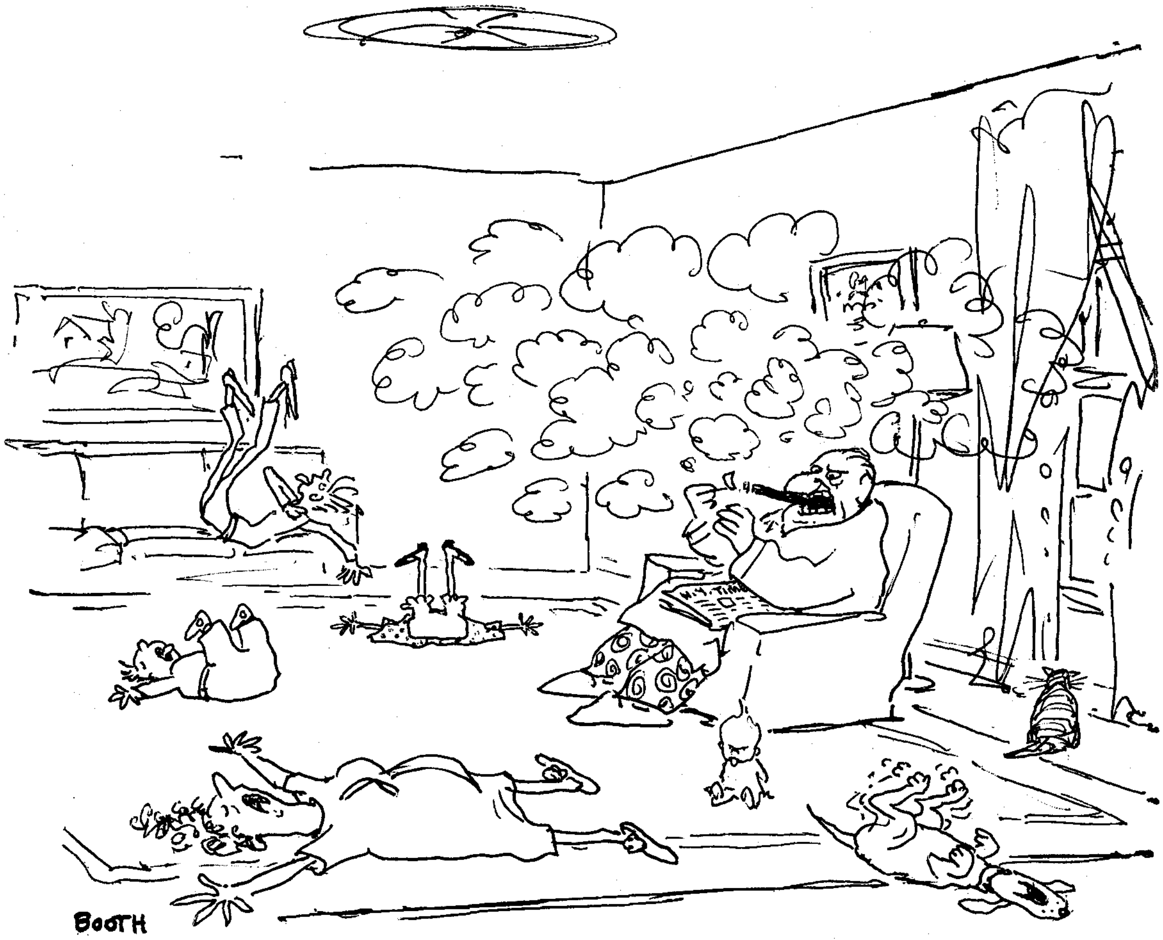
"Horrible little man with his arms round me," she said. "Quite unnecessary."

"It was Ellis."

"No, it wasn't," Mother said. She'd been pulled out by some brute who tore the shoulder strap of her suit, she said. We got the car round and put her into it. Ellis was alone and stood, ashamed, at a distance. He conveyed that he had not intended to intrude in a family matter.

"Come on, Ellis!" my brother called.

Ellis did not answer; he looked crushed. What he wanted to do was to



"Now hear this! Mr. Wetzel is prepared to comply with state and federal emission-control standards if and when they become effective. Until such time, Mr. Wetzel will continue to indulge himself in the manner to which he has become accustomed. That is all."

• •

stand there and give a full account of what had passed while he stood arguing with the youths at the water's edge. We pushed him into the car, and Mother said irritably as we drove off, "Ellis, why don't you take off your waistcoat?"

She glowered, and when we got home and gave her a drink she went on glowering. She hated anyone to take charge of her and she hated our few cautious jokes. "My shoulder went and I lost my balance," she said. She was firm that whoever interfered and brought her in was not Ellis. He had the tact to say nothing, and we were obliged to thank him with our glances.

But slowly, as we began to think back on the incident, we came round as always, in self-defense, to Mother's point of view. We stopped murmuring thanks to Ellis; it was not quite right that an outsider should rescue Mother. And there was a change in him. He had lost his habit of gazing at Mother, and all desire to have an opinion seemed to have gone out of him. Before long, we were relieved to hear him say he must go. We didn't want him there all night. I went with him to the door.

"See you soon," I said, putting out my hand.

He took my hand and held it hard. His hand was not like George's or my brother's.

"Three feet of water," he said. "Three feet of water. Muddy at the bottom." Not in self-disparagement, not an opinion, though perhaps a criticism of something.

Whatever it was, we both gave a shout of laughter and shut the door, and I walked to the gate with him, laughing, and the laughter so shook me from head to toes that I suddenly kissed him in a "Now-what-do-you-think-of-that?" way. All he said was "Come out."

"I'll walk with you to the corner."

We marched down the street, silent as soldiers. We said nothing and we could hear only the sound of our shoes. It was as if our feet were talking. At the corner, where the main road begins, cars were rushing by.

"Come on," he said. And again his hand gripped mine, and all the houses I knew in that street began to look different. We walked on, and suddenly Ellis gave a peculiar jump, like a frog, and we laughed to the next turning and the next, from street to street, bumping together.

"Where are we going?"

"To the park."

"It's closed."

"I know a place where you can get in."

And so we did get in. The everyday smell of the pavements went, and we stood in the night glow of the grass, under the trees, which were as black as men against the town lights. The sky was like pink water above us, and we were sinking, sinking, sinking. My heart thumping for breath, at the bottom of the world, until somewhere near the trees Ellis stopped his little jumps and I sat down exhausted. I was clutching at him, pulling him under with me, and struggling with the kisses that came out of him and throwing my hair back to get more. He looked wicked in the dark.

The next day, to the bang, bang, bang of the band, we marched in the Pageant. It banged the way my heart banged in the park. I wore a high conical hat, with a veil hanging from it. Ellis had a green jerkin and carried a pike. I could hardly bear to look at him for fear of laughing, but when we got near the town hall and the band stopped, I said, "Well, Lancelot, show me the back of your hand."

"It's not the same thing," said Ellis and started to explain, but I stopped him.

I taught him to swim that summer.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

•

Mr. Wheeler's book is uncommonly urbane and witty. The jokes are funny, and the very real sophistication has considerable surface depth.—*Clive Barnes in the Times.*

You mean deep down where it's a bit shallow?

MR. PARKER

MRS. PARKER died suddenly in October. She and Mr. Parker lived in a Victorian house next to ours, and Mr. Parker was my piano teacher. He commuted to Wall Street, where he was a securities analyst, but he had studied briefly at Juilliard and gave lessons on the side—for the pleasure of it, not for money. His only students were me and the church organist, who was learning technique on a double-keyboard harpsichord Mr. Parker had built one spring.

Mrs. Parker was known for her pastry; she and my mother were friends, after a fashion. Every two months or so they spent a day together in the kitchen baking butter cookies and cream puffs, or rolling out strudel leaves. She was thin and wispy, and turned out her pastry with abstract expertness. As a girl, she had had bright-red hair, which was now the color of old leaves. There was something smoky and autumnal about her: she wore rust-colored sweaters and heather-colored skirts, and kept dried weeds in ornamental jars and pressed flowers in frames. If you borrowed a book from her, there were petal marks on the back pages. She was tall, but she stooped as if she had spent a lifetime looking for something she had dropped.

The word "tragic" was mentioned in connection with her death. She and Mr. Parker were in the middle of their middle age, and neither of them had ever been seriously ill. It was heart failure, and unexpected. My parents went to see Mr. Parker as soon as they got the news, since they took their responsibilities as neighbors seriously, and two days later they took me to pay a formal condolence call. It was Indian summer, and the house felt closed in. They had used the fireplace during a recent cold spell, and the living room smelled faintly of ash. The only people from the community were some neighbors, the minister and his wife, and the rabbi and his wife and son. The Parkers were Episcopalian, but Mr. Parker played the organ in the synagogue on Saturday mornings and on High Holy Days. There was a large urn of tea, and the last of Mrs. Parker's strudel. On the sofa were Mrs. Parker's sisters, and a man who looked like Mr. Parker ten years younger leaned against the piano, which was closed. The conversation was hushed and stilted. On the way out, the rabbi's son tried to trip me, and I kicked him in return. We were adolescent enemies of a loving sort, and since we didn't know what else to do, we expressed our affection in slaps and pinches and other mild attempts at grievous bodily harm.

I LOVED the Parkers' house. It was the last Victorian house on the block, and was shaped like a wedding cake. The living room was round, and all the walls curved. The third floor was a tower, on top of which sat a weathervane. Every five years the house was painted chocolate brown, which faded gradually to the color of weak tea. The front-hall window was a stained-glass picture of a fat Victorian baby holding a bunch of roses. The baby's face was puffy and neuter, and its eyes were that of an old man caught in a state of surprise. Its white dress was milky when the light shone through.

On Wednesday afternoons, Mr. Parker came home on an early train, and I had my lesson. Mr. Parker's teaching method never varied. He never scolded or corrected. The first fifteen minutes were devoted to a warmup in which I could play anything I liked. Then Mr. Parker played the lesson of the week. His playing was terrifically precise, but his eyes became dreamy and unfocussed. Then I played the same lesson, and after that we worked on the difficult passages, but basically he wanted me to hear my mistakes. When we began a new piece, we played it part by part, taking turns, over and over.

After that, we sat in the solarium and discussed the next week's lesson. Mr. Parker usually played a record and talked in detail about the composer, his life and times, and the form. With the exception of Mozart and Schubert, he liked Baroque music almost exclusively. The lesson of the week was always Bach, which Mr. Parker felt taught elegance and precision. Mrs. Parker used to leave us a tray of cookies and lemonade, cold in the summer and hot in the winter, with cinnamon sticks. When the cookies were gone, the lesson was over and I left, passing the Victorian child in the hallway.

IN the days after the funeral, my mother took several casseroles over to Mr. Parker and invited him to dinner a number of times. For several weeks he revolved between us, the minister, and the rabbi. Since neither of my parents cared much about music, except to hear my playing praised, the conversation at dinner was limited to the stock market and the blessings of country life.

In a few weeks, I got a note from Mr. Parker enclosed in a thank-you note to my parents. It said that piano lessons would begin the following Wednesday.

I went to the Parkers' after school. Everything was the same. I warmed up for fifteen minutes, Mr. Parker played the lesson, and I repeated it. In the solarium were the usual cookies and lemonade.

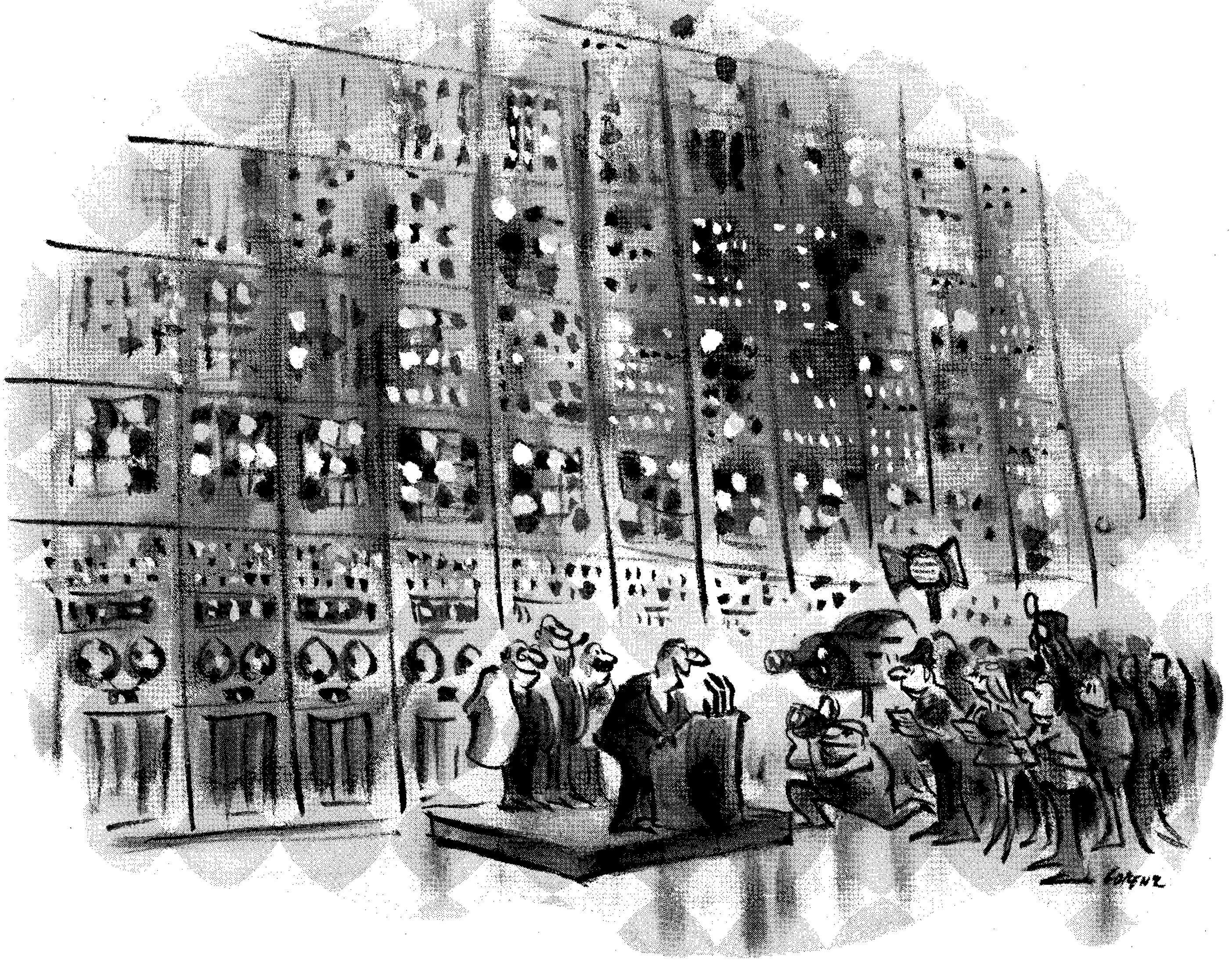
"Are they good, these cookies?" Mr. Parker asked.

I said they were.

"I made them yesterday," he said. "I've got to be my own baker now."

Mr. Parker's hair had once been blond, but was graying into the color of straw. Both he and Mrs. Parker seemed to have faded out of some bright time they once had lived in. He was very thin, as if the friction of living had burned every unnecessary particle off him, but he was calm and cheery in

THE KAMA SUTRA
W. Steig



"We've called you here today to announce that, according to our computer, by the year 2000 everything is going to be peachy."

• •

the way you expect plump people to be. On teaching days, he always wore a blue cardigan and a striped tie. Both smelled faintly of tobacco. At the end of the lesson, he gave me a robin's egg he had found. The light was flickering through the bunch of roses in the window as I left.

When I got home, I found my mother in the kitchen, waiting and angry.

"Where were you?" she said.

"At my piano lesson."

"What piano lesson?"

"You know what piano lesson. At Mr. Parker's."

"You didn't tell me you were going to a piano lesson," she said.

"I always have a lesson on Wednesday."

"I don't want you having lessons there now that Mrs. Parker's gone." She slung a roast into a pan.

I stomped off to my room and wrapped the robin's egg in a sweat sock. My throat felt shrivelled and hot.

At dinner, my mother said to my father, "I don't want Jane taking piano lessons from Mr. Parker now that Mrs. Parker's gone."

"Why don't you want me to have lessons?" I said, close to shouting. "There's no reason."

"She can study with Mrs. Murchison." Mrs. Murchison had been my first teacher. She was a fat, myopic woman who smelled of bacon grease and whose repertoire was confined to "Little Classics for Children." Her students were mostly under ten, and she kept an asthmatic chow who was often sick on the rug.

"I won't go to Mrs. Murchison!" I shouted. "I've outgrown her."

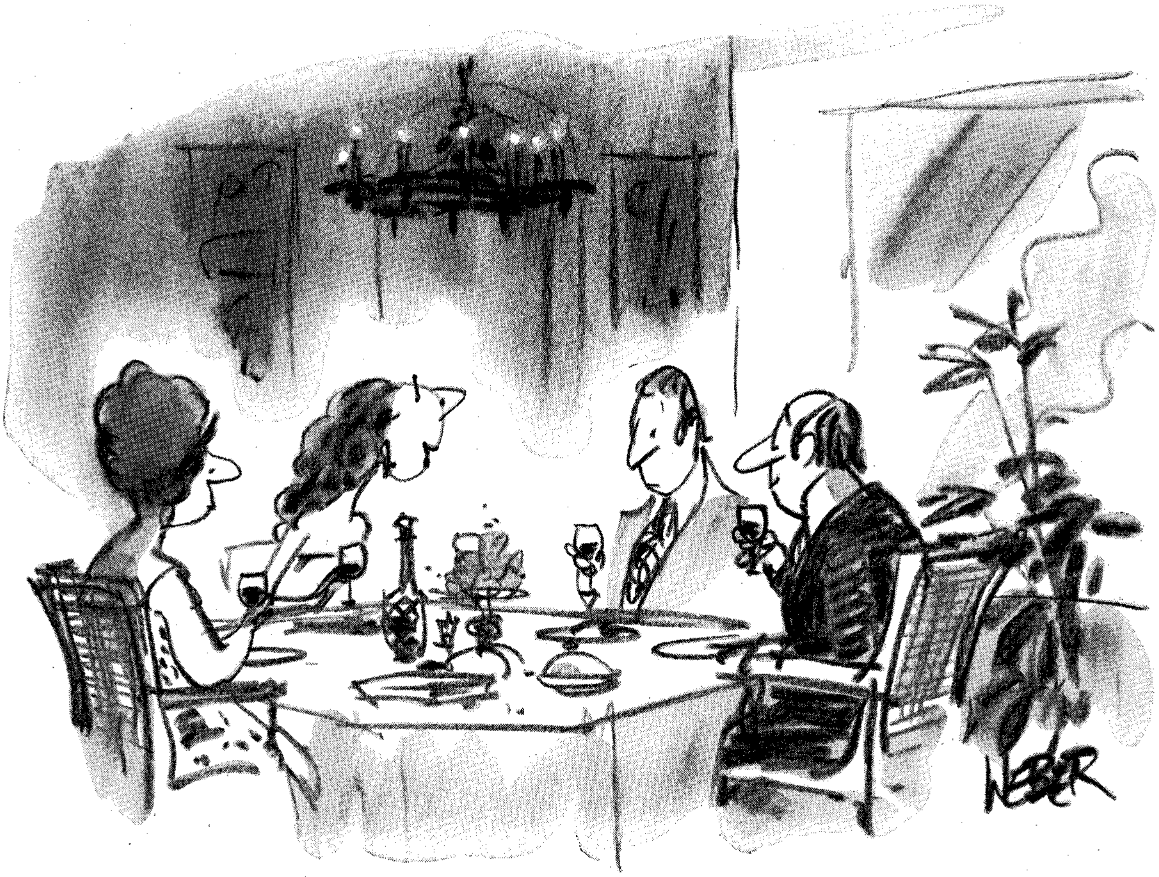
"Let's be sensible about this," said my father. "Calm down, Janie."

I stuck my fork into a potato to keep from crying and muttered melodramatically that I would hang myself before I'd go back to Mrs. Murchison.

THE lessons continued. At night I practiced quietly, and from time to time my mother would look up and say, "That's nice, dear." Mr. Parker had given me a Three-Part Invention, and I worked on it as if it were granite. It was the most complicated piece of music I had ever played, and I learned it with a sense of loss; since I didn't know when the axe would fall, I thought it might be the last piece of music I would ever learn from Mr. Parker.

The lessons went on and nothing was said, but when I came home after them my mother and I faced each other with division and coldness. Mr. Parker bought a pink kitten called Mildred to keep him company in the house. When we had our cookies and lemonade, Mildred got a saucer of milk.

At night, I was grilled by my moth-



"Surprisingly good, isn't it? It's Gallo. Mort and I simply got tired of being snobs."

• •

er as we washed the dishes. I found her sudden interest in the events of my day unnerving. She was systematic, beginning with my morning classes, ending in the afternoon. In the light of her intense focus, everything seemed wrong. Then she said, with arch sweetness, "And how is Mr. Parker, dear?"

"Fine."

"And how are the lessons going?"

"Fine."

"And how is the house now that Mrs. Parker's gone?"

"It's the same. Mr. Parker bought a kitten." As I said it, I knew it was betrayal.

"What kind of kitten?"

"A sort of pink one."

"What's its name?"

"It doesn't have one," I said.

One night she said, "Does Mr. Parker drink?"

"He drinks lemonade."

"I only asked because it must be so hard for him," she said in an offended voice. "He must be very sad."

"He doesn't seem all that sad to me." It was the wrong thing to say.

"I see," she said, folding the dish towel with elaborate care. "You know how I feel about this, Jane. I don't want you alone in the house with him."

"He's my *piano* teacher." I was suddenly in tears, so I ran out of the kitchen and up to my room.

She followed me up, and sat on the edge of my bed while I sat at the desk, secretly crying onto the blotter.

"I only want what's best for you," she said.

"If you want what's best for me, why don't you want me to have piano lessons?"

"I *do* want you to have piano lessons, but you're growing up and it doesn't look right for you to be in a house alone with a widowed man."

"I think you're crazy."

"I don't think you understand what I'm trying to say. You're not a little girl anymore, Jane. There are privileges of childhood, and privileges of adulthood, and you're in the middle. It's difficult, I know."

"You don't know. You're just trying to stop me from taking piano lessons."

She stood up. "I'm trying to protect you," she said. "What if Mr. Parker touched you? What would you do then?" She made the word "touch" sound sinister.

"You're just being mean," I said, and by this time I was crying openly. It would have fixed things to throw my arms around her, but that meant losing, and this was war.

"We'll discuss it some other time," she said, close to tears herself.

I WORKED on the Invention until my hands shook. When I came home, if the house was empty, I practiced in a panic, and, finally, it was almost right. On Wednesday, I went to Mr. Parker's and stood at the doorway, expecting something drastic and changed, but it was all the same. There were cookies and lemonade in the solarium. Mildred took a nap on my coat. My fifteen-minute warmup was terrible; I made mistakes in the simplest parts, in things I knew by heart. Then Mr. Parker played the lesson of the week and I tried to memorize his phrasing exactly. Before my turn came, Mr. Parker put the metronome on the floor and we watched Mildred trying to catch the arm.

I played it, and I knew it was right—I was playing music, not struggling with a lesson.

When I was finished, Mr. Parker grabbed me by the shoulders. "That's perfect! Really perfect!" he said. "A real breakthrough. These are the times that make teachers glad they teach."

We had lemonade and cookies and listened to some Palestrina motets. When I left, it was overcast, and the light was murky and green.

I walked home slowly, divided by dread and joy in equal parts. I had performed like an adult, and had been congratulated by an adult, but something had been closed off. I sat under a tree and cried like a baby. He had touched me after all.

—LAURIE COLWIN

•

With its breathtaking panorama of Virginia Countryside, Georgetown, and downtown D.C., Alexander's Three has the three most exciting views in town.
—*Arlington* (*Va.*) *Rosslyn Review.*

On a clear day, you can even see the ramparts of Executive Privilege.

ANNALS OF LAW

IN CRIMINAL COURT—I

CHIEF JUSTICE ELIJAH ADLOW, who presided over criminal sessions of the Boston Municipal Court until he retired recently, had been on the bench for nearly forty-five years, and had probably disposed of as many criminal matters, and criminals, as any man alive. The experience did not depress him. In fact, Judge Adlow actually seemed to have a good time in court. So did the daily spectators in his courtroom, mainly retired men who apparently preferred the show that was put on there each morning to watching "Love of Life" or old movies on television at home. He also pleased local newsmen, who knew that they could pick up a "human interest" story in his court on an otherwise dull news day and who regarded him fondly as the dispenser of a kind of rough, old-fashioned justice. Some members of the legal profession, on the other hand, believe that his behavior on the bench would have been more appropriate in a television-studio courtroom and that his judicial approach to criminal cases was so old-fashioned that it should have disappeared with the frontier, or even earlier. "Adlow would have been a perfect bailiff for John of Gaunt," one prominent Boston lawyer has said. "His lawbook contains no Constitution, no rules of evidence, no legal niceties like presumption of innocence or due process. Instead, it says only, 'You are here to keep your calendar clean.'" For his own part, Judge Adlow explained his record in keeping his calendar clean simply and forthrightly. "I do things faster than most other fellows," he said while still on the bench. Although he may have done things faster, he apparently didn't do them much differently. "Adlow was more flamboyant than most judges here, but he wasn't at all atypical," a criminal lawyer who has practiced in Boston for a number of years and has appeared before Adlow and many of his colleagues in the lowest, and most crowded, courts there said a few weeks ago. "He was representative of the system, because in these courts—and probably in most similar courts around the country—it is the rule of men, not the rule of law, that prevails."

Since the quality of a society's civilization is said to be measurable by the way it treats its most despised members—those it has accused of committing crimes—I chose Boston, which is perhaps the most civilized city in the United States, as a good place to see how the ordinary criminal defendant fares, at best, in large metropolitan courts in this country. In Massachusetts (or the Commonwealth, as its officials are given to calling it), there are seventy-three courts of original jurisdiction, where criminal defendants have their first, and most often their last, contact with the law in action. Almost all criminal charges in the state are first heard in these courts, and ninety-six per cent of all criminal cases are finally settled in them. Seventy-two of these courts are known as district courts. The seventy-third, the Boston Municipal Court, where Judge Adlow sat for so many years, handles all crimes that occur in the downtown section of the city; this court has the same kind of legal jurisdiction as the others, but it is administered separately because of its large case load—more than a third of a million criminal cases last year. To be sure, around three-quarters of these "crimes" consist of petty traffic violations and drunkenness, but there are enough more serious cases to challenge the most assiduous judge. Even so, Judge Adlow rarely held court for more than three hours a day, and when he left the bench his calendar was always clean.

The criminal sessions of the Boston Municipal Court are on the fourth floor of the Suffolk County Courthouse annex, not far from the gilt-domed statehouse, in the center of Boston. When I stepped off the elevator into the broad corridor outside the court shortly before it was due to convene, at nine-thirty, one morning last year, three black men were nervously whispering together not far from a thin black girl and a fat white girl, both wearing very short red shorts and white boots, who were loudly and indignantly discussing the circumstances of the black girl's arrest for prostitution. A tiny man with a sharp face and a knowing air seemed to be ambling about aimlessly until the white girl called to him, whereupon he snapped, "I'm a busy man!" and hurried into the courtroom. I followed him into the courtroom, which was about eighty feet

"No offense, Ms. Hathaway, but may I buzz you?"

long and half as wide, with gray stone walls, a high ceiling, five tall windows, enough pewlike benches to accommodate perhaps a hundred and twenty people, and, at the far end, the judge's bench, with the clerk's desk and the defense-and-prosecution table below it. Five elderly men, apparently the first contingent of the regular audience, were seated in the third row and were listening to the tiny, sharp-faced man who had preceded me into the room. "Nothing much today—two drunks and four continuances," he told them. Apparently, this was part of a daily game, for the men laughed as if they had heard the line many times before, and one of them waved him away. The man winked at them and walked to a row of leather-cushioned wood armchairs set out in front of the first row of benches. Three men were sitting there—a white-haired ancient with trembling hands, a tough-looking middle-aged man with a seamed face, and a bald man of about sixty, who was going through a pile of manila folders on his lap. The newcomer flopped into a chair beside them, slid down in it with his legs thrust out stiffly, and yawned. The four men, it was clear, were lawyers.

SNAKE HUNT

On sloping, shattered granite, the snake man
From the zoo bent over the half-shaded crannies
Where rattlesnakes take turns out of the sun,
Stared hard, nodded at me, then lunged
With his thick gloves and yanked one up like a root.

And the whole hillside sprang to death with a hissing,
Metallic, chattering rattle; they came out writhing
In his fists, uncoiling from daydreams,
Pale bellies looping out of darker diamonds
In the shredded sunlight, dropping into his sack.

As I knelt on rocks, my blood went cold as theirs.
One snake coughed up a mouse. I saw what a mouse
Knows, as well as anyone. There, beside me,
In a cleft a foot away from my braced fingers,
Still in its coils, a rattler stirred from sleep.

It moved the wedge of its head back into shadow
And stared at me, harder than I could answer,
Till the gloves came down between us. In the sack,
Like the disembodied muscles of a torso,
It and the others searched among themselves

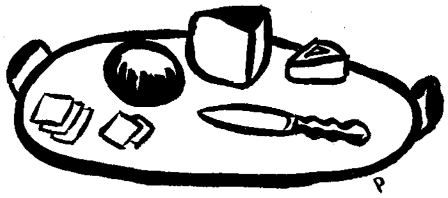
For the lost good place. I saw them later
Behind plate glass, wearing their last skins.
They held their venom behind wide-open eyes.

—David Wagoner

• •

Judge Adlow did things faster than most other judges chiefly because he successfully discouraged any very active participation by those who are most likely to create delays in court—lawyers. In the course of a conversation that I had with a criminal-law specialist in Boston the day before I visited the Boston Municipal Court, I learned that Judge Adlow had managed to get rid of all the lawyers from the Massachusetts Defenders Committee, the state's publicly supported legal counsel for indigent defendants, by simply refusing to grant any of their motions, including motions for more than a few minutes' time to consult with their clients before going to trial; rather than participate in the legal charade that was demanded of them, the M.D.C. lawyers withdrew from that court altogether. That left the private lawyers in the front row to defend people who turned up without a lawyer or the money to pay for one. Since Massachusetts law had required free legal counsel for any indigent person accused of a crime punishable by a jail sentence for a number of years before the Supreme Court made this mandatory, one might expect that scores of lawyers would be involved in representing the hundreds of poor defendants who pass through such a court every week. But Judge Adlow chose to call on about half a dozen regular lawyers, like those in the front row, when indigent defendants asked to be represented before his court. "He parcels out the assignments—one here, one there—so that each lawyer picks up a hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a week from the state," my informant explained. "That's not bad money for a couple of hours' work a week. They get the assignments as long as they do things the way Adlow wants—with dispatch. That means no motions for continuances to give them time to prepare cases and no delays when the trials take place. If they don't go along with him, he ignores them for a few days." Later, I was told that these lawyers and the Judge's use of them were fairly typical of private legal "representation" in this country's lowest criminal courts.

By nine-thirty, the courtroom was nearly full. Perhaps a quarter of the people appeared to be spectators, while the rest—about a third black and Puerto Rican and the remainder white—were directly or indirectly involved in the cases on that day's calendar. Five minutes later, a court officer shouted, "The Court! All rise, please." Entering through a door behind him was Judge Adlow, a rather short man in his mid-seventies with a fringe of almost white hair around a high-domed bald head, a bulbous nose, and an air of relaxed, even genial, authority. As soon as he was seated behind the pale-oak bench, which stretched halfway across the room, the first case was called by the clerk. Almost immediately, a door opened in the rear of the dock—a six-by-six-foot cubicle to the right of the bench, with a chest-high wall separating it from the courtroom—and a toothless man in a tattered and stained T-shirt who had gray hair streaked with black and an exceptionally dirty face appeared in the dock and made his way to the wall. He was charged with being drunk in a public place.



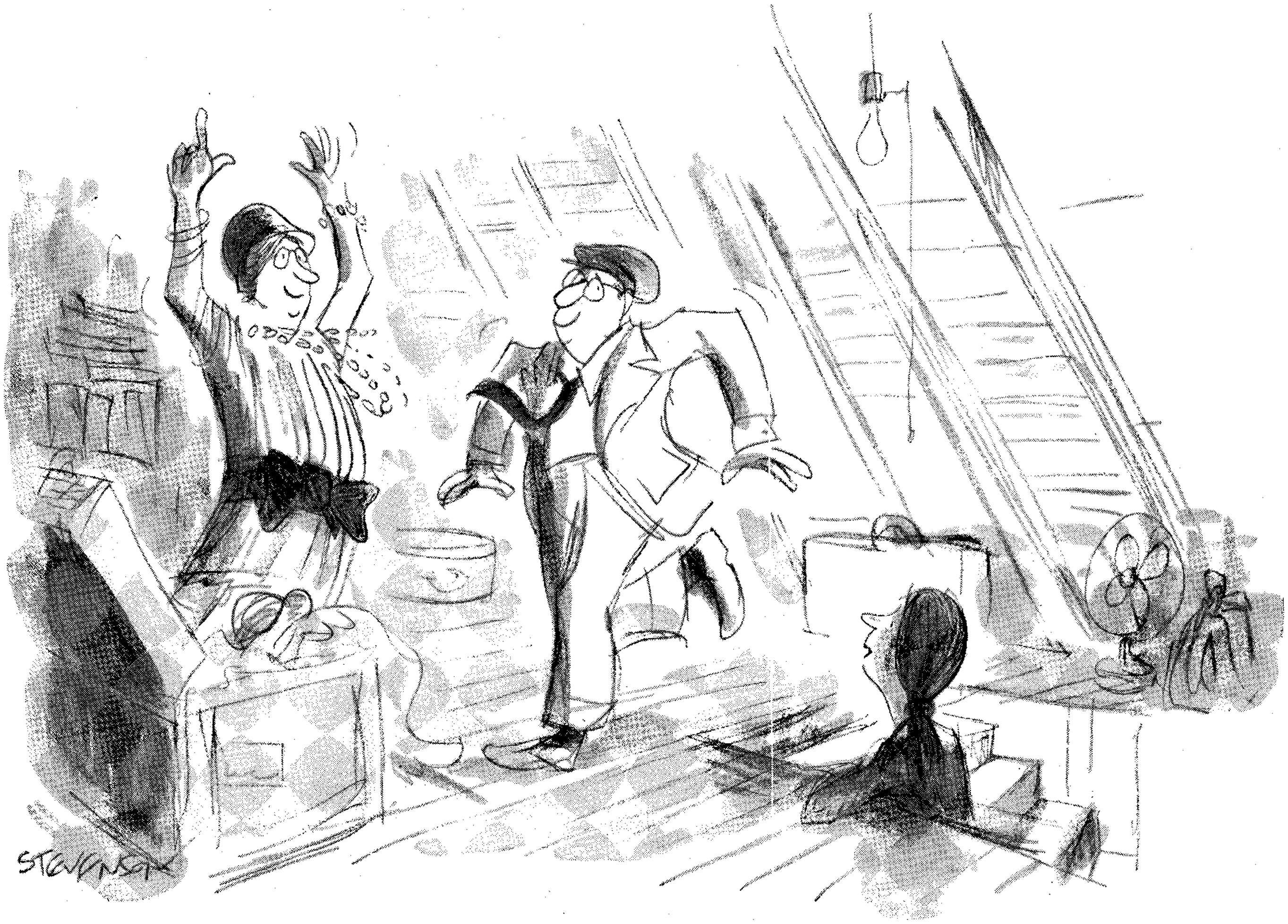
"You got a lawyer?" the Judge asked.

"No, sir."

"You want a lawyer?"

"No, sir. I'm guilty."

For some people, that would be a good reason to want a lawyer, but apparently the man had appeared before Judge Adlow frequently enough to know that the best way to get a stiff sentence from him, if found guilty, was to assert the particular right that he was being offered. The Judge studied the prisoner for a few moments and



"Mother! Dad! Slow down! What if the Great Gatsby style is just a fad?"

• •

then said, "If you didn't look so terrible, I'd let you go."

"I could get cleaned up," the man replied, brightening a bit.

"If you knew how much money it would cost the state to clean you up, you wouldn't suggest it," the Judge retorted, to a burst of appreciative laughter from the spectators, the courtroom attendants, and the lawyers in the front row, who now numbered seven. Glancing at a file of papers before him, Judge Adlow told the prisoner that since he had violated the conditions of his latest sentence—six months' probation—he was now to serve that term on the state farm. The man nodded listlessly, and without waiting for the court officer who was standing guard in the dock he turned and made his way back to the door at the rear and to the lockup beyond.

The second defendant, a middle-aged black man who was also charged with drunkenness, appeared in the dock a few seconds later. He pleaded guilty and waived his right to a lawyer, too. "You've been sentenced three times in the past month," Judge Adlow said to him. "The trouble with you guys is that you don't take care of yourselves. Five days in the workhouse." The prisoner pleaded for another chance, whereupon the Judge shrugged and put him on six months' probation. The defendant grinned broadly, and as the court officer unlocked and opened a steel door in the front of the dock and the man hurried out and down the center aisle of the courtroom to the main door, Judge Adlow said to the room at large, "At least someone here is happy. But he'll be back tomorrow." Presumably, if he was, his probation was revoked, like that of the man before him, and he got not five days but six months.

The third defendant was a long-haired man in his mid-twenties who was also charged with drunkenness and who also pleaded guilty and waived his right to a lawyer. "Haven't you got a job, at your age?" the Judge asked. The defendant replied that he worked as a baker's helper in a local supermarket. The Judge stood up and hooked his thumbs under his armpits, with his fingers splayed across his chest. "What do you do—put the holes in the doughnuts?" he asked. Once again there was general laughter. Since this was the defendant's first arrest, Judge Adlow gave him a six months' suspended sentence, which provided him with a criminal record.

When another young man accused of being drunk in public appeared in the dock and leaned on the wall with a hangdog, bleary-eyed look, the Judge asked if he wanted a lawyer. The prisoner said that he did not, and the Judge nodded, looked down at the men in the front row for a moment, and said, "I trust it's not personal." The man got six months at the state farm, but when he mentioned that he was undergoing medical treatment for alcoholism, the Judge relented and changed the sentence to six months' probation.

I had been told that Judge Adlow always disposed of the drunkenness charges first each morning—"like a pitcher warming up before he goes out to the mound to face the real thing," my informant explained—and that sometimes he settled as many as twenty such cases within the first hour. A pause of three or four minutes after the fourth case was out of the way indi-

"It belonged to my grandfather, who very kindly gave it to the Met, who very kindly sold it to me."

cated that this part of the day's calendar was now clean. Altogether, it had taken less than twelve minutes.

In Boston, members of the district attorney's office prosecute all felonies, and members of the police department—either policemen who are attached to particular courts full time or arresting officers in given cases—usually prosecute all misdemeanors. This arrangement might be expected to give defendants with *any* kind of lawyer an edge in a court contest, but the potential advantage is usually wiped out by judges who feel obliged to help legally untrained policemen conduct prosecutions. Few judges seem to mind taking on the prosecutorial role in addition to the judicial role, perhaps, it has been said, because they feel more at home in the first capacity anyway. When I visited the Boston Municipal Court, there was a further complication: while Judge Adlow was never reluctant to perform as both prosecutor and judge—and, for that matter, as defense counsel—his instinctive mistrust of lawyers sometimes led him to treat policemen who tried to act like lawyers worse than if they actually were lawyers. At times, this behavior returned the advantage to the defendant—as long as he didn't have a lawyer who annoyed the Judge more than the state's representative did. A problem of this sort arose in the following case—a charge that a crane company had parked one of its cranes beside a construction site although the permit issued for the crane failed to designate where, specifically, it was to be used. The police prosecutor—a black-haired, sallow-faced officer in street clothes—described the "crime" at great length and in the stilted language common to uneducated people who find themselves in official settings. When he finished, the company's lawyer, a dapper young man, asked the court for a continuance of two weeks to allow him time to prepare his defense.

"Why?" Judge Adlow demanded indignantly. "It's a very simple case. We'll try it right now."

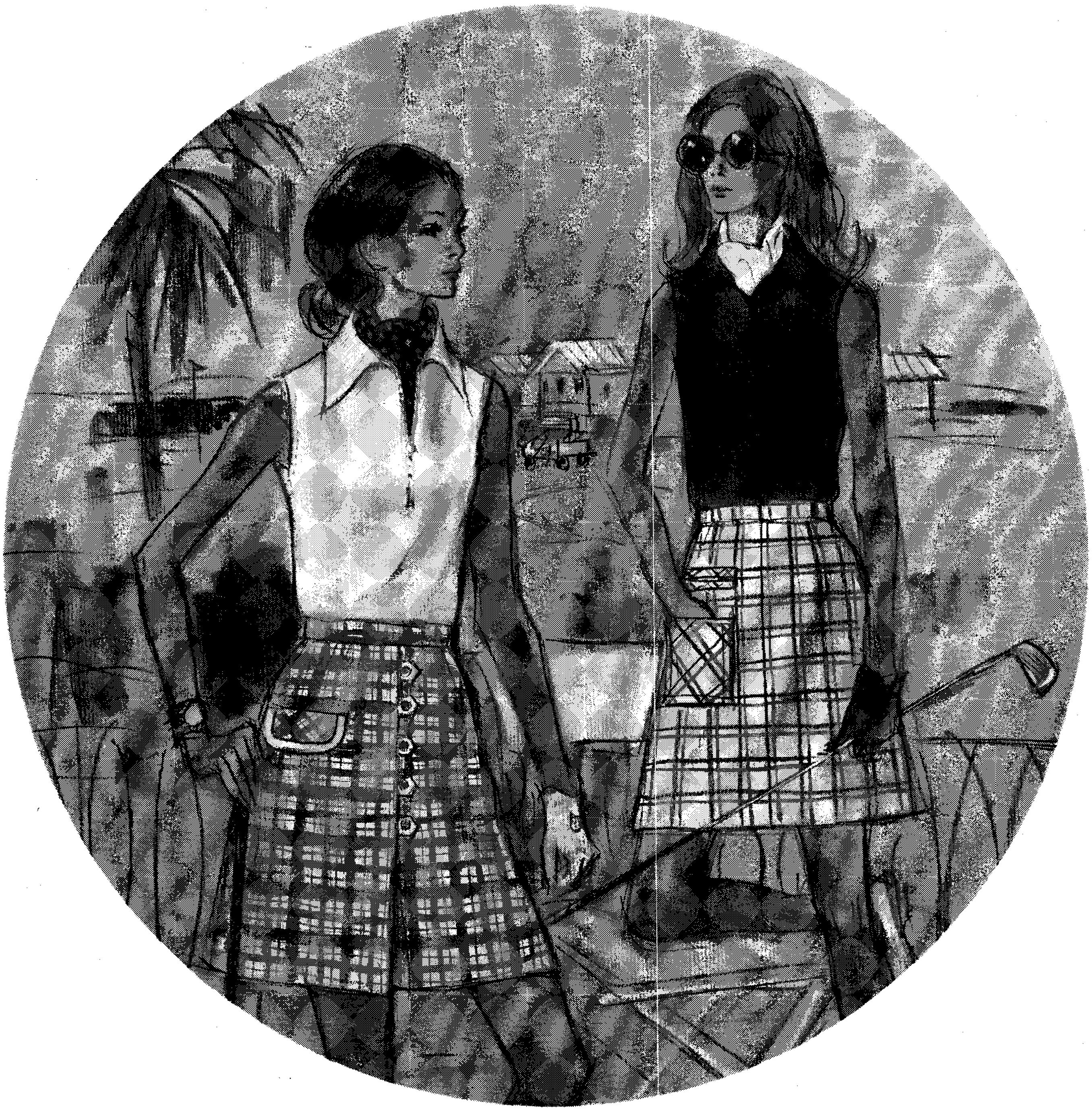
It appeared that the lawyer had committed the offense of behaving more like a lawyer than the non-lawyer—until the non-lawyer broke in to say that the crane had been parked illegally, and added, "It was therefore creating a very hazardous type condition for the pedestrians who were thus compelled, by the nature of the business they were conducting in the said neighborhood, to be in the immediate vicinity of the said crane."

Judge Adlow flung the docket for the case down on the bench and shouted at the policeman, "I'll end this thing right now! They had a right to be there!"

The officer, looking startled, took a step backward, then objected that the permit didn't indicate where the crane was to be used. "That was *very* dangerous under the circumstances that prevailed," he added.

"Why?" the Judge cried. "Did you ever hear of anybody being run over by a crane? These things aren't Volkswagens, you know." With a look of disgust, he went on, more calmly now, "We try to operate this city in a practical, pragmatic fashion, and you come in here trying to stop a perfectly legitimate practice. It sounds like an attempted shakedown to me. I'm not going to see this court made a joke of. Case dismissed." The police prosecutor looked unhappy, but then so did the defense lawyer, perhaps because the quick dismissal did nothing to increase his fee.

In the following case, the defendant was the black girl in red shorts and white boots I had seen in the corridor outside. It turned out that she had been arrested the night before by a member of the vice squad whom she had solicited. She had been released at the station house on five hundred dollars' bail, which required a cash payment of five per cent, or twenty-five dollars. Apparently, it had not occurred to her before coming to court that a more demure costume might have been helpful. Judge Adlow averted his eyes from her ample and scantily covered bosom as she took the stand. "You have a



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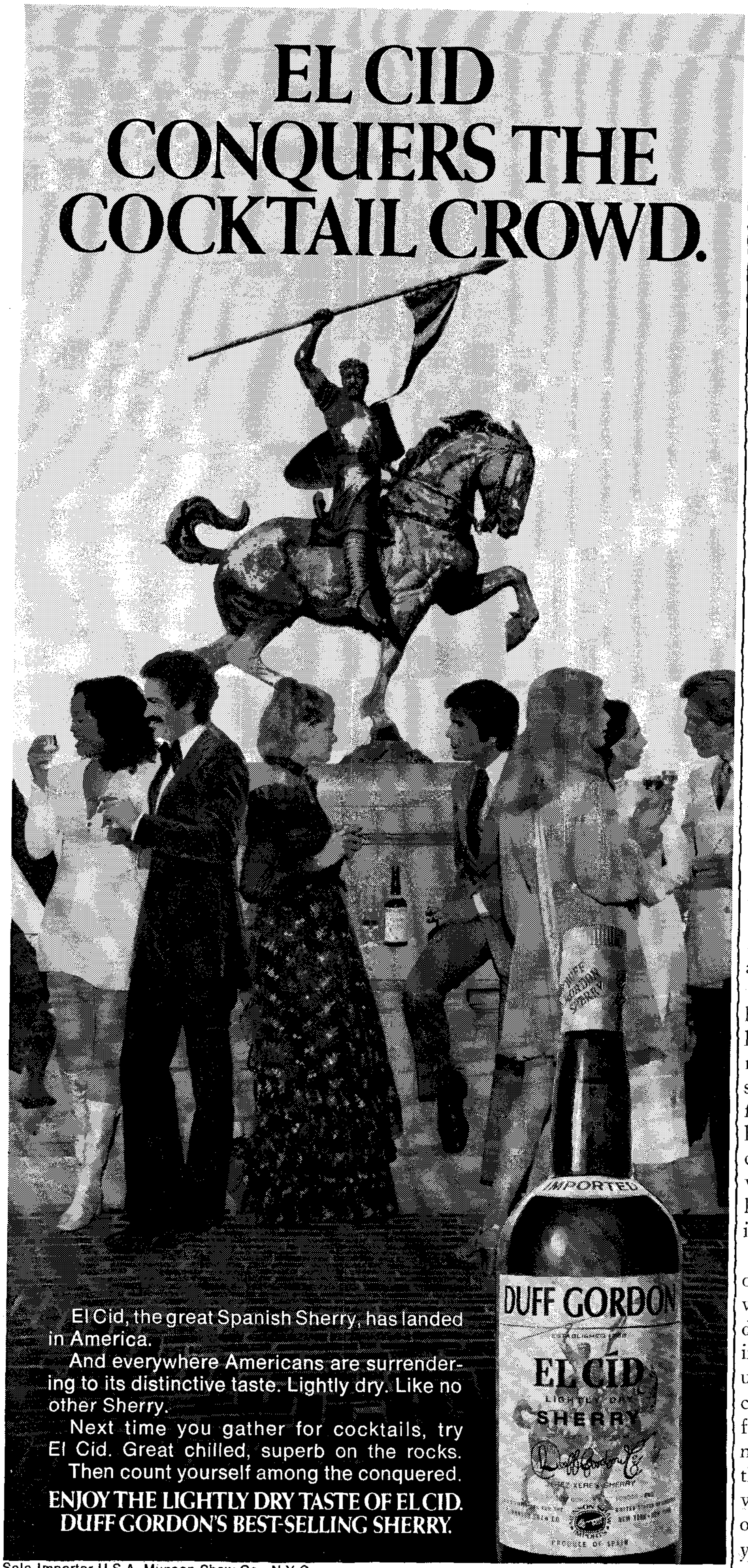

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lawyer?" he asked, looking out the window.

"I'm considering it," the girl answered sullenly.

He turned to face her, and said, "When do you think you will have made up your mind and let us know?"

"My mother will get me one."

"Case continued for one week," he said, and looked away again.

The next defendant was a short-haired black woman of about thirty with a deep voice who was wearing tight knickers, a red-and-white harlequin blouse, and flat shoes. She was accused of two crimes—armed robbery and assault—and was out on ten thousand dollars' bail. Her lawyer, a young white man with a large mustache, requested a continuance of a week and reduction in the amount of bail. "What is this, a lottery?" Judge Adlow demanded. He asked his clerk what the robbery had amounted to (six hundred dollars, he was told) and what the assault involved (the beating of an eighty-year-old woman). Remarking that the defendant could pay off the collateral for her bail with what she had stolen or could go back to jail instead, the Judge then hesitated for a few moments over his decision. Finally, the lawyer said that there wasn't much for a person to do in jail, whereupon Judge Adlow quickly retorted, "She could study for her master's degree." That brought another round of laughter, which apparently worked in the defendant's favor, for the Judge reduced the bail to five thousand dollars and granted the postponement.

A minute later, a thin black man in his late twenties was brought out of the lockup into the dock. He had been arrested the day before on a charge of stealing two television sets. He was the first defendant of the day who had no lawyer and wanted one. The Judge called out a name, and the bald man with the stack of folders got up from his seat in the front row and went off into the lockup with the prisoner.

The ninth case was another charge of prostitution—against a slender white woman in her late twenties who was dressed simply and wore her dark hair in a plain, short cut and had no make-up on. "The community used to be occasionally diverted by those who strayed from the straight and narrow path, but now it seems to be overwhelmed by them," Judge Adlow observed. The woman had no lawyer, did not want one, and pleaded guilty. "What do you do when you're not walking the streets?" he asked.

"I teach in a nursery school," she

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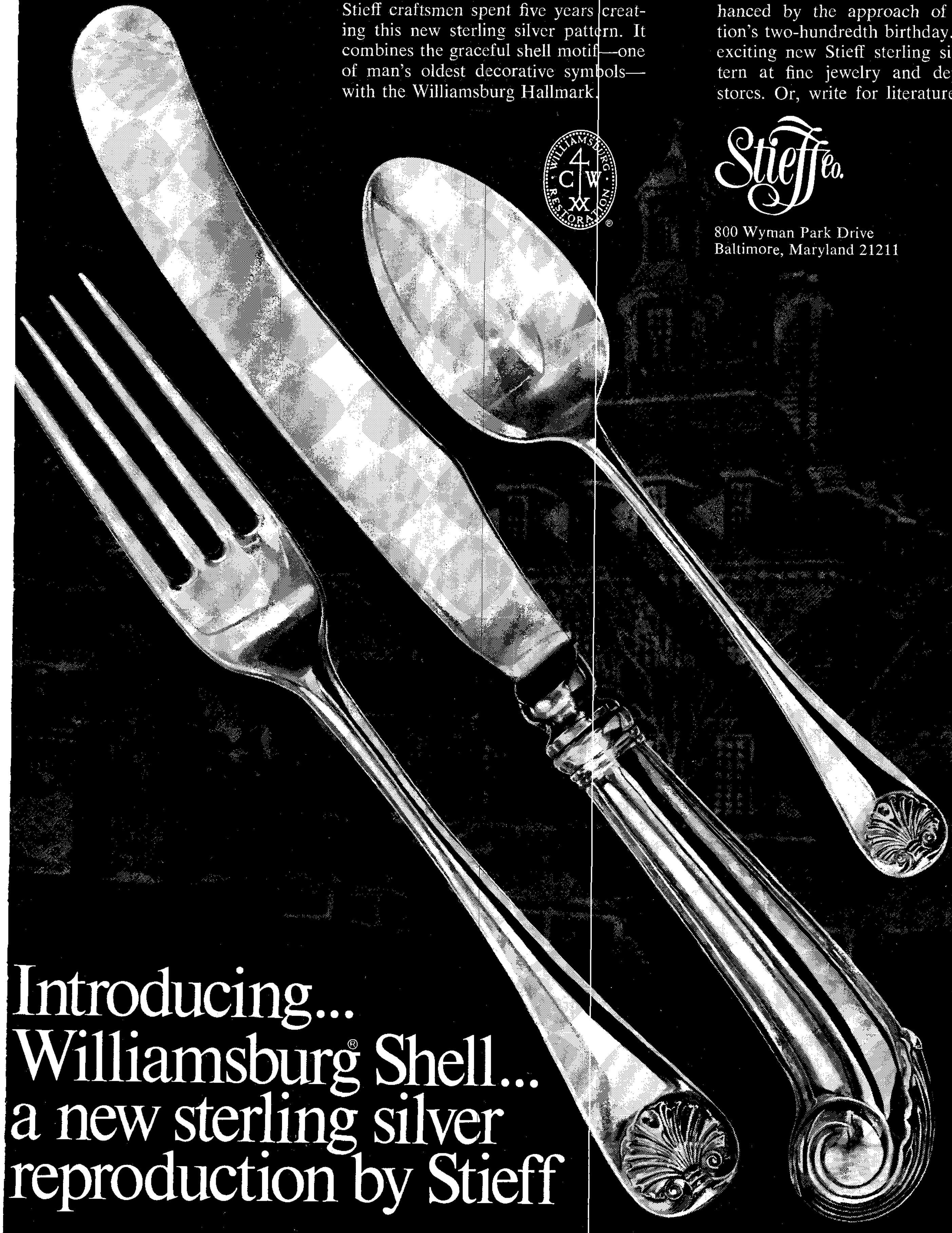

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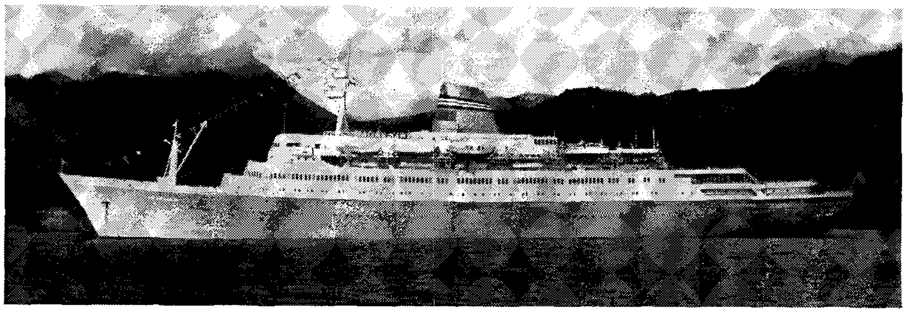

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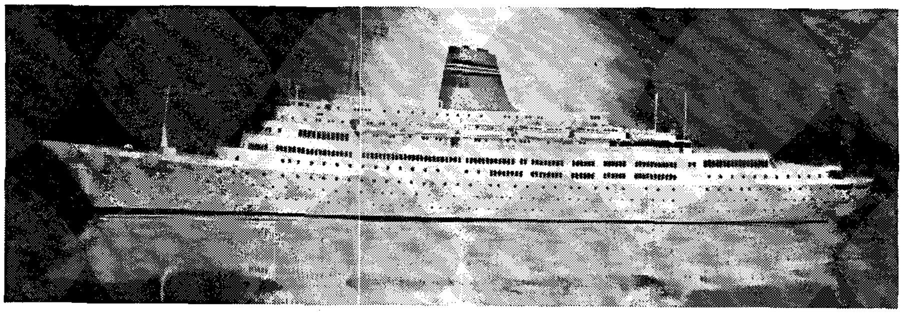
answered. A burst of laughter ensued, and she quickly added, "I don't teach them about *that!*" Since it was her first offense, she got a six-month suspended sentence, and a police record.

The next case was a multiple charge of assault with a deadly weapon, larceny, and automobile theft, lodged against two defendants. They were smartly dressed young white men in their early twenties, with long hair and mild demeanor. Since the first charge was a felony, an assistant district attorney was present to handle the case. The Judge had two alternatives: to reduce the charge to a misdemeanor and dispose of the matter himself, as many district-court judges do, in order to keep borderline cases from cluttering up calendars in superior court, where all felony cases are handled, or to hold what is known as a probable-cause hearing, to determine whether there was enough evidence of a serious crime to send the case on to a grand jury for possible indictment and then to trial in superior court. If convicted there, the defendants faced up to five years in prison on the first charge alone.

"You have a lawyer?" Judge Adlow asked them. One of the defendants, who had bushy red hair and was wearing steel-rimmed spectacles, explained that they had a lawyer but that he hadn't arrived yet. "Why isn't he here?" the Judge asked irritably. "We can't wait forever. I suspect there was some failure in the financial arrangement." The red-haired man denied it, whereupon Judge Adlow said, "Well, if you want a lawyer I'll assign you one." The red-haired man turned around to scan the audience, apparently to see if the lawyer had turned up, then faced the bench and, with a shrug, accepted the offer. In view of the sentence the two faced, it seemed a rather casual transaction on both sides. Moreover, under the state's criminal-law system, a hearing for probable cause is the most effective means that a defense lawyer in a felony case has to obtain what is known in legal circles as "discovery"—the circumstances of the alleged crime, what the police did and said, whether the suspect was properly warned about Constitutional rights, and what the defendant and any witnesses might testify to in open court. Since no transcript is kept of proceedings in district courts—unless the defendant brings in a tape recorder or pays for his own stenotypist—the opportunity for a defense lawyer to learn what kind of case the state appears to have could be crucial in any later trial. In any event, the Judge called out another name, and the white-haired old man with trembling hands in the front row slowly got to his feet, tottered over to the clerk to get the docket for the case, and went out into the corridor with the two defendants to prepare their defense.

Two other defendants—one tall and one short and both black—were called next. They had been arrested on a charge of possessing opium and, unable to raise the bail imposed on them, had spent several days in jail while the white powder that had been found on one of them was tested. Now the Judge informed them that no trace of opium had been discovered in the substance, and dropped the charges. He did not explain why the test—a fairly simple procedure—had taken so long, and did not apologize for their unwarranted stay in the Charles Street Jail.

As they left, the first lawyer who had been appointed by the court—to represent the man accused of stealing two television sets—came out of the lockup. I glanced at my watch and saw that he had been out of the courtroom consulting with his client for nine minutes. Soon afterward, the case was called again, and the young black prisoner reappeared in the dock. A policeman who was acting both as the chief witness and the prosecutor stated that he had obtained a search warrant the day before from this court, had searched the apartment of a woman who served as landlady of the building where the defendant lived, and had found one of the two missing sets in her quarters. Nothing further was said about the second set. The defendant, he went on, claimed that he had bought the set from a stranger on the street and had given it to the woman in part payment of overdue rent. The policeman did not present the victim from whom the sets had been stolen to establish that they had been stolen, or the recovered set for identification by the owner, or the receiver of the stolen set to establish that it had been received. Apparently, that sort of elementary evidence, which would ordinarily be required in any criminal case—to meet the Constitutional guarantee that due process of law shall be observed in all criminal cases—was too time-consuming, and was customarily dispensed with in Judge Adlow's court unless a defense lawyer insisted on its complete and exact presentation. The defense lawyer in this case did not insist on anything. After a hurried conversation with the prisoner in the dock, he merely told the court that his client still claimed that he had bought the television set



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for thirty-five dollars and had given it to his landlady to pay off part of his back rent.

"And where did he think the fellow he bought the set from got it?" Judge Adlow asked.

"Yes, Your Honor, that showed bad judgment," the lawyer said.

"That's a new way of putting it," the Judge replied. Turning to the defendant, he asked, "Where did you get the thirty-five dollars?"

"From welfare," the man answered. "I get sixty-five dollars every two weeks." No one told him that he was not obliged to answer—another Constitutional right that was repeatedly ignored that day.

Judge Adlow nodded, looked at a sheaf of papers before him for a few seconds, and then sentenced him to six months in the house of correction. After another brief whispered consultation, the defense lawyer told the court that the sentence would not be appealed. Judge Adlow did not seem surprised.

Massachusetts law provides all defendants who are convicted after a trial on the district-court level with the right to a trial *de novo*—that is, if a defendant appeals a conviction in a district court, he is automatically granted an entirely new trial, with or without a jury, as he wishes, in superior court. In theory, the *de novo* system is laudable, for under it every person who is accused of a crime, no matter how trivial, has a right to have the facts of the case brought out in open court and to be judged by his peers, and every defendant's lawyer has a chance to discover the basic facts of the case to help him try it on a *de novo* basis. In practice, however, the system has its drawbacks, and only two per cent of all criminal defendants in Massachusetts avail themselves of the right to a trial *de novo*. (If petty traffic violations and drunkenness are excluded, the figure rises to around twenty per cent, which is still a fairly low trial rate.) One reason so few defendants choose a trial *de novo* is that district-court judges are inclined to do the best they can to keep the calendars in the courts above as uncluttered as their own calendars. The simplest judicial way of managing that is by reducing the charge a defendant faces in district court. Then the defendant has the choice of pleading guilty and getting a comparatively light sentence as a reward for not clogging the machinery any further or of pleading not guilty and standing trial in district court. If he chooses the latter course and is found guilty, as most defendants

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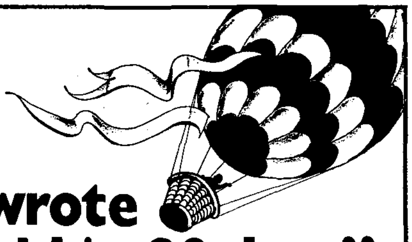

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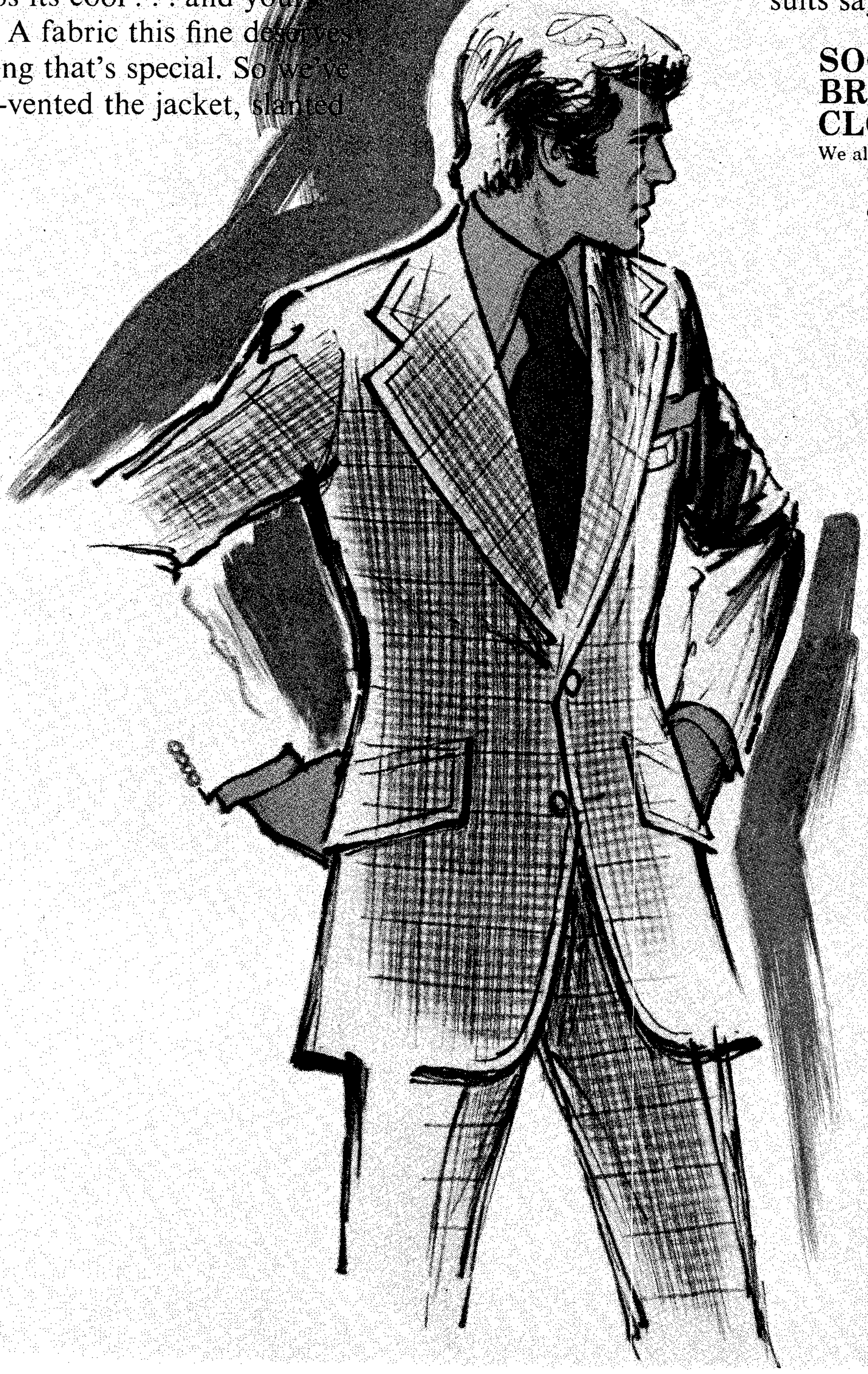

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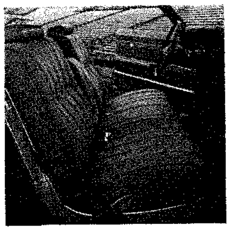

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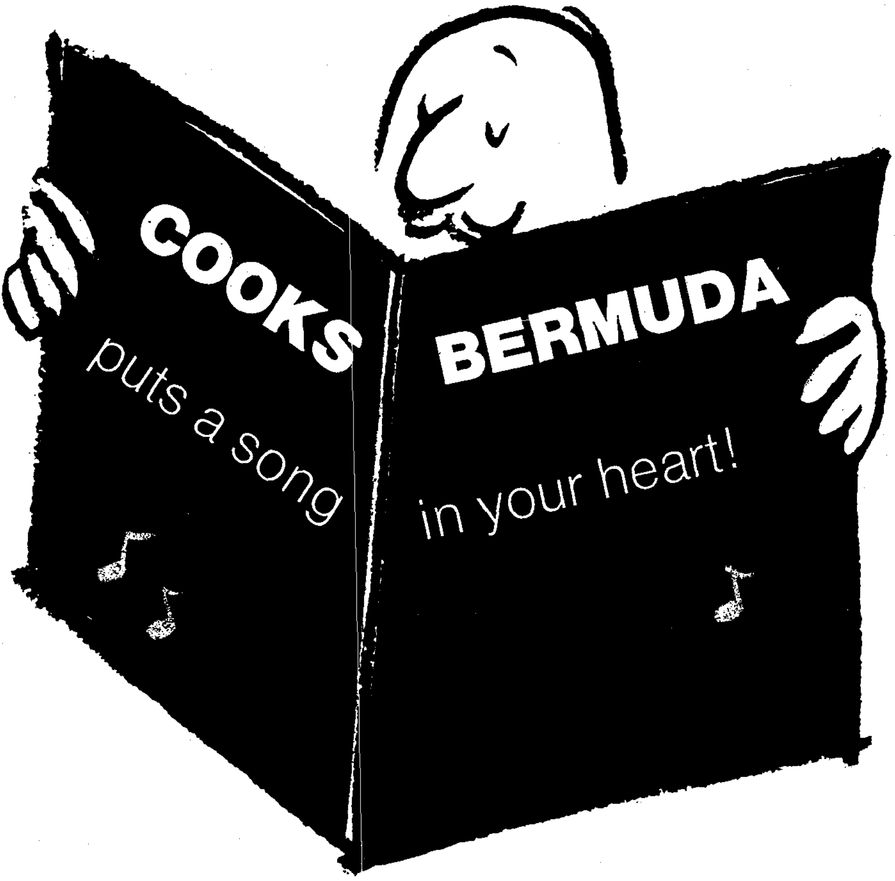
are, he will usually be inclined to accept the sentence he gets rather than face another trial and possibly a stiffer sentence. Moreover, if he is poor, as almost all criminal defendants are, an appeal, which will often be attended by the imposition of high bail, may simply mean that he will be confined to jail for weeks or months if he cannot make bail before his case comes up for trial in superior court, and then he will probably be convicted again anyway. Still another reason for the fairly limited use of trial *de novo* is that not many lawyers—and practically no court-appointed private lawyers, like those in Judge Adlow's courtroom—are likely to urge a defendant to appeal, even if they believe him to be innocent. In the end, then, the case at hand demonstrated that while the man at the bar was afforded various theoretical protections—representation by a lawyer, the right to cross-examine witnesses, and an opportunity for a trial by jury—in practice his fate was almost entirely in the hands of the judge. "Adlow usually isn't mean or overly harsh," the criminal-law specialist I had spoken with the day before had told me. "In fact, he's rather paternalistic toward defendants—as long as they go along with him. He's very much like a plantation overseer who says, 'You be a good nigger and I'll take care of you.' But the trouble is that every defendant there is utterly at the mercy of the court, and Adlow is free to coddle or not coddle criminals as he pleases. There is no rule of law in that courtroom. There is only Judge Adlow."

The next defendant—a tall, bulky Irishman of about thirty who was charged with armed robbery and was out on fifteen hundred dollars' bail—took the stand long enough to be told that his case had been postponed, at his request, for two weeks. He had a lawyer with him, and I gathered that the continuance was granted because the charge was a serious felony and had to be dealt with by way of a probable-cause hearing and possibly indictment by a grand jury and a trial in superior court.

Another young Irishman, who also had his own lawyer, then took the stand to answer charges of drunkenness, possession of marijuana, and receiving stolen goods. The arresting officer, who was also the prosecutor, told the court that he had arrested the man for being drunk and creating a disturbance early one morning the week previously and, upon searching him, had found a bag of marijuana and seven hundred-dollar American Ex-



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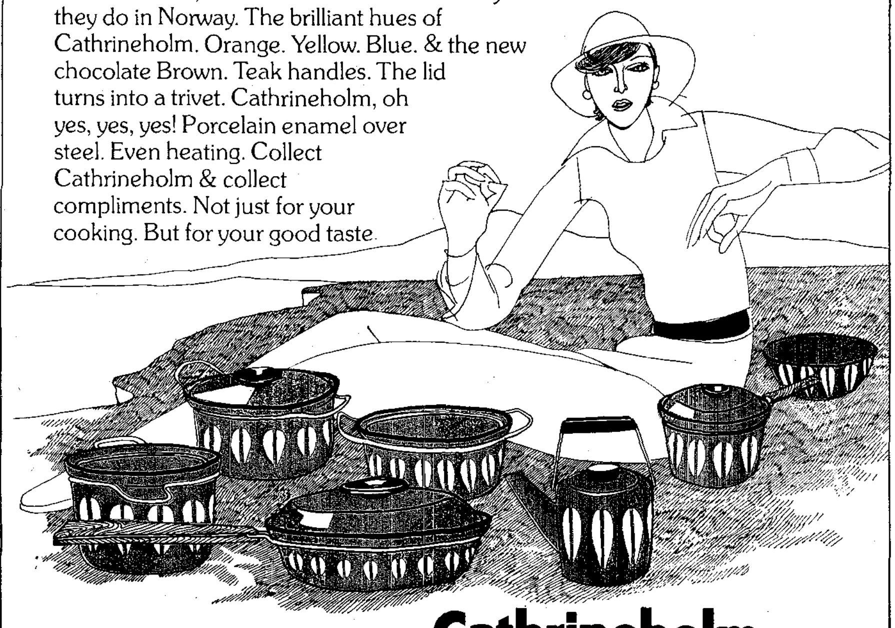
press traveller's checks, which turned out to have been stolen in a robbery of nearly fifteen thousand dollars' worth of checks from an American Express office in Vancouver, British Columbia. The defendant, for his part, told the court that he was a partner in an antique shop—a fact that the court had to take his lawyer's word for, since the police had not bothered to check on whether there was such a shop—that the seven checks were among thirty-three checks of the same denomination that had been paid to the store by a man driving a green Chevrolet station wagon who had bought a load of antiques, and that the partner had been the one who actually received the checks in payment for the goods purchased. The defense lawyer then put the partner on the stand, and he testified that, having never handled traveller's checks before, he had telephoned the local office of American Express, while the customer waited, and asked how they should be endorsed. With that, Judge Adlow waved a hand at the prosecutor as he was about to speak and said, "It's possible that the defendant was taken, too." He dismissed the major charge, fined the dealer ten dollars for possession of marijuana, and continued the charge of drunkenness for six months without a finding, which meant that as long as the defendant was not arrested again for a similar offense during that period the charge would be dropped.

Immediately afterward, a plump white girl wearing a short black skirt, black platform shoes, and a long white shawl took the stand. "Where's your lawyer?" the Judge asked. She explained that he was late, and was told to sit down and wait. "This case is going to be tried today, with or without him," the Judge said. A minute later, a young white man with an unruly forelock that he kept brushing out of his eyes took the stand to face a charge of fathering an illegitimate child. He didn't have a lawyer, and he didn't want one. Judge Adlow studied the docket in front of him for a minute, then continued the case indefinitely, and warned the young man that if he failed to get a job and support the child he would be sent to jail. After that, a case involving two women accused of running a house of ill fame was called, and when they failed to appear the Judge ordered a default warrant issued for their arrest. By this time, the plump girl's lawyer had arrived, and the case against her—"illicit sexual intercourse with a Chinaman," the arresting officer told the court—was resumed. The



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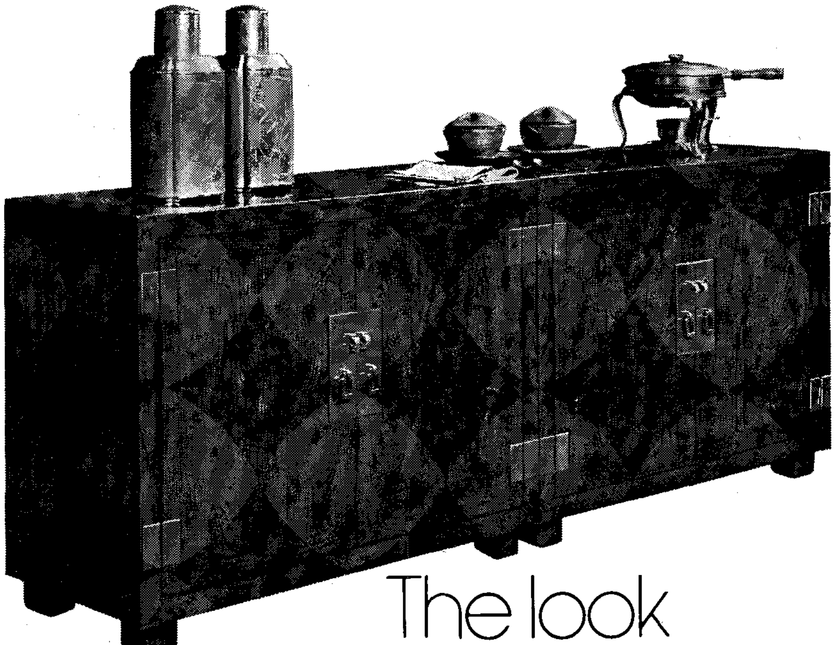

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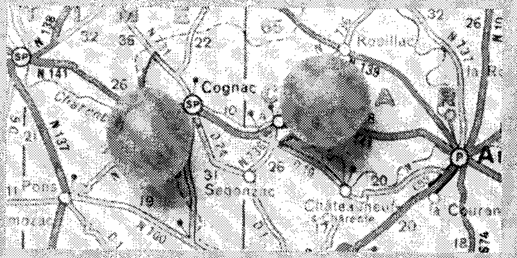
Cognac
Pons
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In France, in the tiny Grand Champagne and Petit Champagne districts of Cognac the soil, to put it mildly, is meagre.

It's mostly chalk.

As you can well imagine, just about everything refuses to grow in the place. Everything that is except two puny little green grapes which survive and thrive there.

Why, only God knows, but from these grapes the greatest of all cognacs is made.

It's called Bisquit VSOP Napoleon Fine Champagne Cognac, the noblest Napoleon of them all.

To keep you from being overwhelmed, we should point out what it is that makes this exquisite cognac click with connoisseurs.

That Napoleon business, for example. Frankly, any brandy of any age from any place can call itself Napoleon. But this Napoleon was famous even during Napoleon's lifetime. (That should give you a feeling of confidence when you're about to sample some.)

The VSOP part of the label means that Bisquit is fully mature. Very Superior, Old and Pale. (Not many brandies can say that.)

And while any brandy that comes from Cognac can call itself cognac, only a cognac made from those interesting little grapes grown in that stingy soil can call itself Fine Champagne.

The end result is profound enjoyment: a subtle bouquet; taste that lingers in the mouth; and smoothness that leaves no harshness in the throat. But we refuse to kid ourselves. Without our grapes we'd be nobody.

C'est la vie. We are what we are because of those two scrawny grapes.

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Bisquit Dubouché
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Bisquit
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COGNAC
4/5 QUART
PRODUCT OF FRANCE
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PRODUCT OF FRANCE. 80 PROOF. IMPORTED BY GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y.

policeman testified that he had seen the girl pick up "the client" and take him to a nearby private house. The officer had waited outside and when the man emerged had questioned him. "He told me he paid her fifteen dollars and he engaged in illicit sexual relations with her," the policeman told the court.

"I presume that somewhat less technical language was used," the Judge said, and smiled as another round of laughter swept the room.

"There being ladies present in the court, I beg leave not to repeat the exact words used by the defendant," the policeman said. Judge Adlow nodded, in mock gravity, and the prosecutor went on to describe how he had found a packet of heroin in the girl's purse when he searched her.

"How many bags a day you use?" the Judge asked her, without telling her, either, that she did not have to answer the question—and incriminate herself.

"Two," she answered. "But I'm no prostitute."

Judge Adlow asked the probation officer about her record, and was told that she had once been arrested as a passenger in a stolen car but had not been convicted of anything. "O.K.," the Judge said. "Since there's no previous record of prostitution, I'll dismiss that charge. Go to a drug clinic and I'll give you a suspended sentence." She told him that she had begun drug treatment at a clinic a few days before, and he said, "All right, continue at the clinic and if you need a job the probation people here will help you. Six months, suspended." That meant another criminal record, of course.

A pale-faced man in his mid-forties with thin, slicked-down hair and a sparse mustache appeared in the dock. Judge Adlow glanced at him and then shouted, "Not *you* again! This is getting monotonous. It's the third time in three weeks you've been here. And every time it's the same building and the same apartment you've broken into. What do you do there?"

"I have a drink of bourbon or two," the man answered quietly.

"Or six, more likely," the Judge said. "Have you ever been in an institution?"

"I was in Bridgewater once."

"That was for drunkenness. This is more than drunkenness." Judge Adlow turned to the nearest court officer and asked, "Is my doctor here?" The officer went off into the lockup in search of the court physician, and returned a minute later to report that he was tied up at the time but would be

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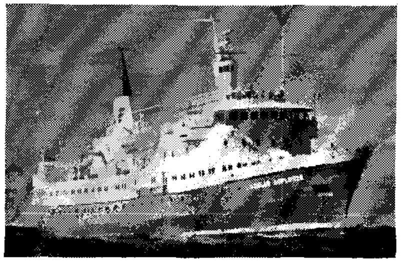

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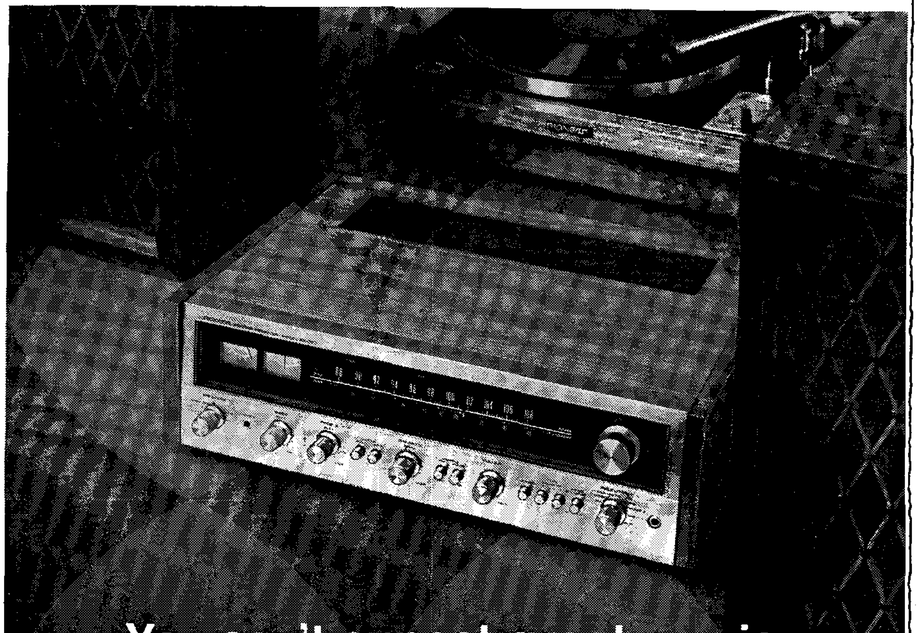

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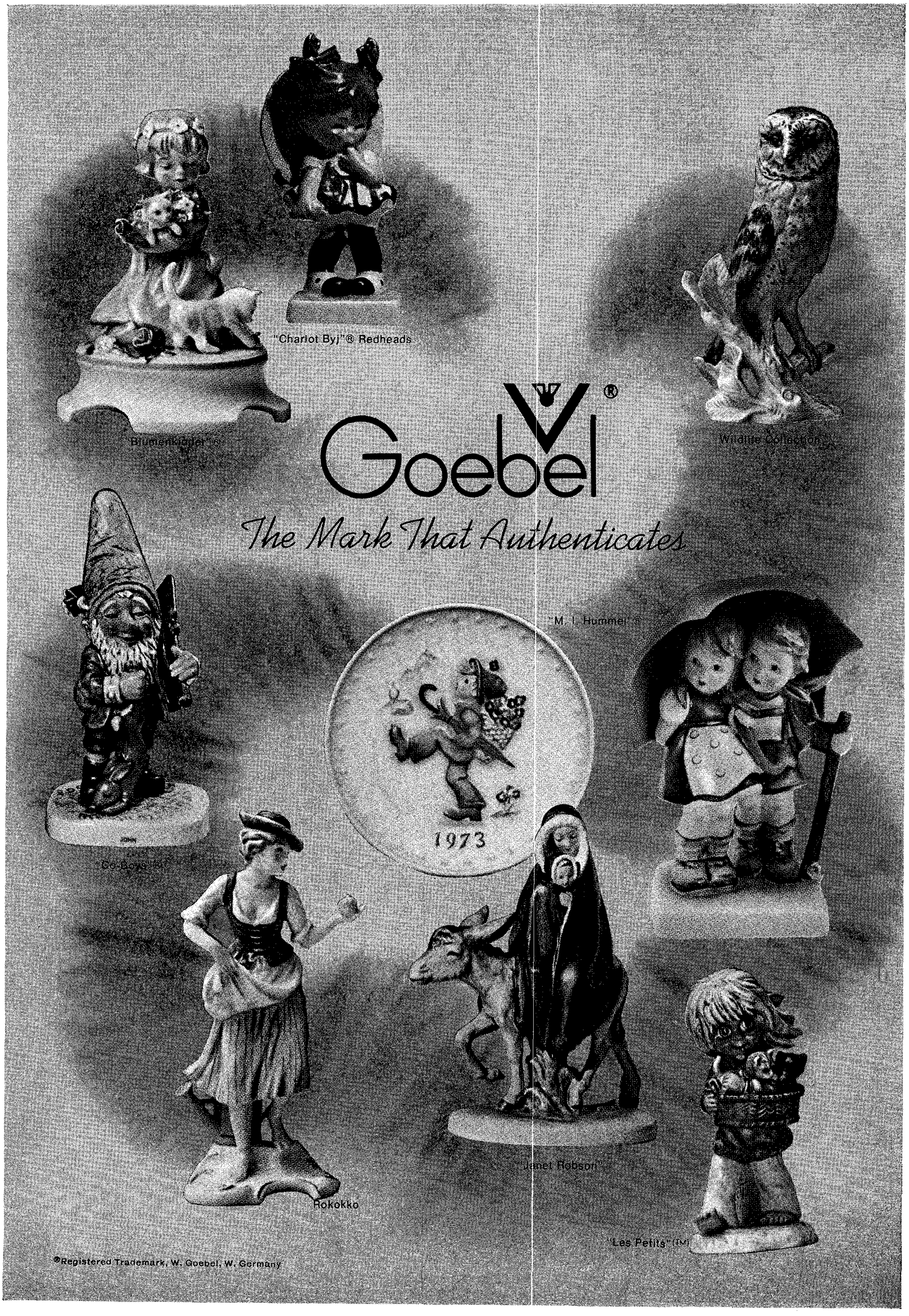
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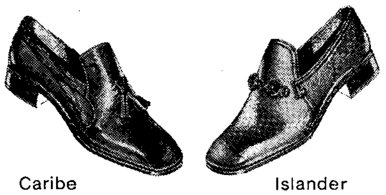

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free soon. The Judge ordered his clerk to hold the case until he had a chance to consult with the doctor, and the prisoner was led back to the lockup.

A tall black man with an Afro and a thick, droopy mustache who was accused of stabbing a man then took the stand. The arresting officer testified that the victim, a derelict, was known to be around but couldn't be located. "Well, we can't prosecute with an unwilling victim," the Judge said. "Case dismissed."

Then a short Irish girl with a blazing red face was called to the stand and charged with using the telephone to harass a young man who was in a seminary studying for the priesthood. The girl had a court-appointed lawyer—the tiny, sharp-faced man who had been outside the courtroom when I arrived—and he went up to the bench for a conference with the Judge. After a couple of minutes, Judge Adlow ended the conversation with a nod and turned to the girl. "This kind of behavior is very annoying," he told her. "You can't go on hounding a man like this. He has a right to privacy."

"But I love him," she said quietly, and turned a shade redder.

"That gives you no right to invade his privacy," the Judge retorted, and sentenced her to three months' observation in a mental hospital.

The man who broke into the same building and the same apartment repeatedly was called to the dock again and waited patiently there as the Judge conferred for a few minutes with the court doctor. When they concluded, Judge Adlow turned to the prisoner and asked, "Have you ever been to the state farm?" The man nodded, and the Judge asked, gently, "Do you want to go there now?" When the prisoner answered that he did, the charge of breaking and entering was reduced to disorderly conduct, and he was given an indeterminate sentence at the state farm.

There was a brief delay while Judge Adlow went over some papers with his clerk, who then called out a man's name and added, "alias Gertrude." A slight figure with a small, demure face, a wide mouth, large mascaraed eyes, and dyed-blond hair teased on top and curled at the shoulder-length ends appeared through the door from the lockup and went up to the wall of the dock. A middle-aged woman with gray hair and spectacles took the witness stand. Under questioning by another police prosecutor, she stated that she had been walking along a sidewalk one evening several weeks before when she passed what she thought were two girls headed in the opposite direction. The next thing she knew, she went on, someone hit her on the head from behind, shoved her to the ground, took her handbag, and fled. Subsequently, she had identified the prisoner from a photograph the police showed her. Another court-appointed lawyer asked a few questions on cross-examination, and, to his obvious surprise and the Judge's obvious displeasure, the witness suddenly admitted that everything had happened so quickly she couldn't be certain now that the defendant had been one of the muggers.

In any strict court of law, that would have brought an immediate acquittal, but Judge Adlow merely broke in and asked, in a loud voice, "Who took the purse?"

"The other drag," the police prosecutor answered. "He, or she, is out on bail, and was supposed to be here but didn't show."

"It's a messy situation," the Judge said. "I'm generally sympathetic to homosexuals, but not when they dress up like girls and mug helpless women." Then he reduced the charge of robbery with force—a felony that is punishable in Massachusetts by up to life imprisonment—to disorderly conduct and larceny of the person, and sentenced the prisoner to three months in the house of correction.

After that, a tall white boy of about twenty with a beard and long hair fastened in a ponytail took the stand and pleaded not guilty to a charge of disorderly conduct—filed against him by a policeman who told the court that he had politely asked the boy to move a Volkswagen van from beside a fire hydrant, that the defendant had cursed him, and that after he had been given a ticket he tore it up and swore some more.

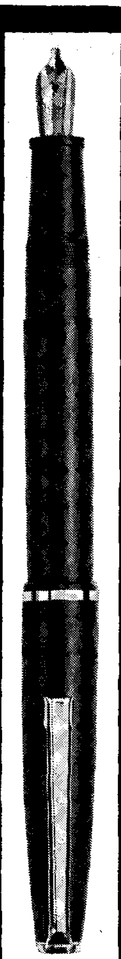
"You want a lawyer?" Judge Adlow asked the young man.

"I want to act as my own attorney," the boy answered.

The Judge looked at him wearily, and asked, "You ready to go to trial?"

"Yes. I'd like to tell my story."

Looking even wearier, the Judge ordered him to sign a waiver of his right to a lawyer. Then the officer described the incident, the boy described his version of it, including an admission that he had torn up the ticket and a denial that he had disobeyed or sworn at the policeman. Finally, Judge



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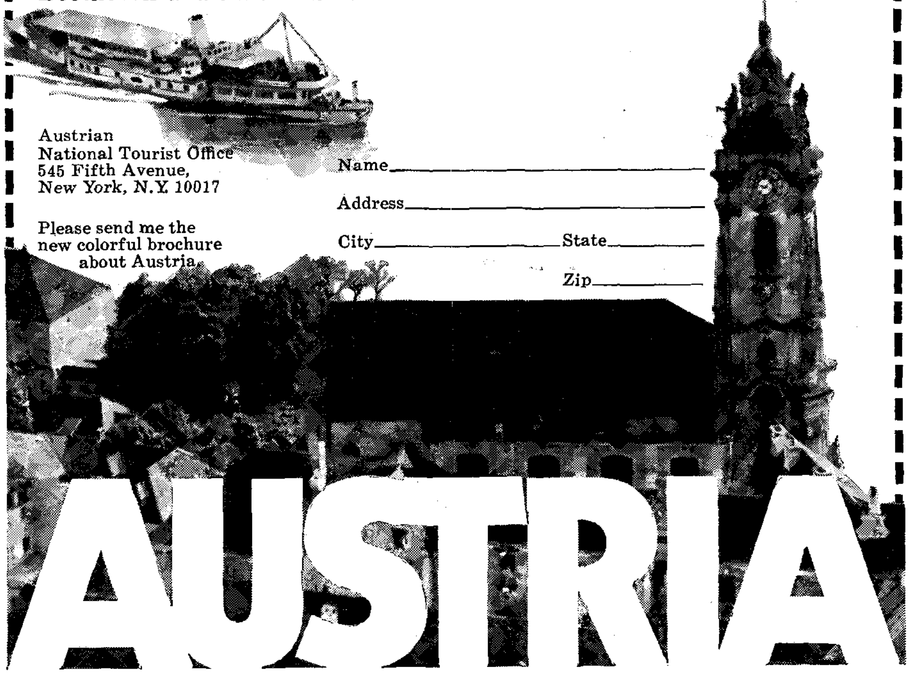

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Adlow stopped him and said, "You shouldn't have got involved in such a petty matter. You ought to know by now that you can't win an argument with a policeman. You shouldn't have torn up that ticket, and you shouldn't have used obscenities. Ten dollars for disorderly conduct."

Another name was called, and a muscular young black man in a white shirt appeared in the dock. He had been released from prison earlier that morning after serving a six-month sentence on a conviction for robbery, and had been brought to court to answer to a couple of other charges—possession of drugs and possession of weapons—that had been lodged against him before he was tried and sent away for robbery. Judge Adlow studied some papers, then looked at the prisoner and said, "There is no previous record of convictions aside from the one you have served time for, so if you plead guilty now I'll give you a six-month suspended sentence on each charge." Clearly, no middleman was necessary to conduct plea bargaining in this court, for the prisoner wasn't even offered a lawyer, as far as I heard. He eagerly accepted the proposal, and hurried out of the dock and the courtroom a free man. "Maybe he learned something from the time he served," the Judge remarked, to no one in particular. "There's no point in sending him straight back to prison without giving him a chance."

The two young men who had been charged with assault, larceny, and automobile theft earlier and had been assigned a lawyer when their own failed to show up were now recalled to the stand. When they came forward, they were accompanied not by the old man with trembling hands who had been assigned to the case but by a young man, apparently the lawyer they had been waiting for. The state's case was presented by one witness—a tall, handsome fellow of about twenty who testified that he and some friends had put up two hundred and seventy dollars to buy a pound of marijuana for a party, that he went to the apartment of the defendants, from whom he had previously bought marijuana, and that as soon as they let him into their place they fell on him and beat him up. Later, he added, they pistol-whipped and kicked him, and kept him prisoner in a small storeroom throughout the night. Finally, he said, he jumped out of a second-story window, minus his shoes, his money, and the keys to his car, which the defendants subsequently fled in, and ran until he found a policeman, who took him to a hospital. When he

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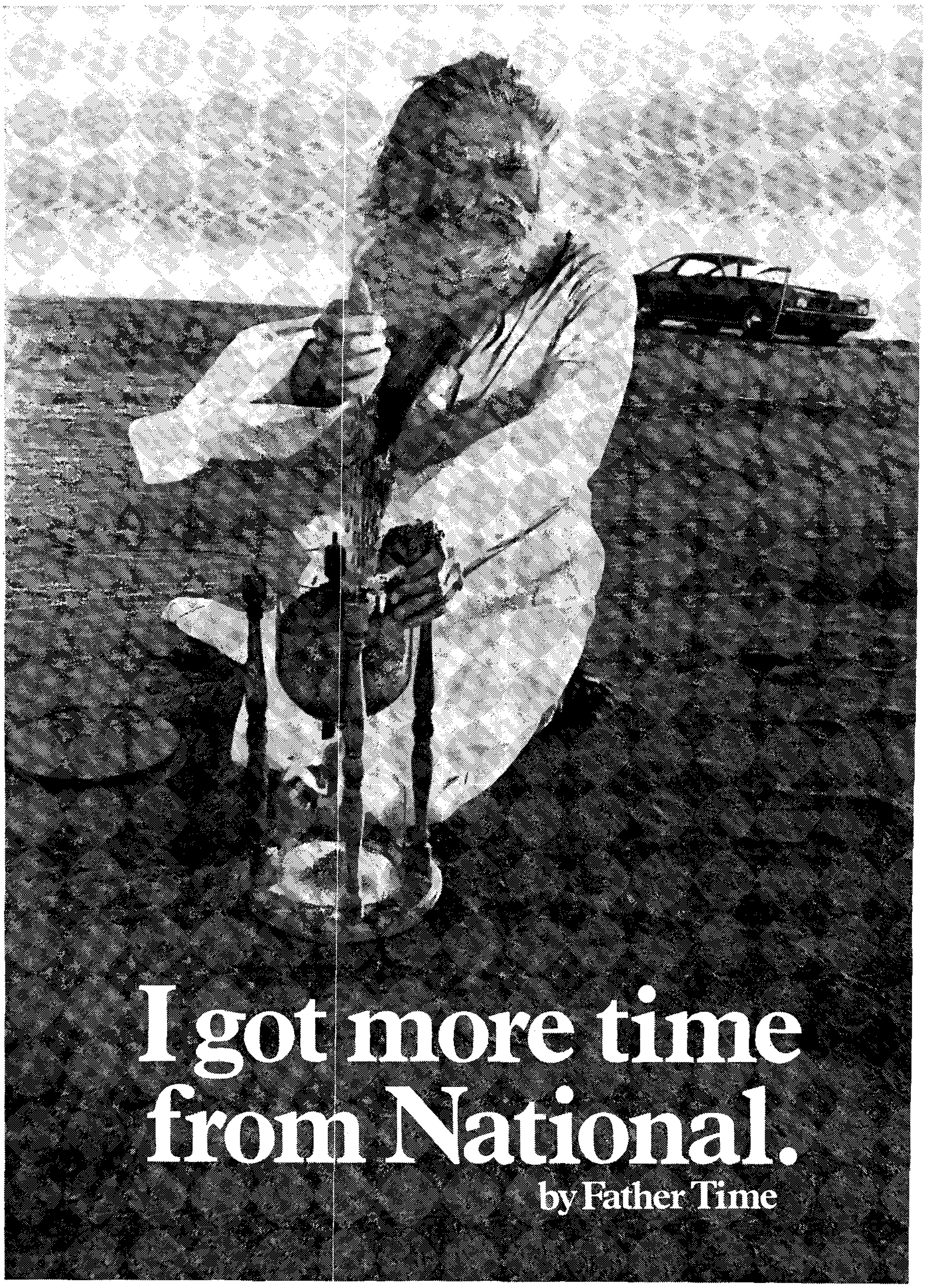
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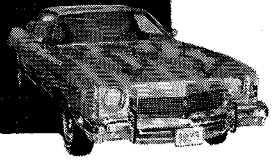

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finished, the defense lawyer objected that there was no corroborative evidence whatever, and asked for a dismissal. Judge Adlow ignored the request and, remarking that the alleged sale of marijuana was already being considered by a grand jury, added, "This is a serious case. I'm going to send these charges to the grand jury, too. Bail for each defendant is continued at four thousand dollars."

Two middle-aged women, one a plump Italian and the other a spindly Puerto Rican, made their way forward from the audience when the next case was called and took their places, the first at the witness stand and the second at the bar. Half a dozen youngsters, ranging in age from around ten years to about twenty followed the Puerto Rican woman, and three teenagers followed the Italian woman. When they were all settled, a police officer told the court that the defendant had repeatedly, over a period of three years, telephoned the witness, either to scream obscenities at her or to remain silent until the receiver on the other end was hung up. The calls, he went on, had begun after an unexplained fracas between the children of the two women, who lived in the same apartment building. Next, a woman from the telephone company took the stand and testified that a tap had been placed on the Puerto Rican woman's line and that *thirty-nine* such calls had been made from her telephone during a few months. When she stepped down, the Puerto Rican woman, who spoke almost no English, suddenly began screaming at the Italian woman, who began screaming back. Judge Adlow jumped to his feet and shouted, "Shut up, both of you! Shut up!" When they subsided, he went on, "I want to stop this war. There's such a thing as being driven nuts by calls like this." The two women looked at him, and then began screaming at each other again. He ordered them to be silent, and when they were he resumed his seat. "I'm looking for a solution," he said after a moment's thought. "I don't know what to do. We know we can't shoot both of them," he added gloomily. Finally, he asked the Puerto Rican woman's lawyer—a tall, thin man with a pencil-line mustache—what might be done, and the lawyer shrugged. Just then, a boy of about eighteen who appeared to be the Italian woman's son rose from a bench behind her and began to speak. "Will you shut up and sit down?" the Judge cried. Looking crestfallen, the boy did both, whereupon the Judge turned to the defense lawyer and said, "These calls come from your client's

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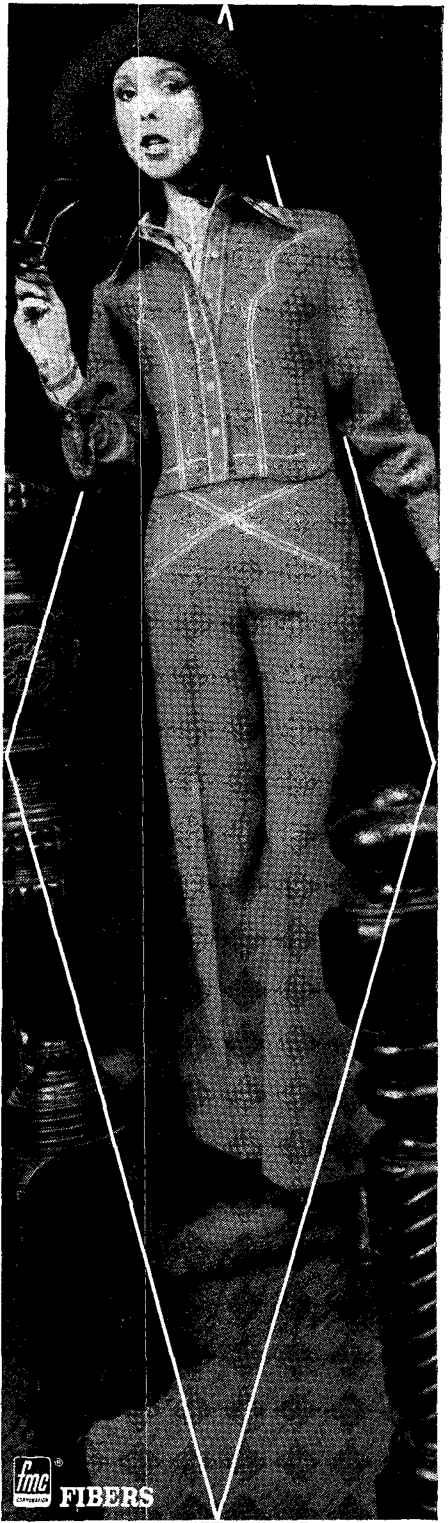

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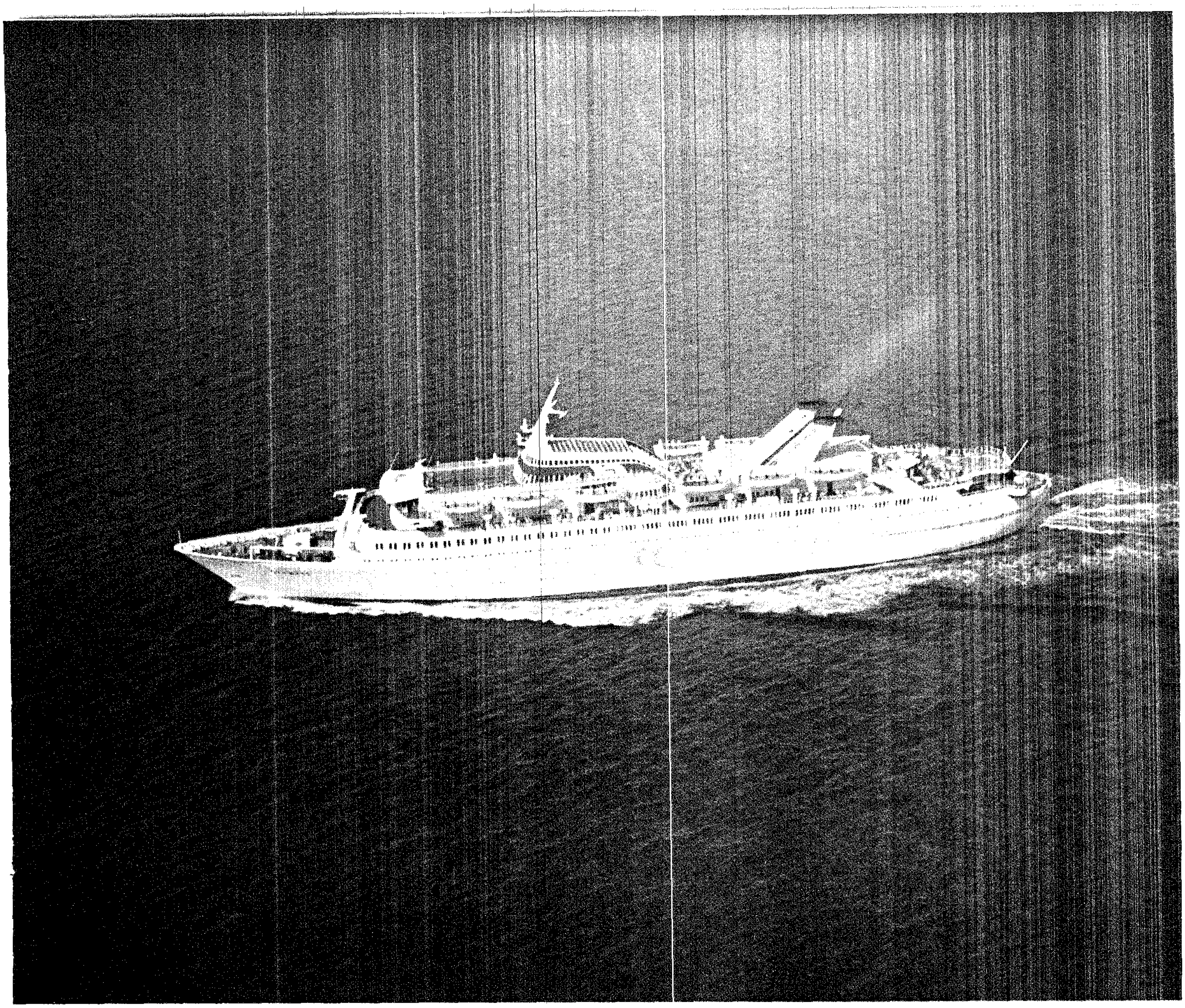

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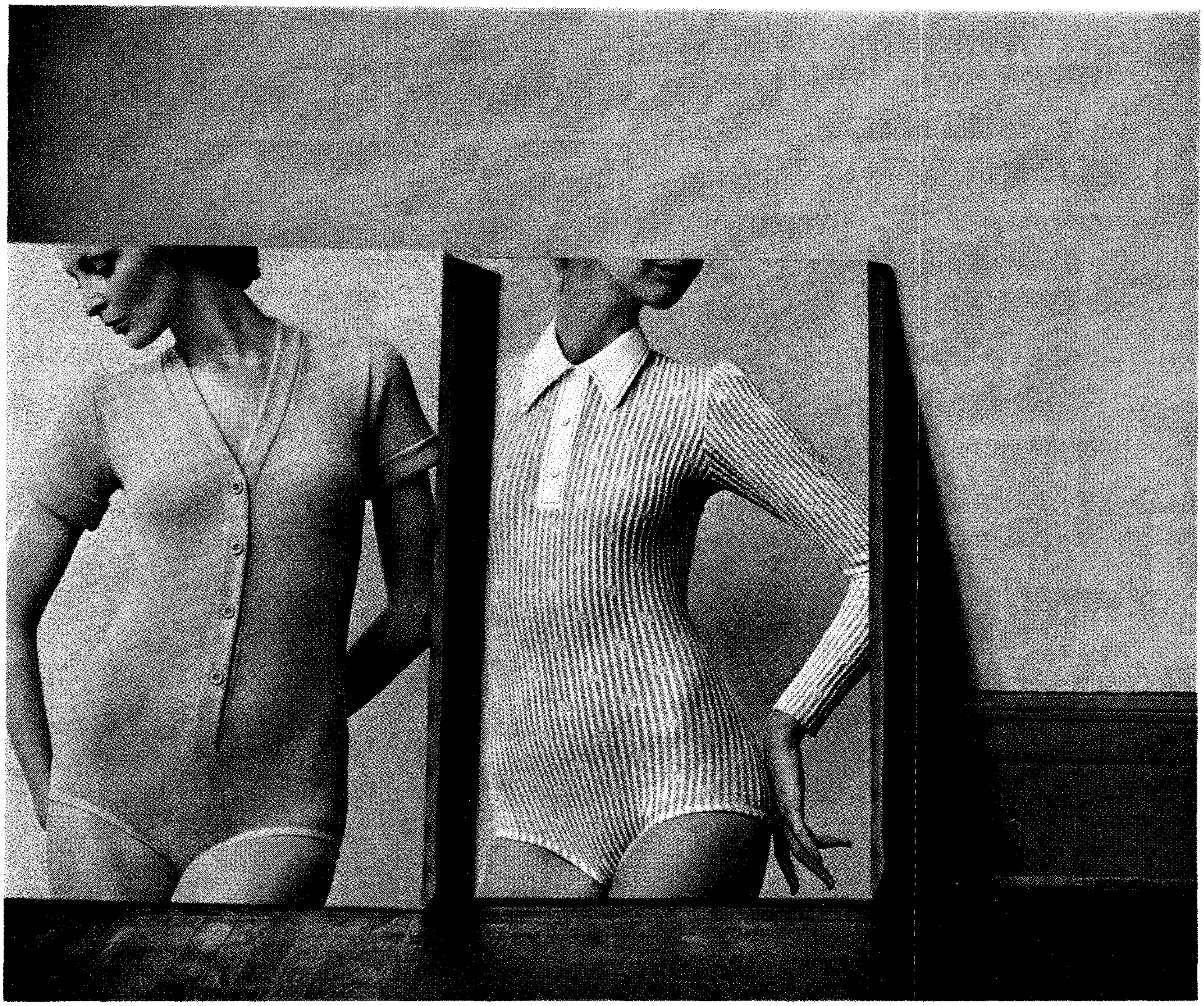

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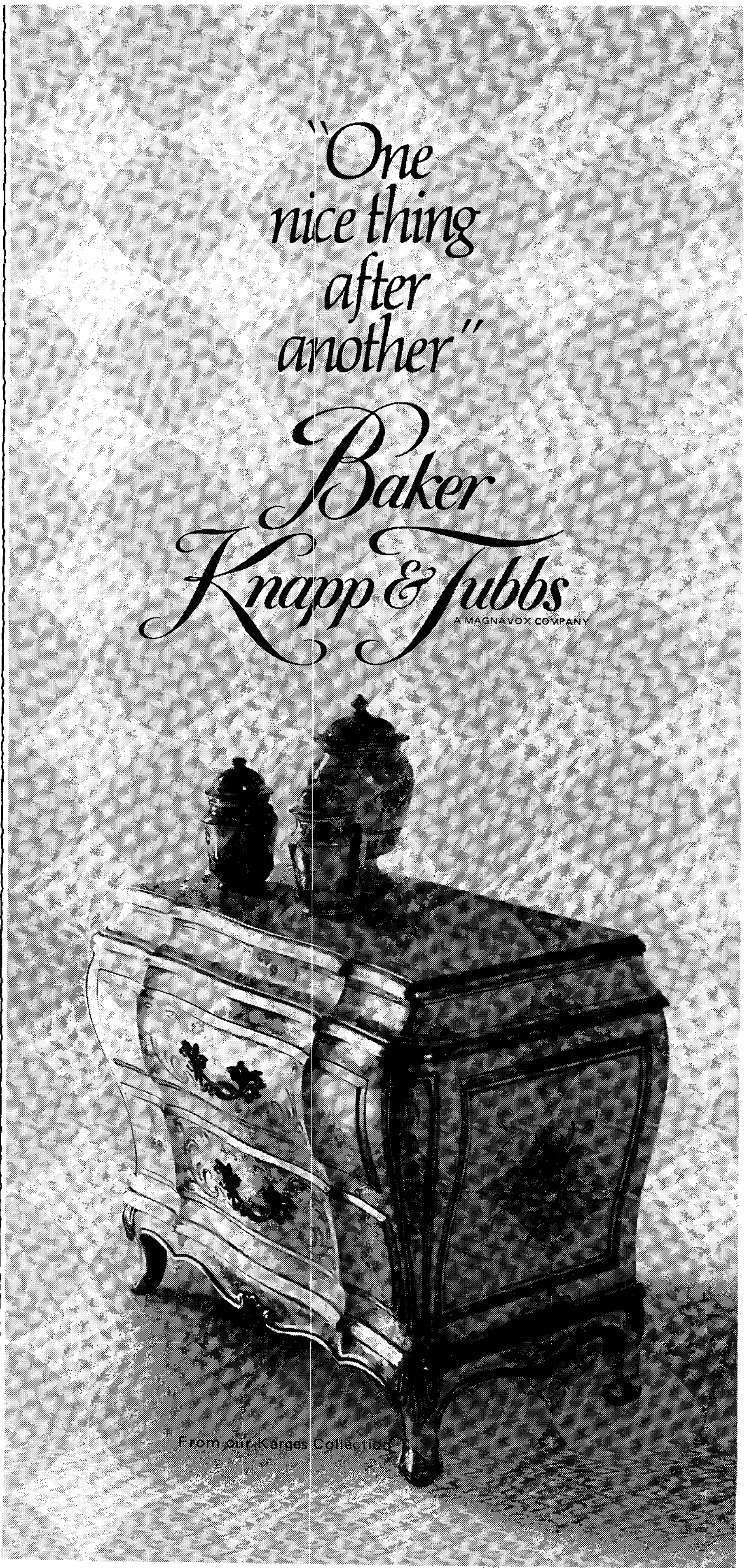
house, and she's responsible for them. I don't see why this court should be bothered by a petty feud like this. I say that the telephone will be taken out unless you can straighten this thing out right now." The lawyer protested that there were seven people in the family and that they needed the telephone. Judge Adlow looked at him in exasperation. "I have to solve all the problems around here," he said. "Is it right that in my old age I should have to umpire a catfight? All right, I find her guilty and fine her fifty dollars. Next time, the phone will be removed." The lawyer whispered to the defendant, who replied heatedly in Spanish, and then he told the Judge, "We appeal." That meant a full-scale jury trial in superior court, maybe a stiffer sentence, and certainly additional legal expenses.

The final case that day was the most serious and the briefest—the conviction of two quiet-looking, respectably dressed white men in their early twenties who confessed that they had held up a McDonald's hamburger stand with a toy pistol, had locked four employees in a refrigerator, and had made off with four thousand dollars. The reward for their plea of guilty was a reduction of the charge from armed robbery, a felony, to larceny and assault, a misdemeanor, and their sentence was an indeterminate stay of up to two and a half years in the Massachusetts Correctional Institution at Concord. When the clerk announced the sentence, a woman in the audience burst into loud sobs and fell weeping against the shoulder of a priest sitting beside her. The two young men were led away by a court officer, and the woman's wailing rose to a high pitch, then abruptly stopped as the door to the lockup closed behind them.

With that, court adjourned. It was fifteen minutes before twelve o'clock—two hours and fifteen minutes and twenty-four cases after it had convened.

AFTER court adjourned, I visited Judge Adlow briefly in his chambers—a large, high-ceilinged room with bookcases around the walls and, above them, portraits of earlier chief justices of that court. At the far end was a desk with a swivel chair behind it and, to one side, a leather armchair. Judge Adlow gestured toward the armchair, and, once we were seated, I asked him what kind of day that had been for him, and he replied at once, "Typical—very typical. Except for that last case, anyway. Those two boys had no record, and it's rare here to send a defendant to jail for a first offense. But they com-



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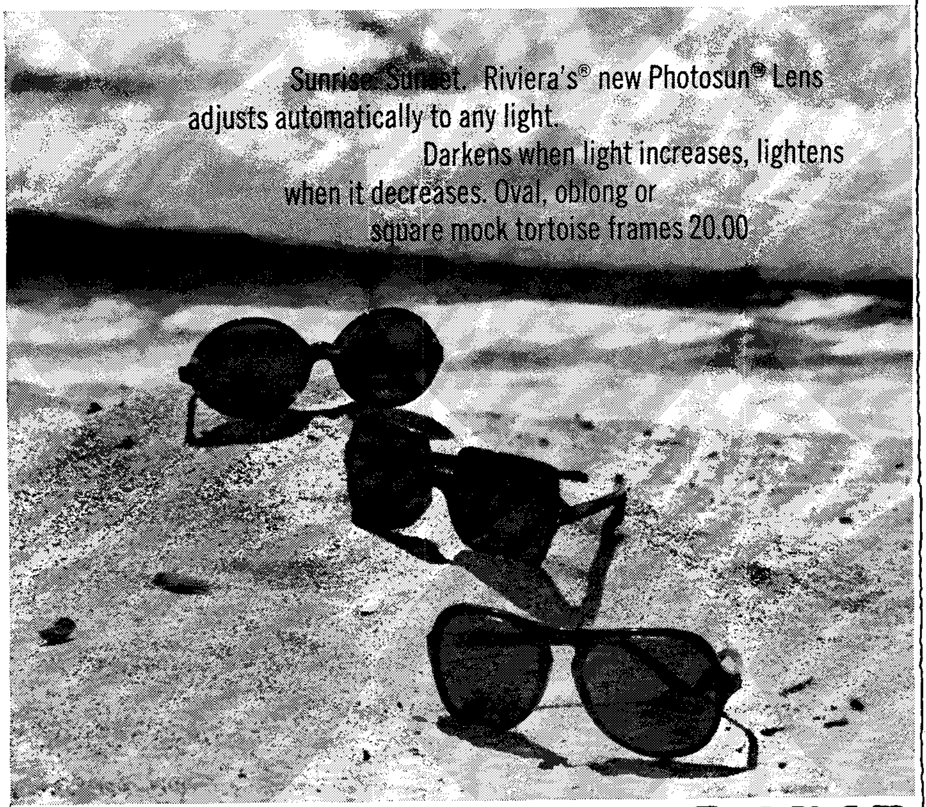
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mitted a serious crime. Locking people in a refrigerator is no joke. I couldn't just let them walk out of here free men. I have to protect society. If they had gotten probation, which would have been the usual sentence, they probably would have gone out and committed another crime tomorrow. I believe a bit of severity often helps—not always but in half the cases, anyway. But occasionally an innocent person gets convicted. One has to be very, very careful, because a criminal record hurts people. Take that girl who was accused of going to bed with a Chinaman. Although she had no record, I put her on probation—and that means having a record—because I had to keep her under the jurisdiction of the court in order to make sure that she stays on that drug-treatment program. If she doesn't, I'll suspend her probation and send her away." In this case, Judge Adlow rejected an alternative used by many other judges in the Commonwealth—continuing a case for a given period without a finding. Under that method, which has no statutory basis in Massachusetts but is used by judges who want to avoid stigmatizing defendants with records of convictions, the charge is dropped and erased from the books if the defendant obeys the orders of the court for what amounts to a probationary period. But, like some other judges, Adlow usually ignored that alternative and, as I had seen in the case of the transvestite—who was not identified by the victim of the crime that was charged, and thus was denied due process of law—gave criminal records to people who were legally innocent.

Suddenly Judge Adlow jumped up, excused himself, and hurried to the door. "What about that fag with the razor blade?" he shouted—to his clerk, I assumed. He listened for a moment, then returned to his chair and sat down. "That transvestite claimed after he was taken back to jail that he had swallowed half a razor blade," the Judge explained. "But he won't let himself be examined. It's undoubtedly a ruse."

I said that most of the cases disposed of that day seemed rather petty, old-fashioned disorder instead of the kind of hard crime the public is so alarmed about, and Judge Adlow nodded eagerly. "Mostly it's very ordinary stuff—family squabbles, drunkenness, fights, and petty thefts," he said. "Half of these defendants are mental cases. They come up before me here time after time. Take that fellow who keeps breaking into that apartment and drinking the tenant's whiskey. Why,

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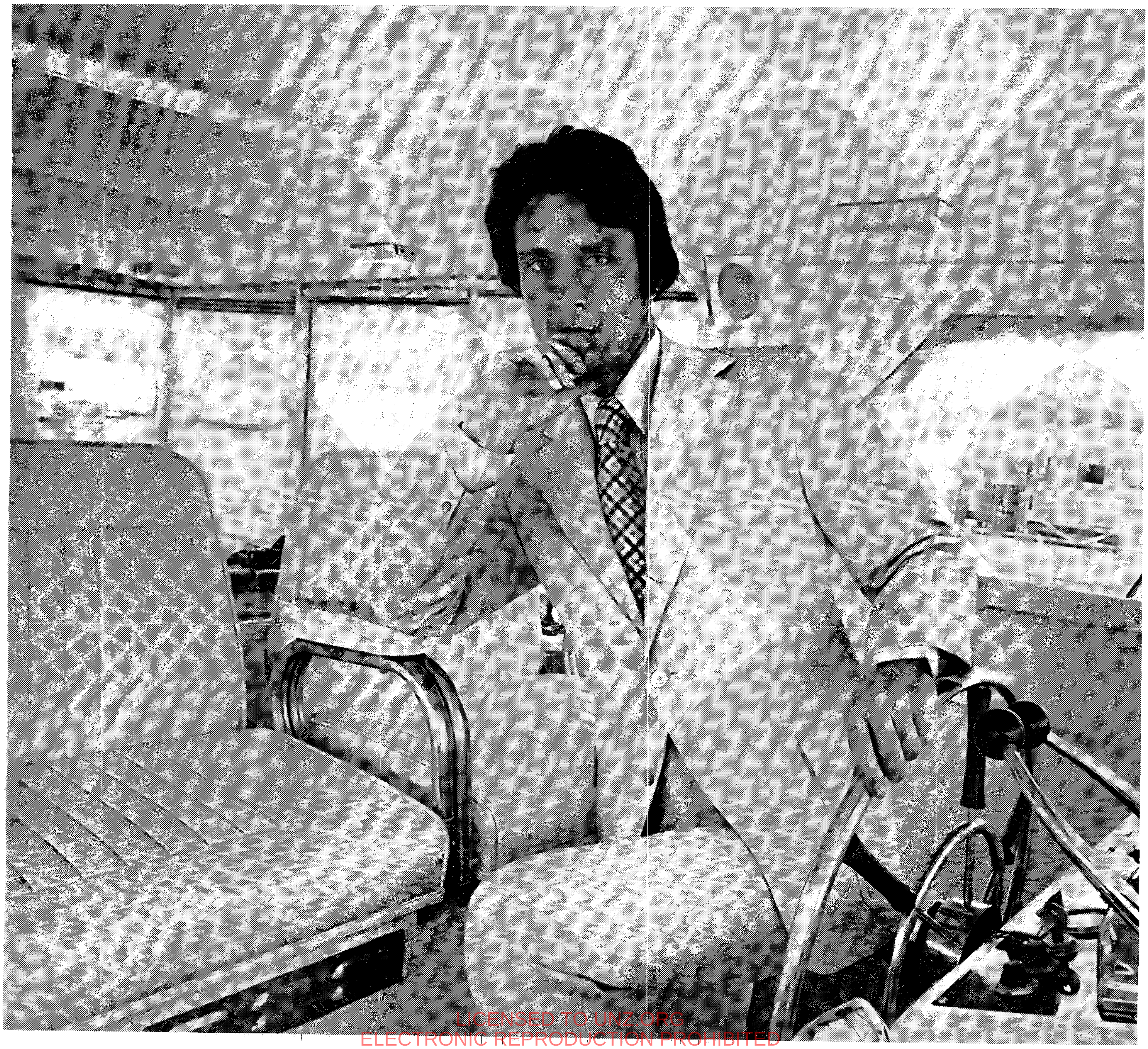
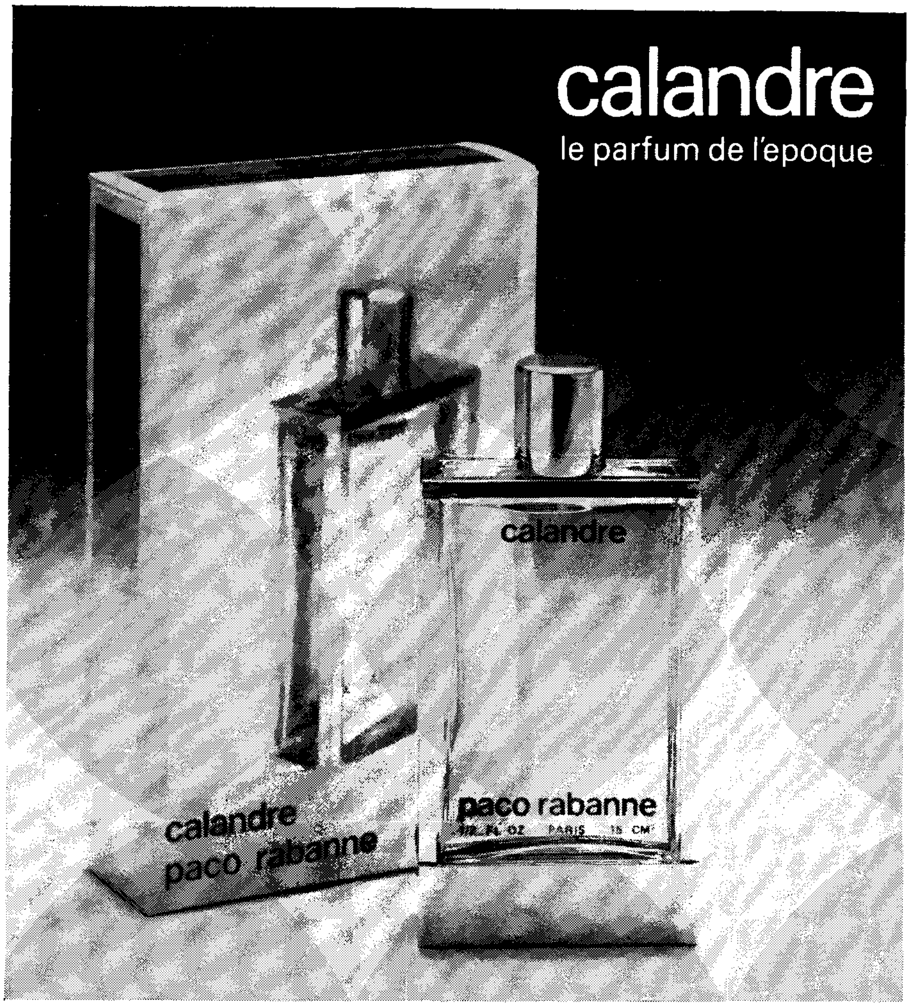


he *owns* that apartment building! The tenant used to put up with his antics, but he finally got tired of them, so now it's a crime. Or take that little girl who pestered the seminarian. If she was allowed to go on like that, she might do something worse."

I asked what effect Supreme Court decisions on criminal-law procedures had had on his court in recent years, and Judge Adlow leaped to his feet and began chopping the air with both fists as if pounding on a desk. "Take those two bitches screaming at each other!" he cried excitedly. "What's the Supreme Court got to do with *them*? Or those drunks! It's a farce that I have to ask every one of them if he wants a lawyer." He did not mention that this requirement existed under state law nine years before the Supreme Court ordered it in such cases, but continued, "The trouble with the Supreme Court is that it ignores the reality of what day-to-day criminal courts are like. It behaves as if defendants are normal, reasonable people who, at worst, are misguided and maybe need psychiatric help." He paused, and I asked if that wasn't more or less the way he had just characterized the cases he handled daily, but he ignored my question and went on, "The Court just doesn't know what goes on in a place like this. And the reformers are even worse. They have a-priori concepts about poor people and black people, and believe they can be changed in their attitudes and their habits. That's just unrealistic!" He broke off suddenly and hurried over to a bookcase, pulled out a large looseleaf volume from a shelf, and came over to show it to me. It contained a number of cases that he had kept a record of because he found them particularly interesting, and he pointed out that many of the defendants listed had been convicted of several crimes—some as many as two dozen—but had not served any time in jail. I asked if he took this to mean that courts do coddle criminals, and he nodded vigorously and began chopping the air again. "They do! They do!" he cried. "They send these people back into the streets, where they're bound to become confirmed criminals."

I mentioned the widely held theory that it was primarily prisons where people became confirmed criminals, but Judge Adlow insisted that the streets of a city like Boston were far more harmful to the average wrongdoer. "If they're let off and go back to the streets, they're bound to go on behaving as they did before," he explained. "What's worse, they're a constant ex-



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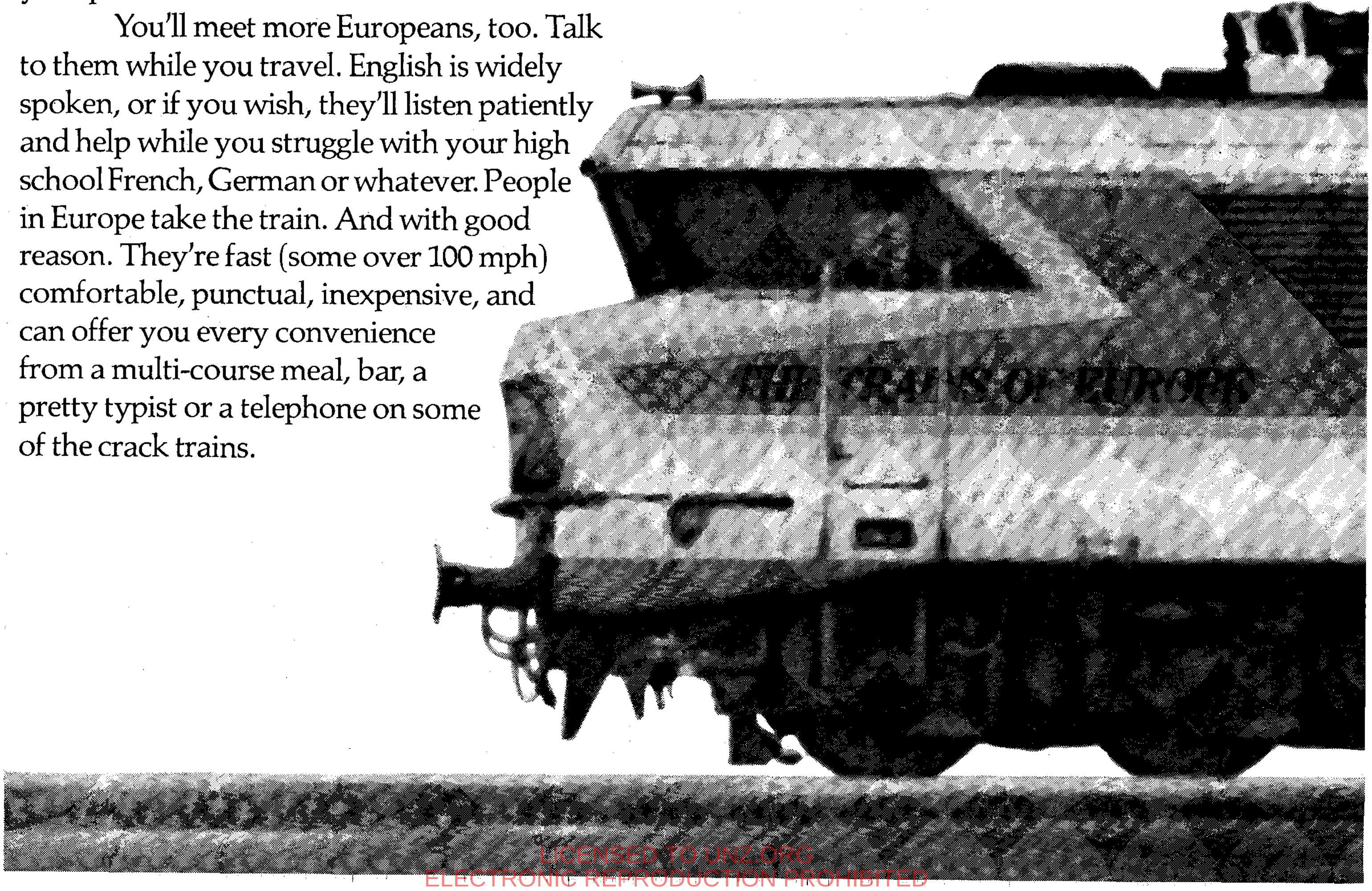

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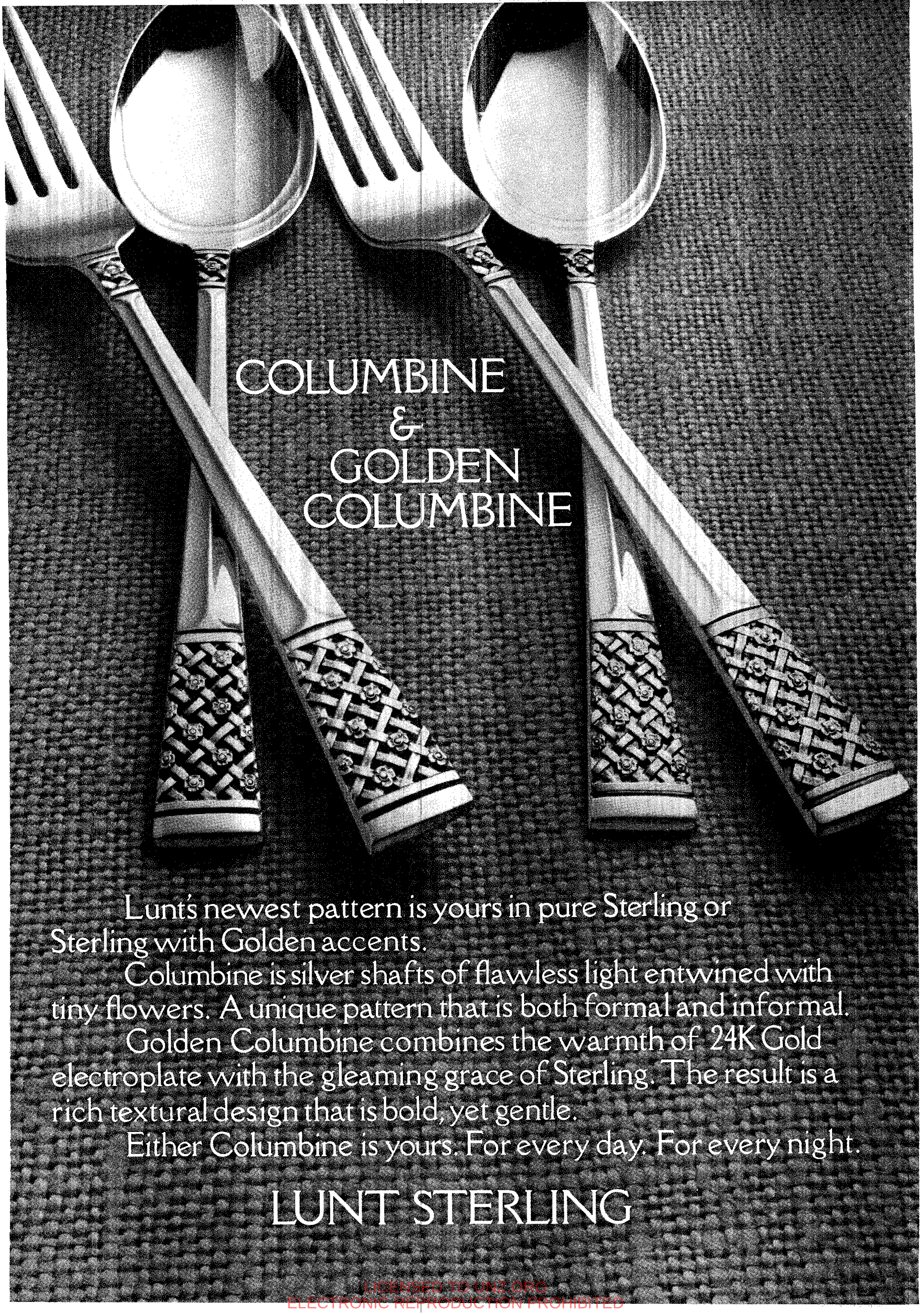
ample that you can get away with just about anything."

A couple of minutes later, I got up to go, and the Judge went with me to the door. Before leaving, I mentioned that I had been curious about the lawyers in the front row and how he chose them. "Oh, they're mostly young fellows," he said, looking away. "I take care of them." I asked about the quality of legal representation before his court in general, and he waved a hand in exasperation. "Almost *all* lawyers are terrible," he said. "Terrible."

THE Supreme Court's order last year that any defendant in a criminal case who faces imprisonment for any length of time must be provided with a lawyer if he or she wants but cannot afford one has undoubtedly contributed to the welfare of members of the legal profession, but it is unlikely to be of much benefit to their clients. A recent study made in Massachusetts, where a similar rule was enacted in 1963, revealed some unexpected results of free legal counsel for the poor in criminal prosecutions. One was that among the defendants with court-assigned lawyers who pleaded not guilty seventeen per cent were found not guilty, whereas among the defendants *without* lawyers who pleaded not guilty thirty-seven per cent were found not guilty. Another result was that when it came to the sentencing of those who were found guilty, twelve per cent of the defendants who had no lawyers were sent to jail, while thirty-five per cent of the defendants who had assigned lawyers were sent to jail. A number of factors may have influenced these figures. For one, the guilty undoubtedly feel more need for legal counsel than the innocent, and are more likely to be convicted and imprisoned. For another, many judges apparently share Judge Adlow's resentment toward lawyers who get in the way and slow things down, and are probably inclined to punish the defendant who prefers to rely on a lawyer's skill rather than on a judge's indulgence. Most of all, though, it appears that the general run of lawyers who practice before criminal courts are not exactly a bunch of Clarence Darrows. Before visiting Boston, I spoke with several people in New York who were particularly concerned about, and familiar with, the kind of legal defense that is commonly provided ordinary criminal defendants in this country, and they expressed, unanimously, the same opinion about the competence of most criminal lawyers that I was later to hear from Judge Adlow. One man I talked with was



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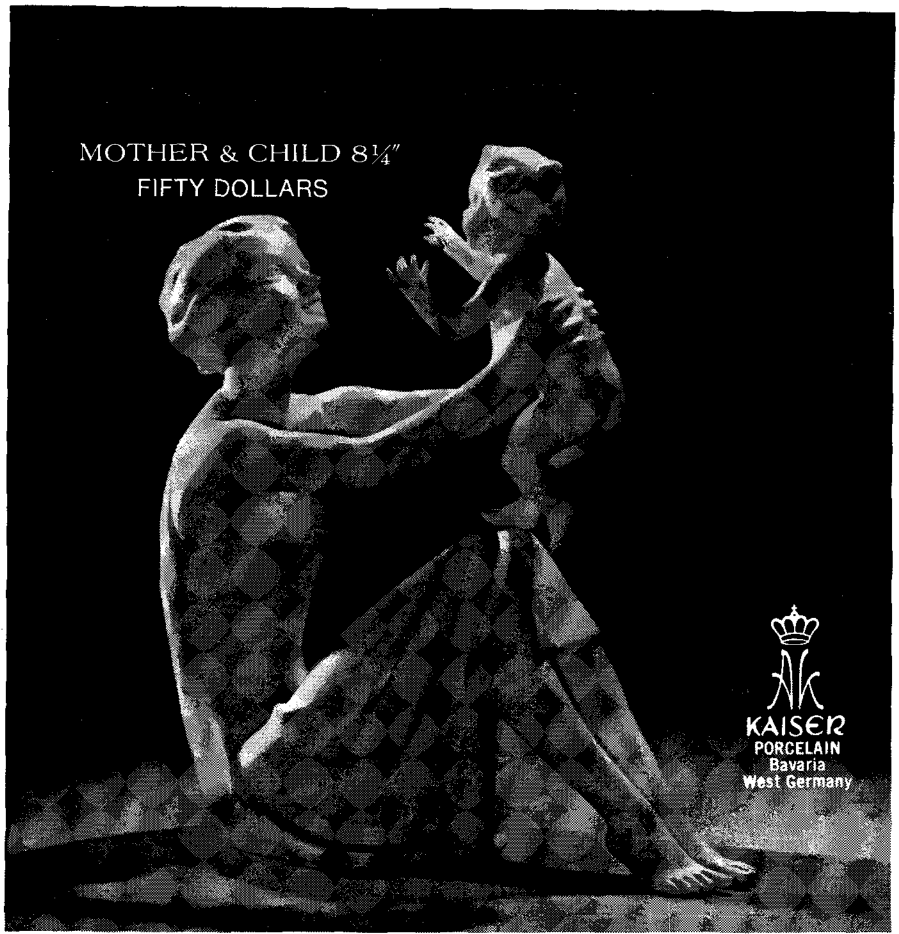
Harold Rothwax, a judge on the Criminal Court—New York City's equivalent of the Boston Municipal Court—who had served as an associate attorney of the Legal Aid Society in New York City and was known as one of the ablest trial lawyers around before he went on the bench. "The incompetency of trial lawyers is stupefying," Judge Rothwax said. "The lawyers who appear before me are almost all incredibly inept—the most inept people I've ever met in any field. Yesterday, a lawyer came up to the bench to plea-bargain—that is, to see what I would reduce the charge to if his client pleaded guilty. The lawyer had never set eyes on his client, and he simply didn't know the law. I had to reject his plea, because I thought he couldn't be trusted to represent the defendant fairly. Now, that was a legal-aid lawyer. Private lawyers are usually even worse. Many of them hang around criminal courts and pick up clients who are bewildered and desperate. These lawyers charge anywhere from a hundred dollars to five hundred dollars a case, and they often take in fifty to sixty thousand dollars a year—for doing next to nothing and doing it very badly. I know some of them who have practiced in the criminal courts for thirty years and have never gone to trial. They don't even read the papers in the cases they handle."

The defendant who can afford a few hundred dollars for a lawyer is usually worse off than the defendant who can't afford anything. When parents and relatives of defendants scrape up a couple of hundred dollars to hire a private lawyer, they virtually assure that the defendant will end up with a lawyer who will devote perhaps fifteen minutes to the case, and talk him into pleading guilty, even if he is innocent, to whatever lesser charge the prosecution offers. Since prosecutors invariably file charges that are more serious than they are prepared to accept, the final settlement is very often what the defendant would have received if there had been no lawyers around on either side to plea-bargain in the first place. The defendant who is destitute, however, has a chance of getting a lawyer—from a local legal-aid society or public-defender group—who may be better, though not a lot better, than his private counterpart. One reason the public defender is likely to be better is that he obviously hasn't gone into the business to make money, like the hack lawyer who makes a sizable living by running ignorant clients through the mill. Another reason is that the public



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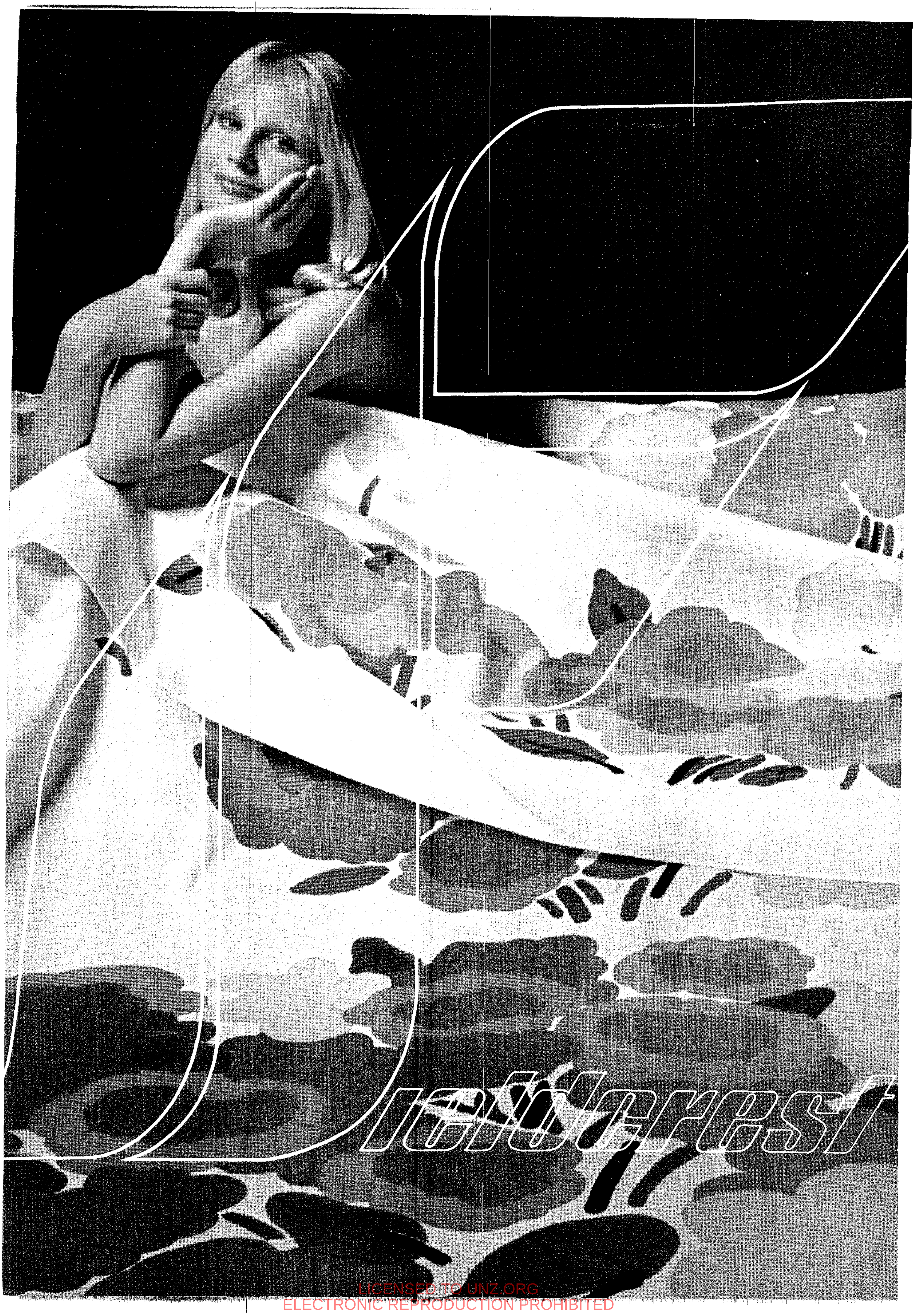

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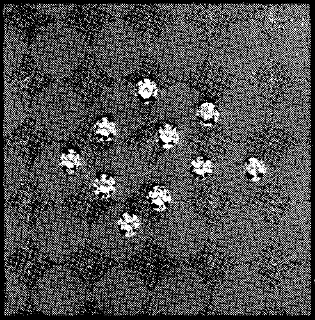

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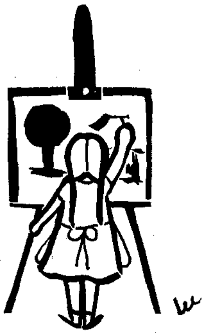
defender who has any intelligence quickly learns the ropes and discovers ways to help a client. On the other hand, though, public defenders are also crippled by huge case loads that often compel them to rush through cases with scarcely any concern for the client's interests.

With or without a lawyer, a defendant will also have a better chance of favorable treatment if he is guilty than if he is innocent. Since judges, prosecutors, and defense lawyers generally share the opinion that an extremely large proportion of defendants in criminal cases are guilty—ninety per cent was the figure I heard cited most often—there is a strong tendency among them to assume that *all* defendants are guilty. "Because of that, the system favors the guilty over the innocent," Paul Chevigny, who works for the New York Civil Liberties Union, told me. "If a man is guilty of a serious crime and pleads guilty to a lesser charge, he may get a year when actually he should be locked up in an institution for the criminally insane. But if he is innocent and is going through the mill on a typical crowded day, everybody will figure that he's like the rest of them, and he'll get treated in the same way."

After a public defender has spent a couple of years dealing with poor defendants, he usually learns to talk the language of the streets and to distinguish between clients who are lying and clients who are telling the truth. Having spent most of the rest of his work time during that period in the company of prosecutors, policemen, and court personnel, he is sometimes able, through personal contacts, to get a better deal for defendants who appear to be innocent. Of course, the use of that advantage violates the basic principle that all men are equal before the law. If those who are guilty do not get decent representation in court, then the claims that we make for our system of justice are a fraud. "Almost *nobody* in our system gets decent representation of *any* kind," Judge Rothwax said. "And innocent people are convicted along with the guilty."



In 1963, the Warren Court ordered that defendants in state criminal cases of a serious nature—generally taken to mean felony cases—must be provided with legal counsel if they could not afford to retain their own. (In 1972, the Burger Court expanded this rule to include defendants in all cases in which jail sentences could be imposed.) Before 1963, poor defendants had been the truly forgotten men in America. Few large cities, where most crime has always been committed, had public defenders—chiefly because most bar associations opposed them, on the ground that they would take away private business—and the bulk of defendants were handled by prosecutors and judges much as they pleased. After 1963, something had to be done to meet the Court's order. Some jurisdictions chose to assign private lawyers, on a rotating basis, to paupers, but that wasn't very popular—with many of the lawyers, at least—because fees were strictly limited. Other jurisdictions used that system in part and added to it by using public financing to expand or create public-defender groups, which came to be more acceptable to members of bar associations as they realized that they didn't want that kind of business anyway. Today, legal-aid societies are privately run, and most of them are both privately and publicly financed. The principal difference between the old system and the new one is that whereas most criminal defendants were formerly run through the mill without a lawyer and convicted, now they are run through the mill with a lawyer and convicted.

By and large, public-defender agencies appear to have been designed to fail. The case load assigned to them nationally is so immense that if all the lawyers in the country did nothing but public-defender work for the poor, such organizations would still be understaffed. The pay is so low and the conditions of the work are so dispiriting that few young lawyers want to go into this kind of work. Some of those who do are graduates of third-rate law schools who cannot get jobs elsewhere. Others want trial experience and to make contacts with the local district attorney's office, where an unusually large proportion of them end up. And still others feel that they should help the downtrodden. The last group is probably small and fairly ineffectual. "A young attorney who goes to work for a legal-aid society because he identifies with the underprivileged usually expresses his idealism not in hard work on behalf of his clients but in lofty moralistic conversations about good works with his wife," a lawyer who once headed a large legal-aid society in the Midwest remarked not long ago. "After a couple of years, he'll move on to a private firm if he can, and in later years he'll justify his affluent lot with

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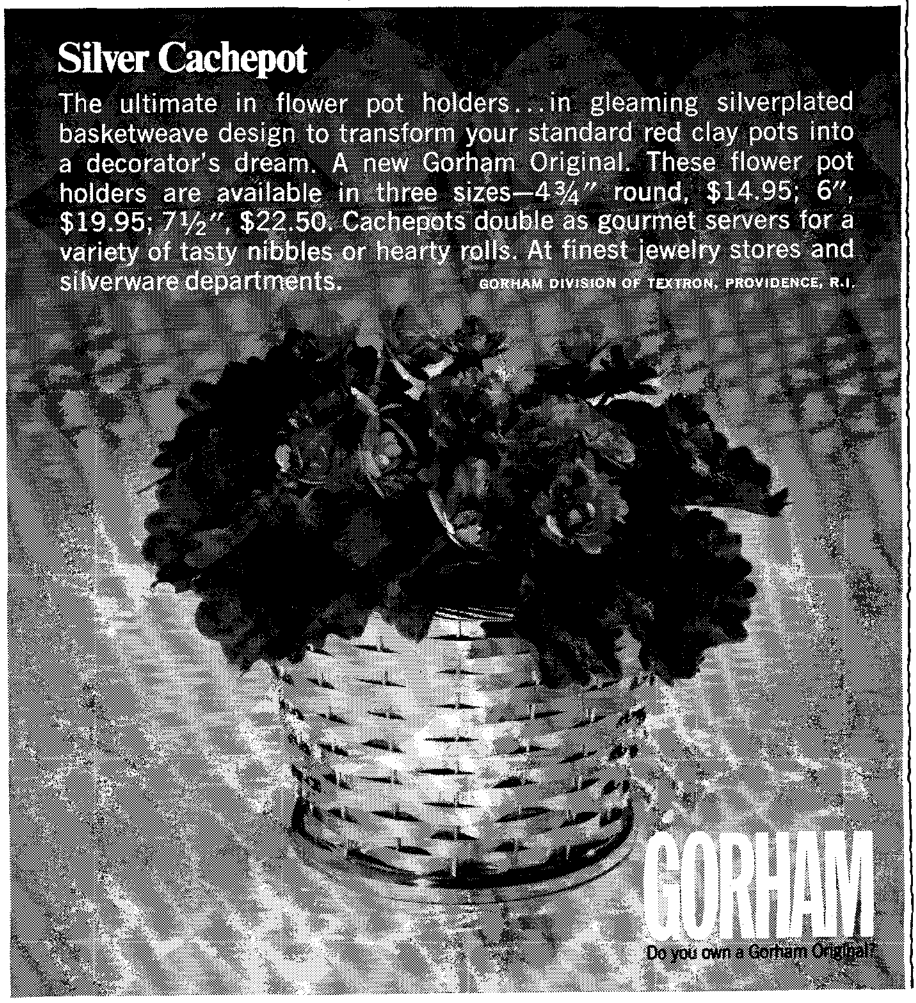

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the comforting thought that he did his stint for the poor." Whatever his motives may be, the young lawyer going to work as a public defender is almost certain to be inadequately trained. Very few law schools use court experience in criminal-law courses. As a result, the young lawyer usually receives his training in criminal-court practice in a criminal court. Some public-defender agencies provide training courses for their staffs, but these are often worse than no training at all, for many of the people who head these outfits are at best badly trained in the law themselves, and at worst incompetent. "That's the main reason that the legal-aid system is such a disaster," Judge Rothwax told me. "Not only do the lawyers involved do their jobs poorly, but most of them haven't even begun to conceive of what legal representation of a client means." As if in corroboration of what Judge Rothwax said, a legal-aid lawyer in New York told me that if he thought a client was a "good guy," he did his best for him in court. "If I don't think so," he went on, "I motion behind his back to the D.A. to raise his bail."

A very common failing among public defenders, I was told by many men who had been involved in that form of legal practice, is contempt for the people they represent. Herbert Sturz, director of the Vera Institute of Justice, which is the leading organization dedicated to reforming the criminal-justice system in this country, recently observed that this attitude grows out of an inclination on the part of public defenders to view themselves as representatives of the established order. "After a while, those who are lawyers for poor people are likely to become very angry at their clients as a group, simply because they mean trouble, and often behave contemptuously toward them," he said. "Generally, legal-aid lawyers don't even bother to introduce themselves to clients—the most elementary civility—but start ordering them around and scoffing at their claims of innocence. The basic question for a lawyer in this position is: Do you represent the client or the system? Most legal-aid lawyers never face this question, but they end up representing a docket—that is, the system—just like a D.A. or a judge."

According to Gary Bellow, who formerly was deputy director of the Legal Aid Agency for the District of Columbia and then worked in the California Rural Legal Assistance project, a highly successful legal-aid program for the poor, financed by the federal Office of Economic Opportunity, and

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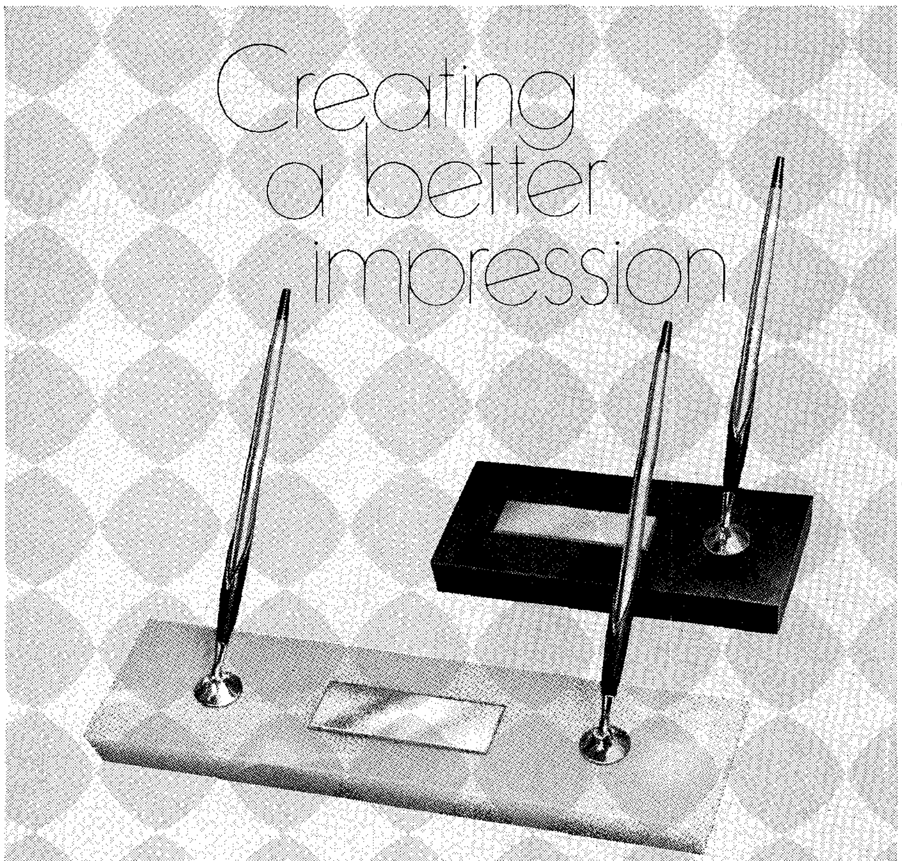

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who is now a professor at the Harvard Law School, it is practically impossible for a lawyer to avoid ending up with that kind of attitude if he stays for long in such work. "All legal-aid lawyers are terrifically overloaded and simply cannot represent their clients properly," he explained. "So it's almost certain that lawyers in this position will come to explain away their failure by treating defendants as numbers who are not worth more than they get. A lawyer in this spot has to explain his failure to himself, so he focusses on the negative things—how the clients are evasive, how they don't show up for appointments, how they smell bad. Then there is also the bureaucracy at work. A legal-aid lawyer tends to think upward, in terms of his boss, not downward, in terms of his client, because there is one boss and a lot of clients. That makes him aware of the embarrassments a client can create for him. Finally, the lawyer realizes that he can't get ahead by doing right—who's going to applaud him for getting a guy who is probably a criminal off?—but that he can get hurt by doing wrong. So he concentrates on not doing wrong, on not rocking his pathetic little boat."

Critics of the public-defender system generally agree that this kind of attitude ultimately leads to the worst failure of all—lack of imagination in reforming the system. "Legal-aid societies have taken almost no initiative in developing alternatives to the ordinary recourse—packing anyone who seems to have offended society off to prison, where he's almost certain to become a worse criminal," Sturz observed. "Legal-aid lawyers think they rely on the traditional fight in court—the old adversary system—but then they undermine what they claim to believe in by plea bargaining. The real point is not whether a man is guilty or innocent. The point is that we must find ways to catch a person at this crucial stage—where he may or may not become a criminal for life—and turn him around and tie him into society. Most communities of any size have a great many resources in the form of job-training programs, psychological clinics, welfare organizations, drug-treatment centers, and such, but legal-aid lawyers almost never use them. If a defendant is a drunk, say, it should be the defense attorney's job to see what facilities for treatment the community offers and then recommend that the court use them instead of sending the fellow off to jail and making him worse. That's what a good private lawyer would do automatically, or, for that matter, what any sensible parent or close relative

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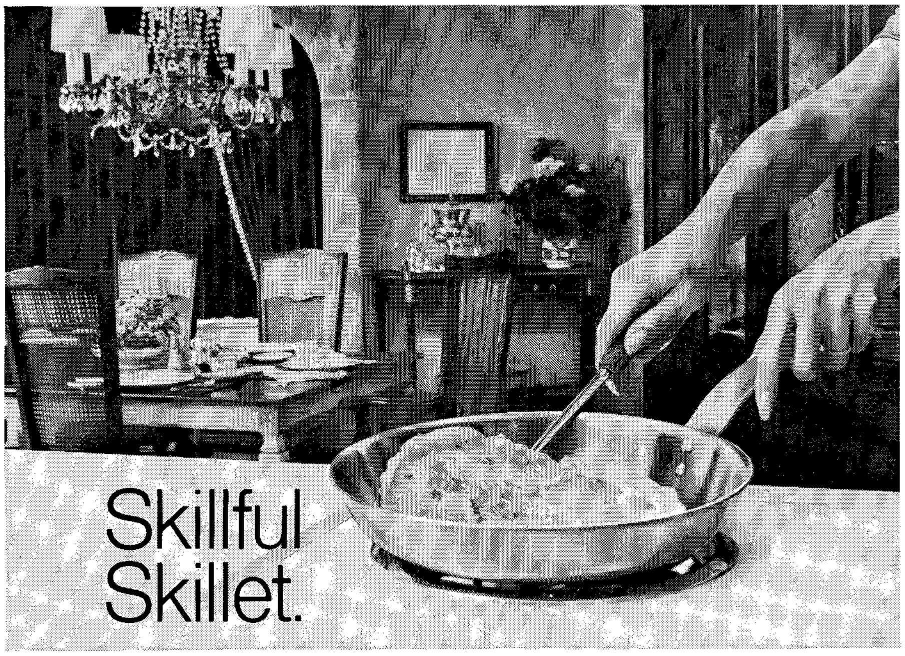

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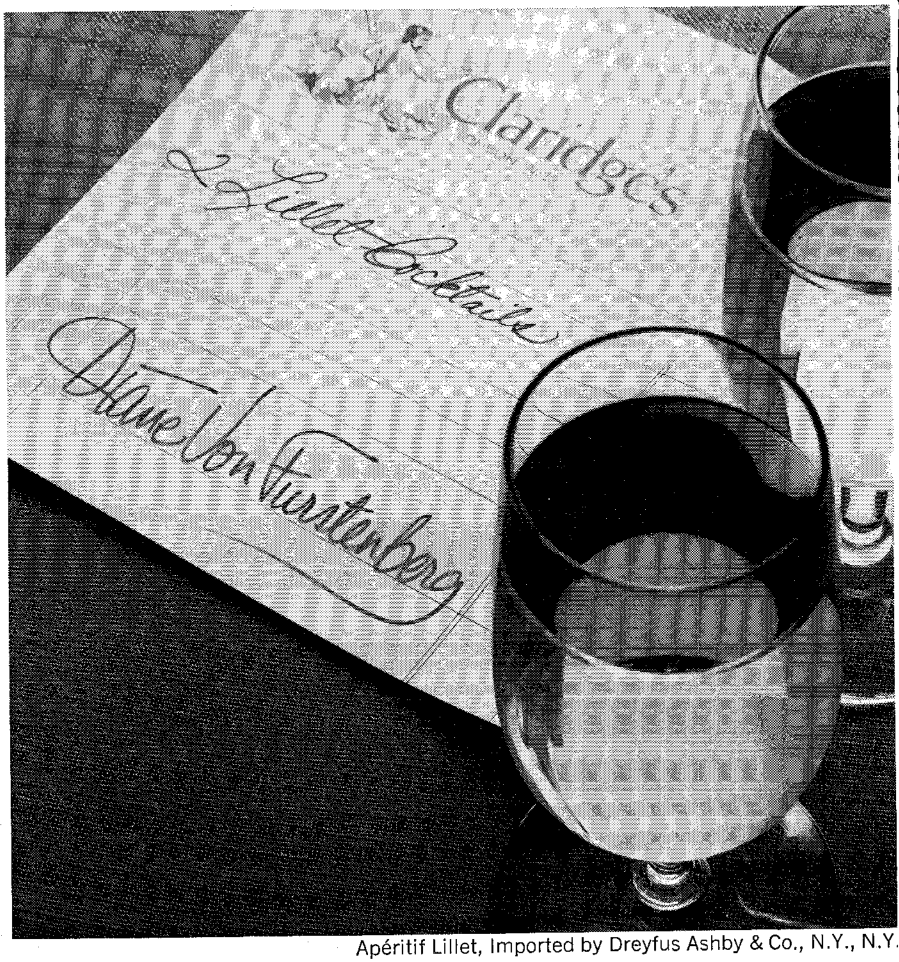

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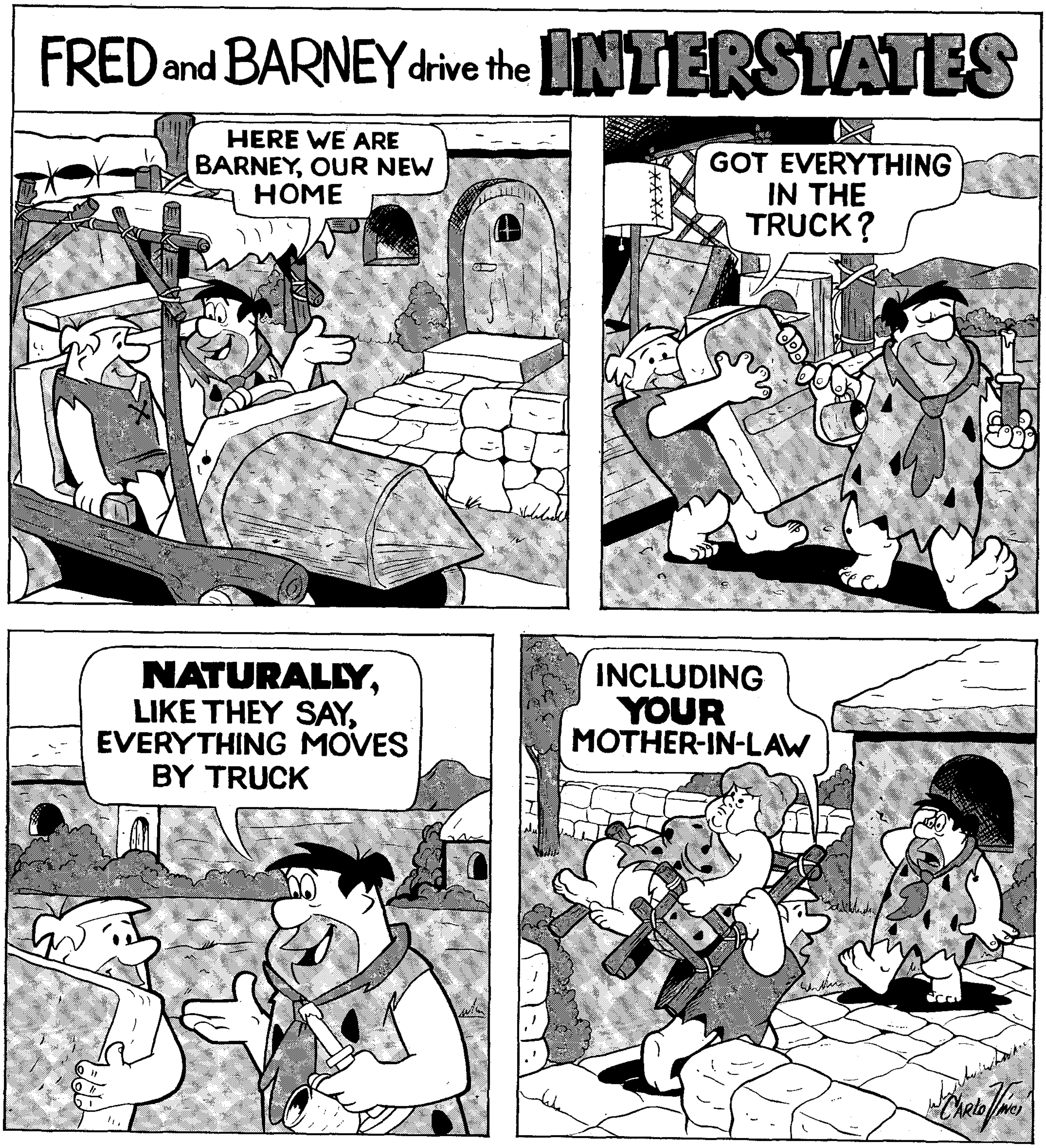
would do. Most legal-aid lawyers don't even know what community facilities exist, let alone have the will or the interest to use them." For a judge on a criminal court, the indifference of most appointed lawyers can in effect impose the duty of sentencing a defendant to what may be a truly horrible fate in an altogether casual manner. "Sentencing is the whole point of the entire process, of course," Judge Rothwax said. "By then, the D.A. has probably lost interest and doesn't even have the records on the case handy. The defense attorney doesn't care any longer, if he ever did, and merely goes through the usual motions of asking the court for mercy. The probation officer is unlikely to recommend some kind of nonpenal disposition, because that would add to his case load, which is probably absurdly large as it is. The upshot is that at the time of sentencing the judge hasn't any idea of who the defendant before him is or of what might be done, both for him and for society, to take him off the road to a life of crime."

On the other hand, some able and experienced lawyers place much of the blame for the inequitable, and often iniquitous, system of criminal justice in this country on judges. "Law has very little to do with the actual operation of our criminal courts," one of these men, who has worked as both a public and a private practitioner in Boston for some years, observed recently. "As a defense lawyer, you quickly learn the cardinal rule: If you coöperate with the judge, he'll be good to you—that is, to your client." This man asked that he not be identified, because, he said, "a lawyer who criticizes judges—*any* judges—puts himself in extreme peril." As an example, he cited the censure proceedings that were started not long ago against one of the ablest New York legal-aid lawyers in practice, because he had allowed himself to be quoted, in *Life*, as saying that appellate-division judges were the whores who became madams. In Massachusetts, judges have been even less vulnerable than their virtually untouchable counterparts in other states; in the past three hundred years, less than half a dozen of them have been forced from the bench, and then for the most flagrantly illegal misconduct. "The basic problem in our criminal-justice system is the attitude of our judges," the Boston lawyer continued. "That attitude is not dictated, or usually even influenced, by the rule of law or by any concept of fundamental fairness. Instead, it is almost entirely the creation of a given judge's mood at a given moment on a given day. That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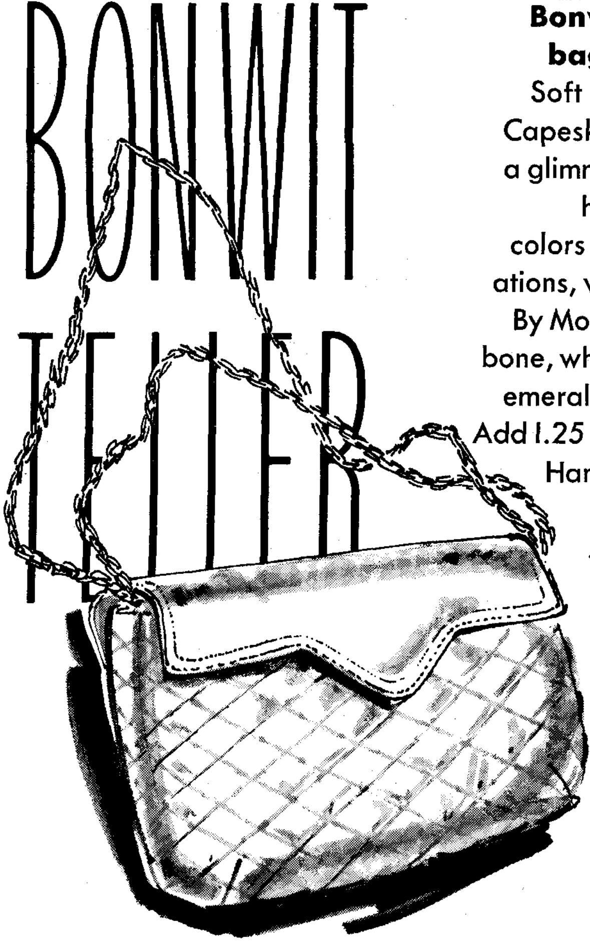

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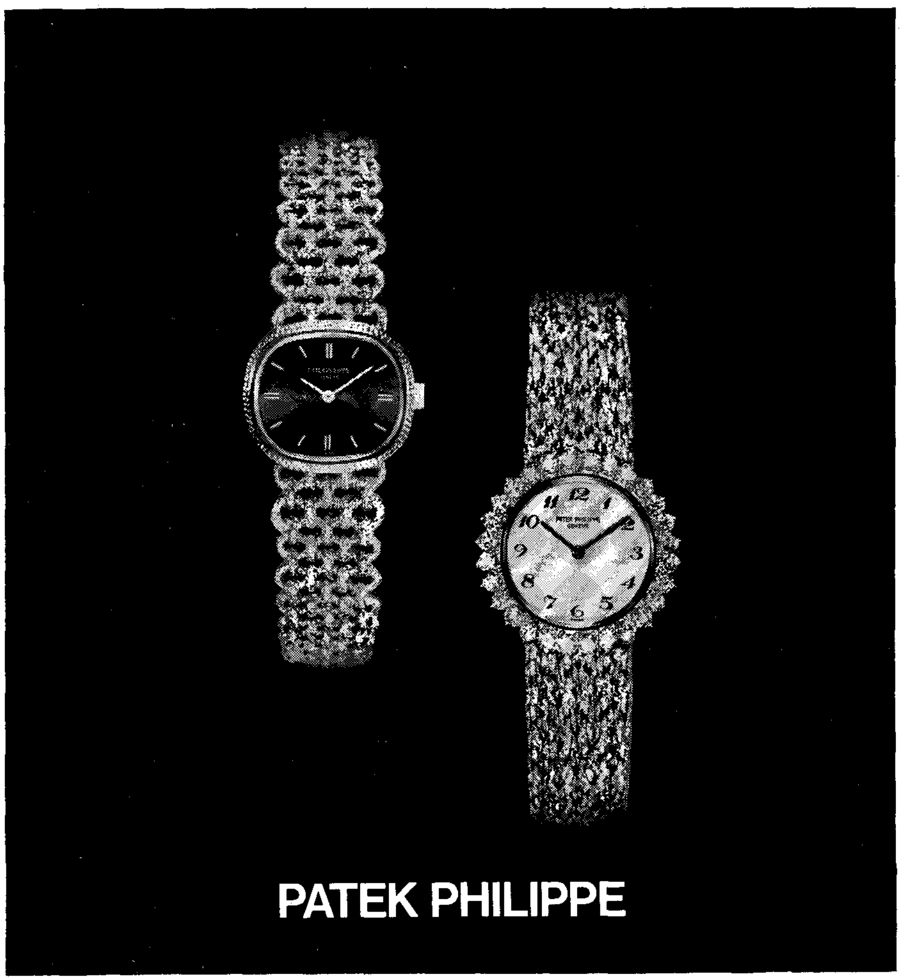

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inevitably means that in the day-to-day operation of our criminal courts there is no justice. Of course, there are some very good judges. But many men on the bench today shouldn't be there. Most judges are ex-prosecutors, ex-cops, ex-officials who worked on the hard side of government, or ex-party workers. Most of them were hacks—small-time lawyers with big-time friends—and some were crooks the week before they went on the bench. But once they put on those black robes they suddenly became gods, and when they enter a room everybody rises, and when they speak everybody quails. Most of these men have no respect for the individual and no interest in his character or his future. And many of them are outright bigots, too. They don't care at all about the law and often have little understanding of its basic principles—partly because they are stupid and partly because they see themselves not as a servant of the law but as its master. Citizens look upon judges as men who are elevated to this position of incredible power and responsibility as the protectors and reformers of our society. After all, a man who is given such immense power over citizens' lives *must* be superior. But in reality these men usually are mere political creatures who have been made princes over small fiefdoms, and who hand out a favor here and withhold a favor there, as caprice moves them. They have to be careful only in those very rare cases where the press is watching or there is a threat of an appeal. In our district courts, even an appeal has no effect on their behavior, because there is no transcript and an appeal means a new trial, not an examination of how a judge handled a case originally."

I asked what effect recent decisions on criminal cases handed down by the Supreme Court had had on such judges, and he laughed and said, "None whatever. They amount to a lot of marvellous theories that don't get applied. Not long ago, one of our leading judges here threatened a defense attorney with contempt of court if he mentioned the Supreme Court once more."

—RICHARD HARRIS

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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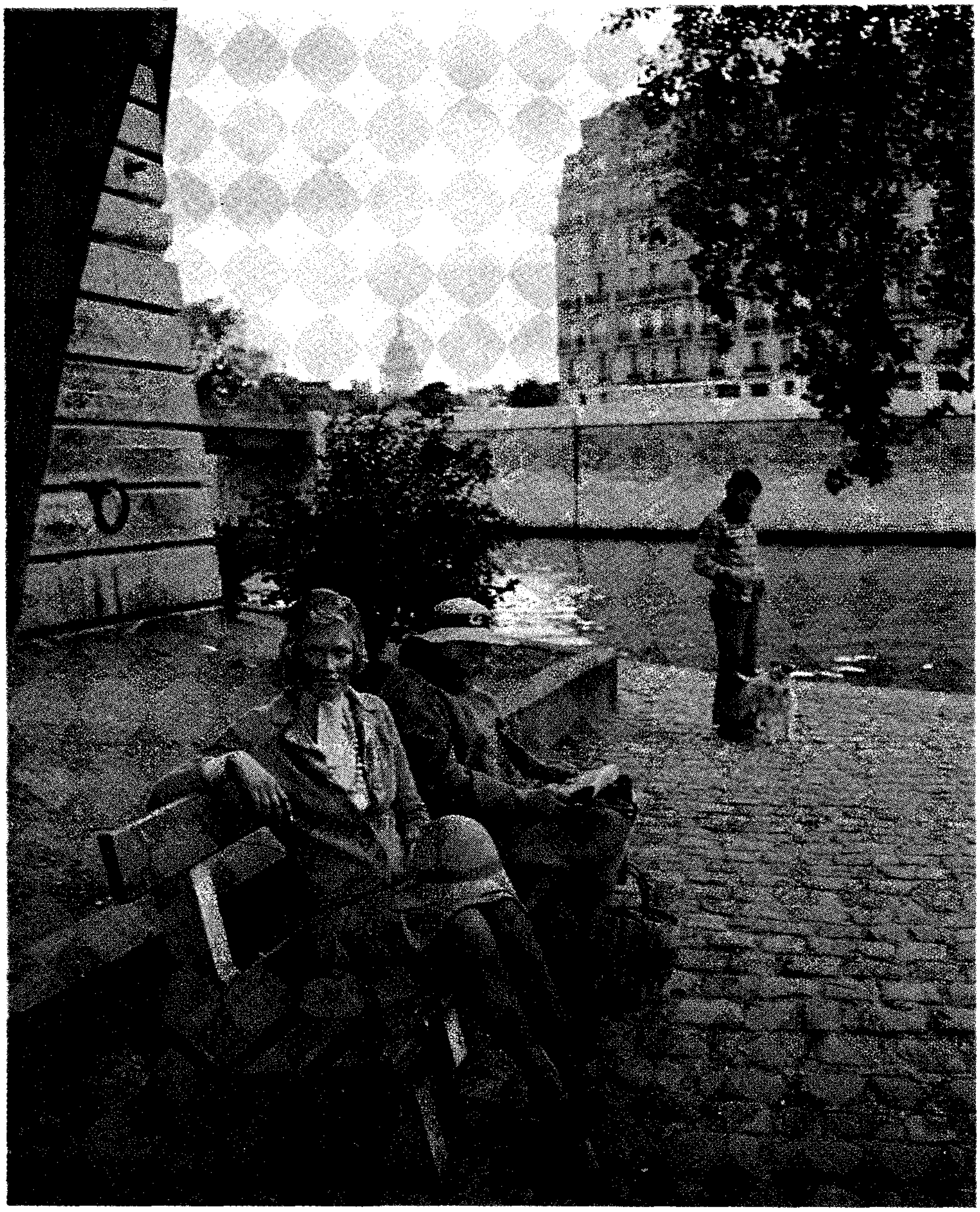

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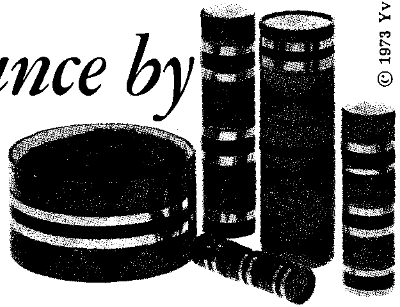

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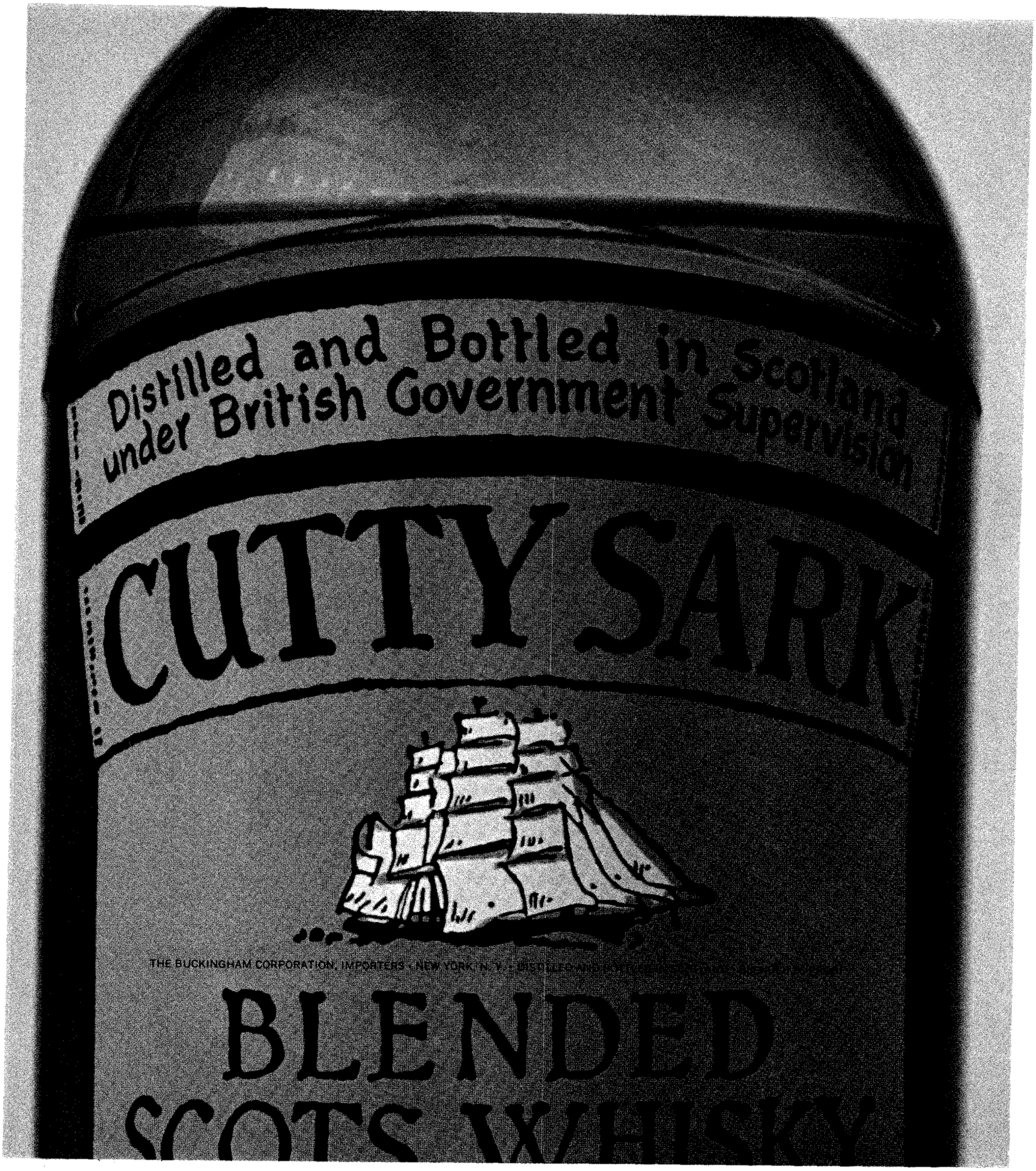
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THE THEATRE

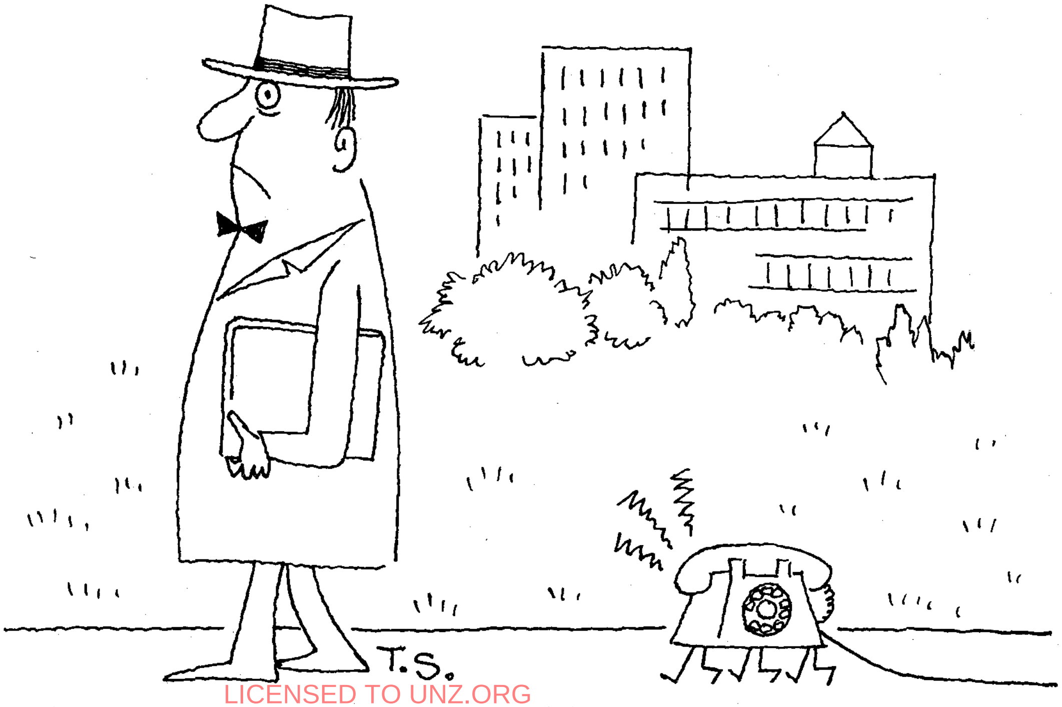
HOMUNCULI

ONE of the most charming sights in town these days is Bunraku, the National Puppet Theatre of Japan, currently performing at the City Center. In case you are ordinarily averse to puppets, and especially to puppets which act out a Japanese text, I had better say at once that a pleasing simultaneous translation of the text, spoken by Faubion Bowers, is presented over rentable headsets and that the puppets themselves are delightful works of art, so big in scale and so ingenious in their ability to move in a lifelike fashion that it takes three men apiece—men always visible onstage, though covered with black hangman's hoods—to operate them. Moreover, the puppets do not pretend to speak; this would be what Mr. Bowers, with his rare discrimination, calls the vulgarity of ventriloquism. Instead, a chanter recites the text from a platform at one side of the stage, accompanied by a musician playing a samisen. We are invited to follow several activities at the same time: we watch the puppets, we watch the hooded figures manipulating them, and we watch and listen to the chanter and his accompanist. Donald Keene says in a program note, "Bunraku makes the maximum demands on the spectators' willingness to suspend disbelief. Only in this way has it risen from the realm of the puppet show to that of great theatrical art." Fastidious Mr. Bowers might find this small praise; what is demanded of us is something much more difficult—that we suspend belief as well as disbelief and that we consent to be moved by something that has been deliberately kept at a forbidding distance from us. You may safely deduce from the refinement of this challenge that Bunraku is very far indeed from the slam-bang puppet world of Punch and Judy. It is a form of theatre curious and lofty and robust and often very sad—of the two plays I saw, both of them by the great Japanese dramatist Chikamatsu (1653-1725), one had to do with some miserable exiles on a lonely island and the other with a double suicide. Sad or cheerful as the differing programs may be, I recommend a visit to the Center as soon as possible, because the troupe brings its limited engagement to an end this Sunday evening.

IT'S a long way from Bunraku to "No Hard Feelings," at the Martin Beck, a play written by Sam Bobrick and Ron Clark, directed by Abe Burrows, and starring Eddie Albert and Nanette Fabray. I try to imagine the wisecrack with which Mr. Burrows might greet the discovery that I see his strenuous twentieth-century handiwork as playing second fiddle to a creepy clutter of unintelligible eighteenth-century Japanese puppets, but such things happen in the theatre, to say nothing of in our minds; the wonder to me is not that I found so little to laugh at in "No Hard Feelings" but that I found so much. For this is the sort of hard, brassy, totally synthetic comedy that I feel a natural hostility to; having said that, I acknowledge that the play succeeds in its goal, which is to be an almost unbroken sequence of funny lines spoken by funny people. I don't know who deserves credit for the incessant drumfire gags; the playwrights Bobrick and Clark wrote a surpassingly terrible play a few seasons back, called "Norman, Is That You?," and I wouldn't have guessed from that gruesome effort that they had a single funny bone in their bodies, but perhaps I am being unjust in attributing most of the merriment of the evening to Mr. Burrows. In any event, it is indisputable that as the director of the play he has kept its scenes marching at breakneck speed and has drawn attractive performances not only from Mr. Albert and Miss Fabray but also from A. Larry Haines, Conrad Janis, Stockard Channing (who is a Ms, and not a Mister), and Beverly Dixon.

The plot of "No Hard Feelings" is operatic in its simpleminded complexity—one of those conventional little windup toys that I admit I couldn't invent by myself in a thousand years but that other people invent as readily as they breathe. A well-to-do middle-aged married couple breaks up because the wife has fallen in love with a waiter much younger than she; the husband indignantly pursues her, is reproached by his business partner and daughter, rejects the advances of an accommodating divorcée, runs amok, shoots his rival, goes to court . . . Oh, it is wonderful to see how much nonsense can be packed into a couple of hours and leave scarcely a trace in our memories once we have left the theatre! The scenery and lighting are by Robert Randolph, and the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge; they have not had to extend themselves.

—BRENDAN GILL



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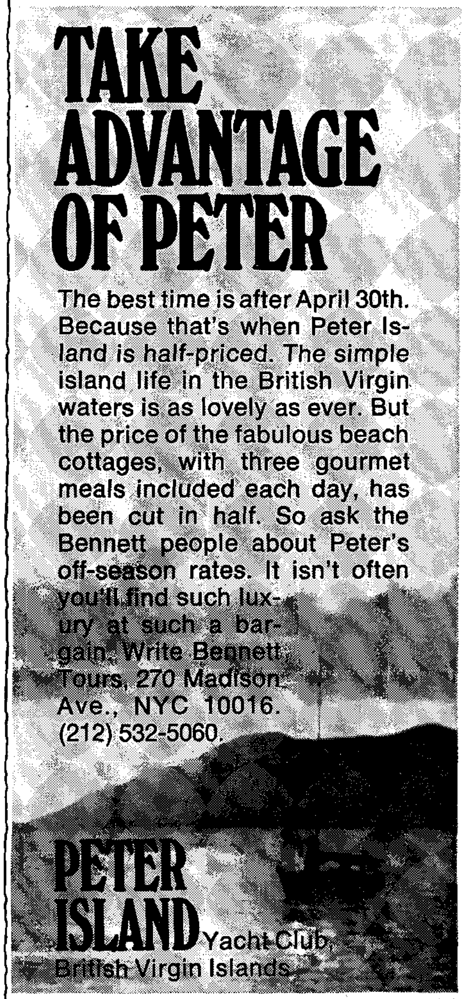
THE RACE TRACK

Now for the Wood

THOUGH Secretariat is a marvel of grace, power, and speed, I thought he was under pressure to win the Gotham Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday afternoon. But he did run the mile in 1:33⅗, equalling the track record for the distance and leaving Champagne Charlie three lengths behind and the four other three-year-olds down the course. The race was a mildly rough-and-tumble affair, with a couple of claims of foul and an inquiry, after which the stewards announced that there hadn't been sufficient ground for a disqualification.

So many racegoers filled the walking ring for a closeup view of the Meadow Stable's big, handsome colt, who dominated the scene, that they got in the way of the other horses. Secretariat himself was much livelier than he had been before the Bay Shore Stakes. He came into the paddock heavily blanketed and wearing four of those new tendon bandages that go on and off with zippers. His groom had quite a time taking off the ones on his hind legs, for he kicked furiously whenever they were touched. He was quicker, too, in leaving the starting gate than he has been. He seemed to be in fairly close quarters in the long run down the backstretch, but he had no trouble taking the lead at the half-mile ground. However, on the turn for home he began to shorten his stride (horses will do that when they feel they've put their opposition away), and for a moment or two after he'd swung into the straight it looked as though Champagne Charlie would catch him, for the gray was gaining on him with every stride. Suddenly, Turcotte began to ride Secretariat for dear life, and the slap of the whip he gave him was that of a jockey in trouble. Then, as quickly, the note of alarm in the shouts from the crowd turned to a roar of triumph as Secretariat stormed on to the winning post.

Secretariat certainly has caught the fancy of the crowds more than any other horse I can remember since gray Native Dancer twenty years ago. They cheer him as he parades to the post—something I haven't heard in years—



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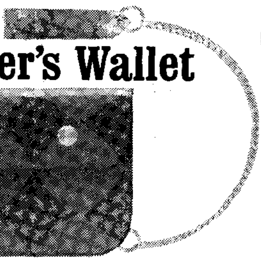

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and although he's been at an almost unbettable price (he was 1–10 in the Gotham) they come out to see him run. I'm sure he brought many of the forty-two thousand who filled the stand last Saturday. And when Mrs. John Tweedy accepted the Gotham Stakes trophy in behalf of the Meadow Stable from Eddie Arcaro the applause was something to hear. Secretariat's next start will be for the Wood Memorial, at the Big A on April 21st, and I venture to say there will be a bigger field for it than there was for the Gotham. No doubt Champagne Charlie will go, too, though he won't have the same nine-pound advantage in the weights; the runners will all carry 126 pounds. Another starter, I'm sure, will be Stop the Music, who turned in a smart performance in winning the race that preceded the Gotham.

WELL, old Cougar II missed that million again, finishing third in the San Juan Capistrano Handicap, which wound up Santa Anita's long meeting last weekend. Chances are he'll make it at Hollywood Park before that meeting closes, in July, for his earnings total $941,391. In the San Juan Capistrano, from all accounts, Queen's Hustler led from beginning to end of the approximate mile and six furlongs over the Camino Real turf course, to beat Big Spruce in a driving finish. Cougar II, who carried 127 pounds and was a 3–5 favorite, was less than a length behind. Queen's Hustler, who paid a $33.80 mutuel, was one of the lightweights, carrying 115 pounds.

Another disappointment last weekend was Shecky Greene; he ran tenth in the Arkansas Derby at Hot Springs. The winner turned up in Impecunious, who is no stranger in these parts.

Anyhow, La Prevoyante, Wrong Horse Harry's one best bet, won her race on the opening day at Keeneland, in Kentucky. She did it in a gallop.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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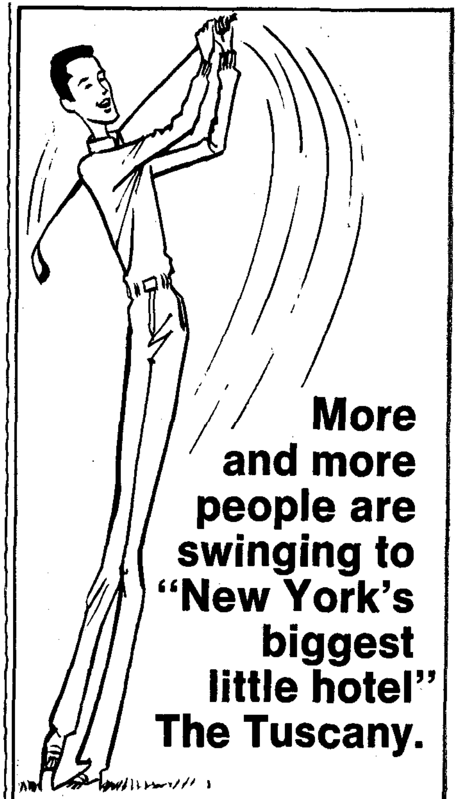

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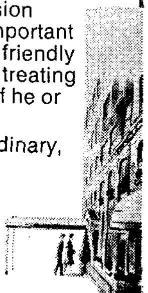

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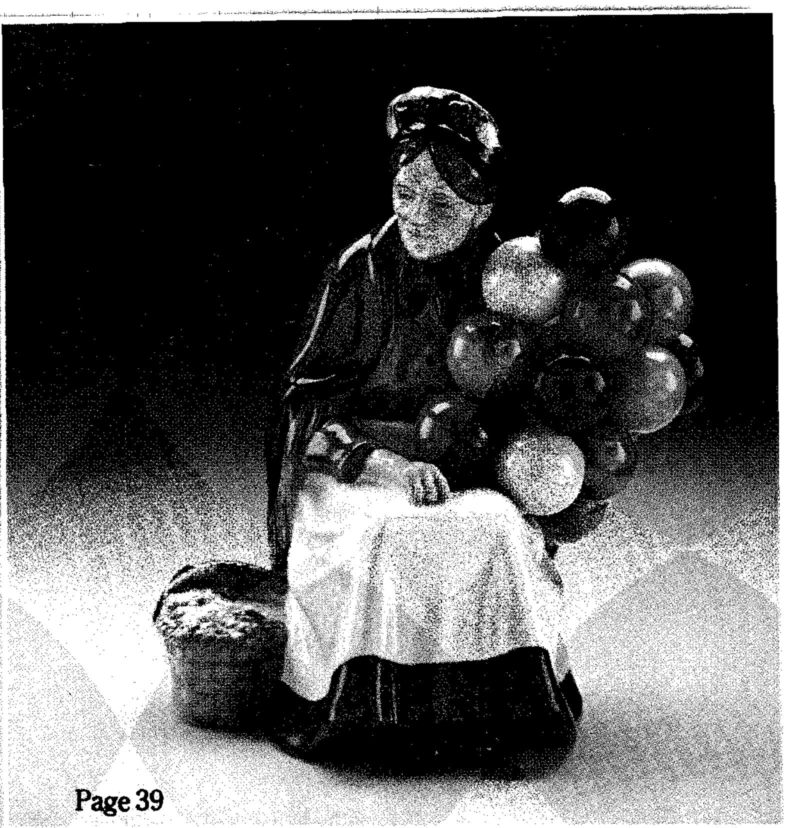

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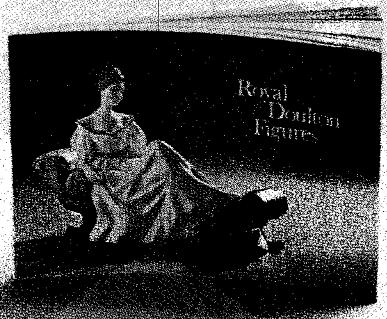

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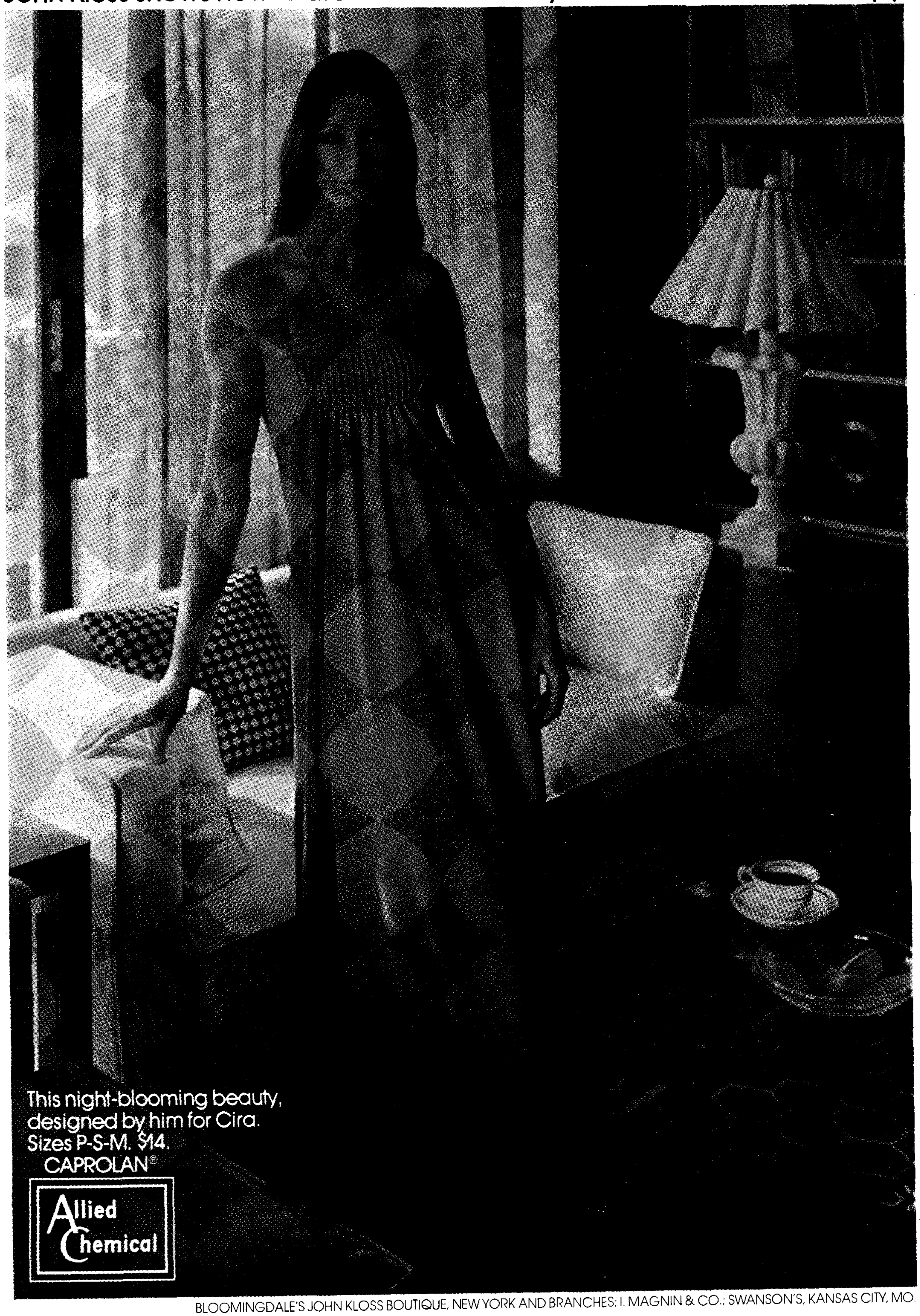

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LETTER FROM MANILA

DURING the past year, Western—and especially American—democratic forms and freedoms have gone further out of fashion in Asia as the rulers of several nations, including South Korea, South Vietnam, Singapore, and, most recently, the Philippines, have decided, for various reasons, to adopt more authoritarian ways of government. South Korea and South Vietnam justify their actions on the ground that they continue to face strong challenges from the Communists to the north of them, while Singapore, as a small, predominantly Chinese nation in a highly competitive and mostly Muslim corner of the world, seeks to build a "tougher" society in order to survive politically and to go on prospering economically. In the Philippines, things are more complicated. President Ferdinand E. Marcos says that what he describes as "constitutional authoritarianism" is designed to create a "democratic revolution from the center" and thus save the country from an entire spectrum of political, social, and economic evils. Some of these are regarded as being purposely exaggerated by Marcos, and others are acknowledged to be real and serious, but, over all, there remains a strong suspicion that Marcos, like President Park Chung Hee of South Korea, President Nguyen Van Thieu of South Vietnam, and Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew of Singapore, is as much concerned with keeping himself in power as with his supposed unique ability to handle his nation's crisis.

Marcos, who in November of 1969 became the first President of the Philippines ever to be reëlected to a second four-year term—he spent huge sums to assure his victory—was due to step down, under a two-term limit, at the end of this year, after new elections in November. His consuming ambition to create a dynamic "new society," which he had so far failed to achieve, because of the divisive and destructive nature of Philippine politics, led him to declare martial law last September, and to suspend the old constitution, which went into effect in 1935—measures that he asserted he had to take to avoid a national rebellion. On January 17th of this year, Marcos declared that a new constitution, completed by a specially elected Constitutional Convention, had been ratified, but this constitution was effectively superseded by another decree, issued the same day, continuing the state of martial law and giving Marcos the right to go on ruling the country by decree. Marcos announced the ratification after six days of so-called Citizens' Assembly meetings, which he had hastily summoned in the nation's thirty-five thousand barrios, constituting villages and subdivisions of towns and cities. As I observed during a tour of the countryside near Manila, these public assemblies—which Marcos had peremptorily substituted for a scheduled plebiscite to approve or disapprove the constitution—were thoroughly supervised, and frequently rigged, by local officials. Some sixteen million Filipinos fifteen and older were said to have taken part and voted by a show of hands, but not nearly that many actually attended the meetings; in at least half the places the officials simply went around to selected houses, obtained a desired number of signatures, and then extrapolated the figures. Six questions were submitted to most of the voters, to which they were to respond yes or no, but the government had inserted typed qualifying clauses, which few of the voters bothered to read. Predictably, the new constitution was overwhelmingly approved, but, in accordance with one of the qualifying clauses, the summoning of an "interim National Assembly" was rejected. Pending new elections, the Assembly was—and, theoretically, still is—supposed to appoint a Prime Minister and initiate a parliamentary form of government instead of a presidential one. As things stand now, however, Marcos can stay in office for at least seven more years before elections take place. He considers seven his lucky number, and it seemed no accident that when the Citizens' Assemblies were asked to designate a number of years between one and seven for postponing elections, the number that Marcos wanted was chosen by most.

The whole performance has been so contrived and so complicated that it gives rise to new doubts about the ability of the Filipinos to realize the sort of political, social, and economic measures they so desperately require. In their preoccupation with playing politics, the Filipinos have over the years consistently failed to take advantage of their economic opportunities—which include an abundance of natural resources—to become one of the more prosperous nations of Southeast Asia. For this reason,

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a surprising number of intelligent Filipinos and Western observers are willing to give Marcos the benefit of the doubt about his belated efforts to build his "new society." Since he first declared martial law, last September, he has issued more than a hundred decrees, orders, and instructions, most of them designed to bring about broad economic, social, and administrative reforms, covering virtually every aspect of Philippine life. Perhaps the most important of them deal with land reform, which has been talked about now for two decades. Such reform and a better balance between agricultural and industrial development are patently needed in the Philippines, for since 1946, when the islands were given their independence by the United States, the gap between rich and poor has widened, and the annual per-capita income has slowly declined from a peak of three hundred dollars, in 1967, to about two hundred dollars.

Whether land reform and other changes can be decreed or legislated remains doubtful, because the expertise and the administrative machinery necessary for putting them into effect are lacking, and corrupt wheeling and dealing are still endemic to Philippine society. Marcos, the nation's sixth ruler since independence, is said to have made more money than any of his predecessors, and, though he does have some able technocrats in his entourage, it also includes a good number of men who are regarded as opportunists or sycophants, or worse. Moreover, it is obviously difficult, if not impossible, to change the character of a people and a society overnight, and particularly when the society and the body politic are being challenged, as they are to some extent, from both the left and the right. What is most difficult to gauge is the degree to which Marcos means what he says when he insists, as he has done over and over again, that he has no intention of being a dictator, that he is dedicated to democratic concepts of a free society, and that he wants to return to guarded "normalcy" as soon as possible. His supporters and those who are simply withholding their judgment of his bold reform programs are balanced by as many opponents who question his sincerity and his motives and who feel that he is basically attempting to "legalize dictatorship." He has certainly been high-handed; he has thoroughly muzzled the press, and he has also suspended habeas corpus, jailing more than ten thousand people since martial law was declared. About a quarter of these have since been freed, but, in addition to student radicals and other

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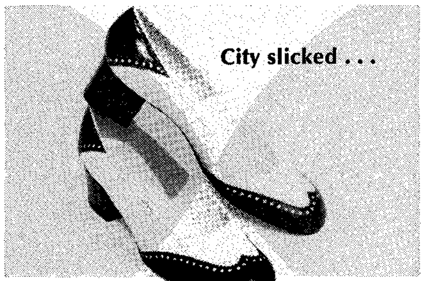

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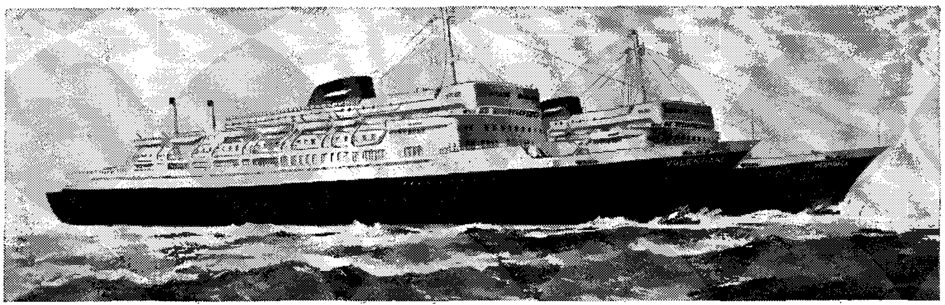

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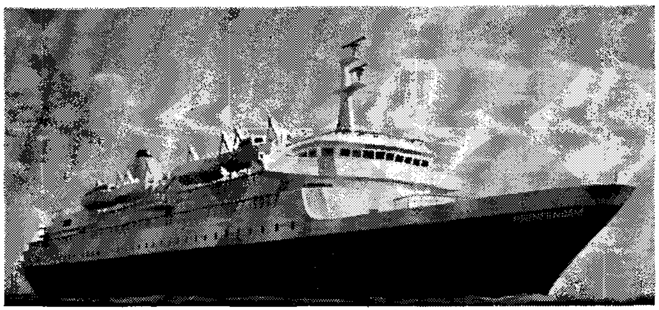

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suspected Communists, among those still in jail are two of his most prominent political enemies, Senators Benigno Aquino, Jr., and José Diokno, both of whom have been informally accused of conspiring to overthrow the government. The two men have large followings, and Aquino, as secretary-general of the opposition Liberal Party, was the leading Presidential contender until he was imprisoned.

I HAVE known Marcos since the end of the Second World War, and have spoken with him frequently over the years. At fifty-five, he is a trim, handsome man of medium height with considerable personal magnetism. When incited, his temper flares and his sharp legal mind—he was trained as a lawyer—cuts to the bone of an opponent's argument. Though he is aloof and arrogant, and can be condescending and contemptuous, he is usually highly controlled, polite, and suave. Above all, he has a messianic belief in his destiny, and so can twist the interpretation of events to fit his own concepts, turning even apparent contradictions—including those of his own making—into a rational defense of his position.

When I most recently saw him privately, in his office in Malacañang Palace, during the period that led to his establishment of "constitutional authoritarianism," he conceded that he was taking chances in "applying emergency powers," but asserted that he was not applying them "in such a way as to antagonize the people and cause worse repercussions than rebellion." He emphasized that "we have to save democracy here; that is our ultimate aim, and we don't want a new form of government." In seeking to "change the Filipino from a political animal into an economic animal," he said, he found martial law and the subsequent measures necessary to "destroy the political power of the oligarchs" who "froze the status quo and prevented reforms by controlling the old Congress"—which has now been disbanded. By means of intelligence operatives, he said, he had infiltrated both rightist and leftist groups that wanted to assassinate him and overthrow the government, and had ascertained that the two opposition elements had temporarily joined forces to attain their objective. He had proof of such a conspiracy, he told me, and that was why he had declared martial law. "Their first effort was to weaken the armed forces, the instrument of established stability," he said. "And just before martial law I saw the beginnings of a condition

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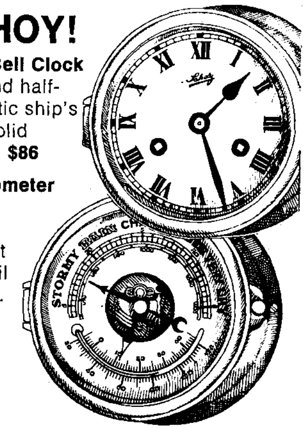

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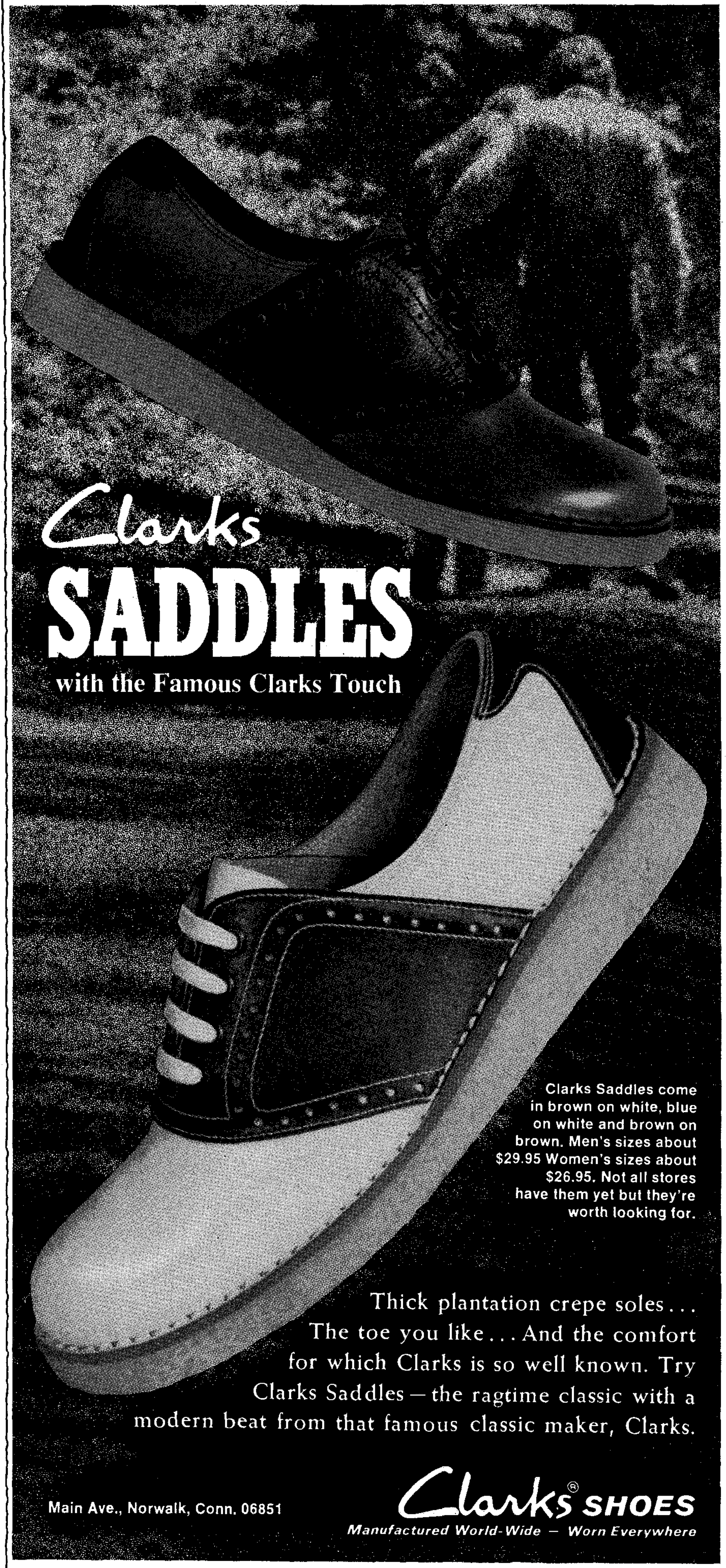
similar to the one in Indonesia in 1965, prior to the attempted Communist coup there, when cleavages and plots existed within the Army as well as on the left." Marcos added that by "going directly to the people" through the Citizens' Assemblies, instead of holding the planned plebiscite to ratify the new constitution, he had managed to avoid "a very explosive situation," because, even though the plebiscite would have been favorable (this is a point that by no means everyone is agreed on), the ability of the military and of the administration as a whole to handle the situation would have been left in doubt, and the old-guard politicians would not have been discredited. "The people would have rebelled," he said.

Marcos has continually stressed his popular support, even though it is generally conceded that relatively few of the people who participated in the Citizens' Assemblies recognized the significance of what was taking place. At a Citizens Revolutionary Congress held at Malacañang just after the "votes" were "counted," he told a meeting of five thousand politicians and civic and business leaders, "The implications of disregarding the people's will are too awesome to be even considered. For if any power in the government should ever dare to disregard the people's will, there would be a valid ground for revolt. . . . It is and always has been my position that martial law is an exercise of the sovereign power by virtue of the people's will. . . . The main defect of our old corrupted society was that people could no longer speak out vigorously and directly on political matters." In my talk with him, he maintained—contrary to what almost everyone else had told me of his attitude—that he had "opposed the idea of a parliamentary system from the start." He may indeed have had other plans originally—possibly including the election of his wife, Imelda, to succeed him as President—but ultimately, I have been told, with the idea of being elected to the new National Assembly from his native Ilocos Norte Province, in Luzon, and then being chosen as Prime Minister, he forced the parliamentary idea through the Constitutional Convention. (The convention had been voted into being in 1970, began meeting in 1971, and completed its work last November.) Now, like the old Congress, the convention has been disbanded, and it will remain so until Marcos chooses to call the interim National Assembly, composed of the incumbent senators and representatives and of those members of the convention who favored the new constitution—all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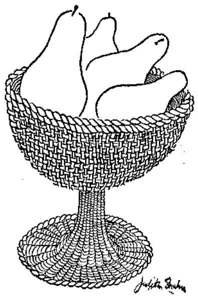
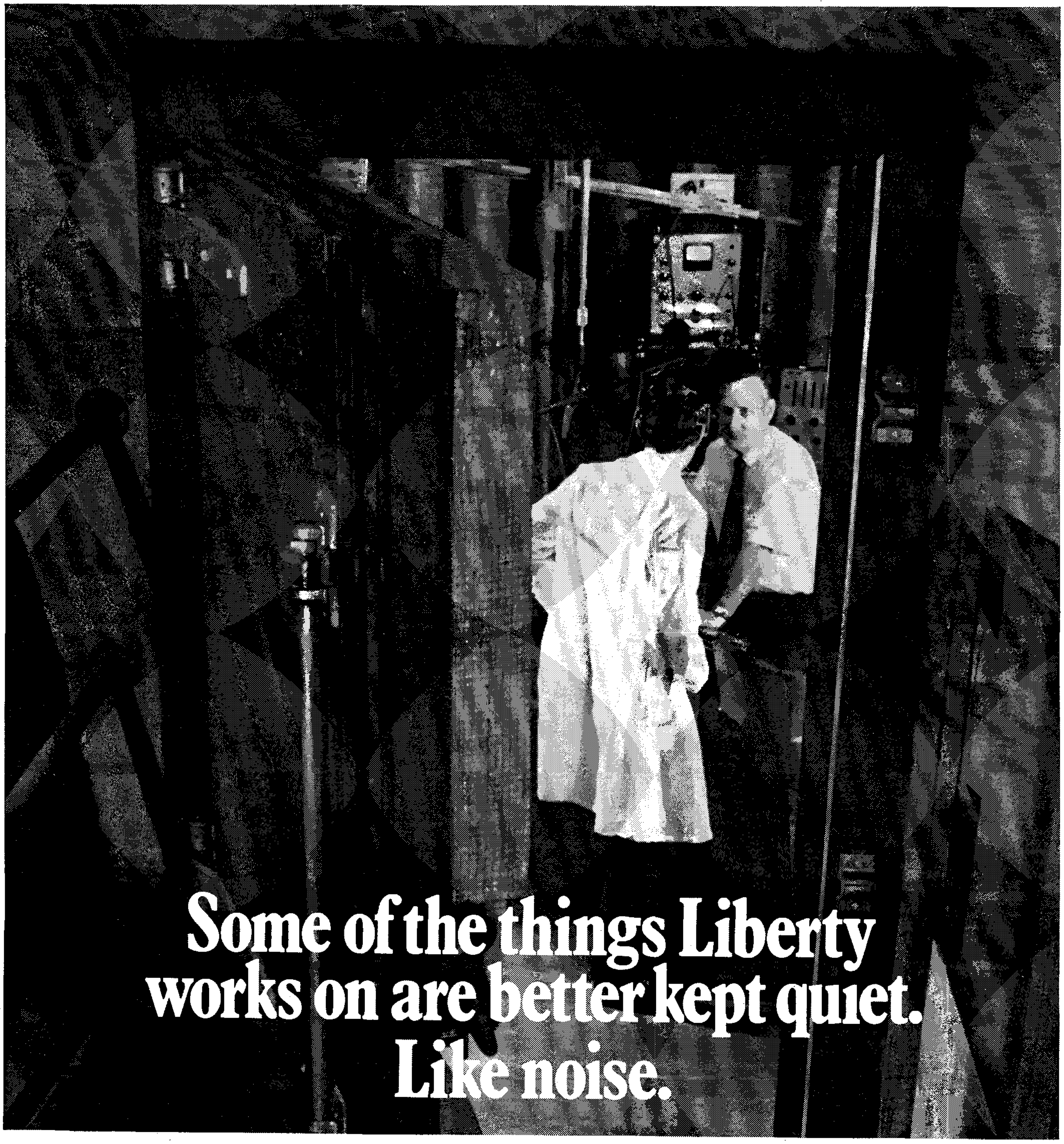
but fourteen out of more than three hundred. "Meanwhile," Marcos announced at a press conference I attended, "we still have a presidential form of government." He said that he would decide when the interim Assembly should be called, and that the situation would be "reviewed and reassessed periodically." Marcos has said that if as few as a fifth of the Citizens' Assemblies convened and reversed their decisions about wanting to suspend elections or about wanting him to remain in office, their wishes would be followed. Since the citizens' groups are hollow vessels, the clear implication is that there will be no changes at all unless he seeks them. "We have a valid constitution," Marcos said. "The people have voted for it; it's their will. How can this be a grab for dictatorial powers? I have not grabbed power. I was elected in 1969."

Despite Marcos's attitude of assurance, he did not seem to me nearly as confident as he pretended to be. He is far from being a coward (he was a Second World War guerrilla hero), but, aside from believing that he might be assassinated at any time, he is fully aware that the rest of this year—until his present term expires, on December 31st—holds all sorts of dangers for him. He will surely face some sort of challenge by year's end unless he begins to carry out his various reforms, starting with land reform. It is true, as he maintains, that so far martial law has generally been welcomed, because it has reduced the high incidence of crime and created a far more stable state of order than had existed in the Philippines for years. Among other things, some five hundred thousand guns, registered and unregistered, out of an estimated total of at least a million, have been voluntarily surrendered to the government. Life is certainly more peaceful than it was; the imposition of a curfew from midnight to 4 A.M. has not only slackened the crime rate but subdued the frenetic pace of life as a whole, including gambling and politicking, both of which are officially banned. People are no longer afraid to walk the streets or to ride in taxis. On the other hand, they are afraid to talk in public as freely as they once did; rumormongering has now been declared an offense punishable by six months' imprisonment. Still, the Filipino propensity for gossip makes it certain that this pastime will never be totally curbed.

The seriousness of the internal threat in the Philippines has to be considered in conjunction with the constitutional reforms that were initiated, with what the long-drawn-out and often acrimonious Constitutional Convention did or did not do, with how Marcos manipulated it for his own purposes, and with what his political enemies on the left and the right were doing. (The story, teeming with intricate conspiracies and counter-conspiracies, is dramatic and often ludicrous; the sheer adventurism of many participants made a joke of what might have been an orderly transition from a presidential to a parliamentary system, and the convention was frequently reduced to pandemonium.) Other events also contributed to the growing national crisis, among them natural calamities. The Philippines have always been subject to physical disasters, but in the last several years these have been especially numerous. There have been half a dozen volcanic eruptions, and in August of 1968 the worst earthquake of the century occurred—all with considerable loss of life. Severe droughts in 1969 brought about food shortages and sent prices skyrocketing. In 1970, there were more earthquakes and some of the most devastating typhoons in the country's history. Typhoons of medium intensity caused further damage in 1971, and in July and August of 1972 record floods brought disaster and death to the entire country, and especially to the southern island of Mindanao and the central Luzon rice-growing area, north of Manila. And just last month another major earthquake struck the Philippines, leaving more than a dozen people dead and more than sixty injured.



In addition to causing tremendous economic losses and social dislocation, these calamities have contributed to the further breakdown of law and order. Besides ordinary criminality, which increased notably, social rebellion, which had been gathering momentum for several years, reached a climax in January, 1970, the first month of Marcos's new administration, when well-organized riots took place in front of Malacañang and the Congress. The attack on the palace was mounted by ten thousand students and workers, many of them carrying signs emblazoned with Communist slogans, who stormed the main gate and set fire to one of the buildings in the palace compound. The police struck back with tear gas and then with guns, and as a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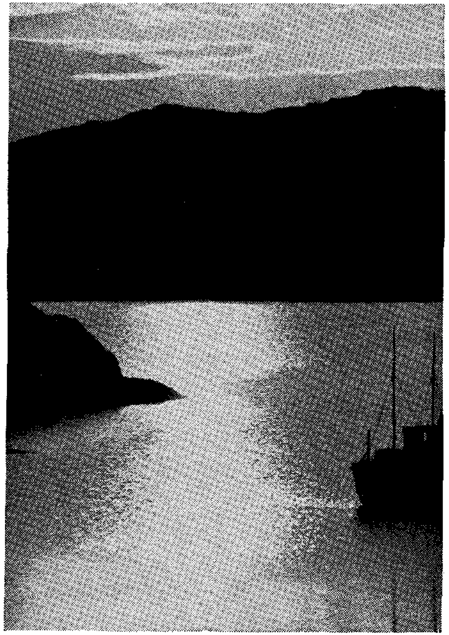

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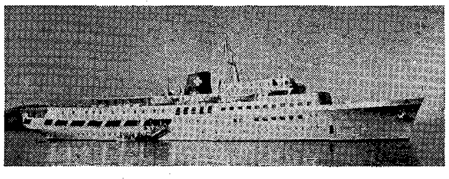

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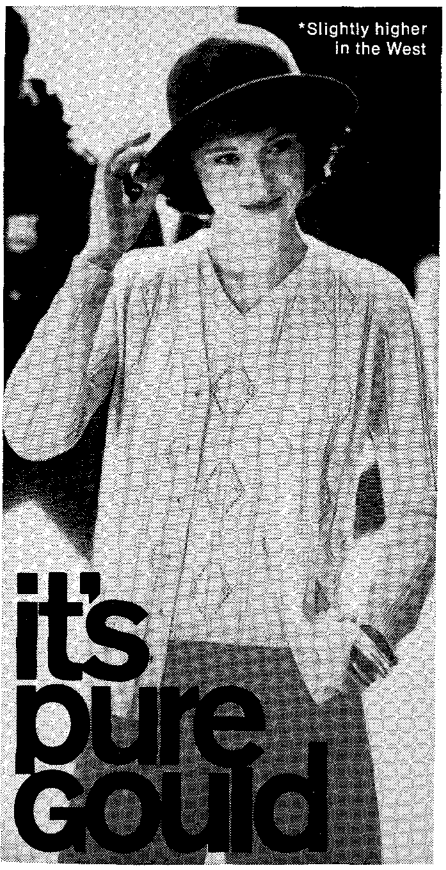
result of the rioting, which lasted for a week, some twenty activists were killed and more than a hundred wounded. There were more riots in 1971 as the students supported local strikes, protested against rising prices, and briefly took over the country's largest university, the University of the Philippines, in Quezon City. Marcos may have been justified in describing these events as "the beginnings of a 'revolutionary confrontation' stage-managed by a determined minority."

THE Communist movement in the Philippines was strong in the early nineteen-fifties, when the Hukbalahaps numbered ten thousand armed men and had a supporting base of a hundred thousand peasants in central Luzon, but then it was all but destroyed by the late President Ramón Magsaysay, when he was still Secretary of National Defense. During the late sixties, it gradually built up again, concentrating as much on fomenting urban unrest and creating cultural-front and labor organizations as on developing armed strength in the countryside. The press and the universities in Manila were infiltrated by Communist or left-wing sympathizers, but the movement was divided into several factions, some loyal to Moscow and some to Peking. The principal Moscow faction, which had been dominant in the early-fifties revolt, was becoming increasingly ineffectual, and many old and some new leaders of roving rural bands—in Luzon, for the most part—turned to banditry and gangsterism. Between the beginning of 1966 and the middle of 1971, thirty-six "commanders" of bands were killed or captured, most of them working under the direction of Faustino del Mundo, also known as Commander Sumulong, whose own band terrorized the area around Clark Field, the American airbase in Luzon.

New local commanders replaced the old, however, and after Sumulong himself was arrested, in September, 1970, most of them paid allegiance to Bernabe Buscayno, also known as Commander Dante. He had organized the New People's Army, the political arm of which became the Communist Party of the Philippines/Marxist-Leninist. Since Dante was primarily a guerrilla leader, the ideological leadership of the new party was taken over by a university student from Manila named José Ma Sison, who calls himself Amado Guerrero. Sison, having fled to the hills late in 1968, formed a central committee of about twenty men, including some fellow renegade students,



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and issued regular directives, along Maoist lines. About two years ago, a young Army lieutenant named Victor Corpus deserted and joined the Communist ranks, but now he and Sison and Dante are reported to have their differences, on both military and ideological matters. Over all, the movement has been revitalized, but, though more sophisticated than it was twenty years ago, it is not nearly as strong. It is believed to have an armed strength of only twelve hundred regulars and five thousand combat-support troops. There are five thousand Party members and a base of sympathizers numbering from twenty-five thousand to fifty thousand. But given the disorder that existed in the islands before martial law was declared, and the social unrest that still exists, as well as the number of "loose guns" still around, these figures, especially those of men with some weapons available, may be misleading. Furthermore, though weapons are always important in the Philippines, they are not necessarily the most important consideration today. Revolutionary ideas are affecting widening segments of the society, including even some liberal members of the Catholic hierarchy in this predominantly Catholic country. Marcos himself is well aware of the significance of ideology in the volatile climate of the Philippines. He is fond of quoting the Russian anarchist leader Bakunin, who once said, "Give me a hundred dedicated revolutionaries and I will turn Europe upside down;" in a short book that Marcos wrote in 1971 he said, "Reforms, to succeed, must be radical, and radical reforms are nothing less than revolutionary."

Marcos's martial-law policy has kept the Communists from staging urban demonstrations and from carrying on their active work in the universities and in front organizations (at one point there were seventy-four of these), but despite many arrests they have been reorganizing effectively. Pending the outcome of Marcos's revolutionary reforms, they remain in a position to take advantage of the widespread rural and urban discontent by mounting fresh attacks on what, as Marcos is the first to admit, is a system of inbred privilege and concentrated wealth. The main area of Communist strength is now in Isabela Province, in northern Luzon, where the New People's Army controls most of the rural barrios and has forced the government to relocate much of the population in temporary camps along the highways—a situation sadly reminiscent of Vietnam. The Communists are also active—though

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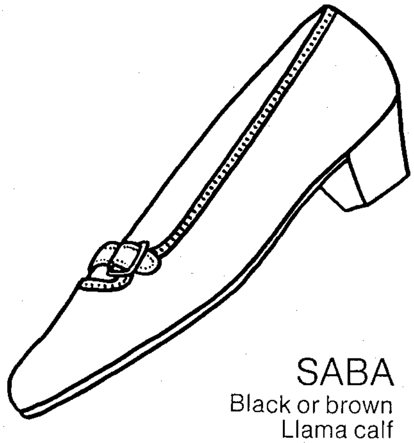
less so than in the fifties—in their old areas of central Luzon and in some areas south of Manila. They have sprinklings of strength on other islands, too—especially Mindanao, where they have created a tentative alliance with Muslim separatists. How well the New People's Army can sustain its armed strength nobody knows, but the government has made much of an incident involving the discovery last July of an abandoned ninety-ton fishing boat, the Karagatan, below Palanan Bay, on the coast of Isabela. Government troops claim to have found documents showing that the boat had been carrying about twelve hundred guns, mostly M-14 rifles, along with some rocket launchers and about two hundred thousand rounds of ammunition. The documents also showed that the shipment was to be received at designated points by leaders of the New People's Army, and a subsequent series of military actions resulted in the seizure by government troops of all but two hundred of the guns and most of the ammunition. It is not certain how the weapons were originally obtained, or when, but there are indications that they came from North Vietnam or China and were bought from smugglers in the Portuguese colony of Macao, near Hong Kong.

Now that the Communists are operating underground more than they did before martial law was declared, they can no longer rely on the press, the universities, and the labor unions to transmit their ideological line, and they are publishing a newspaper of their own, *Ang Bayan*, at irregular intervals. The issue that came out last December, on the fourth anniversary of the Party's Congress of Reëstablishment, declared that the Party is "firmly founded on the theoretical basis of Marxism-Leninism-Mao-Tse-tung Thought;" denigrated "modern revisionism purveyed by the Soviet Socialist imperialists;" and asserted, "The New People's Army is the Party's principal instrument for bringing together the proletariat and the peasantry, for carrying out the agrarian revolution, for building mass organizations in the countryside, and for establishing local people's government in preparation for nationwide seizure of power." The paper also said that "the U.S.-Marcos Fascist dictatorship is in line with the 'Nixon Doctrine,' " that the Marcos regime seeks "to retain and enlarge U.S. imperialist and comprador-landlord interests in the country," and that "the Marcos Constitution rammed through the 1971-72 reactionary Con-



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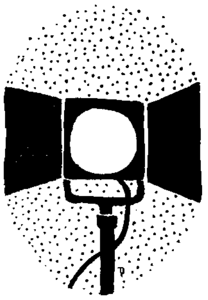
stitutional Convention reflects the malevolent schemes of the U.S. imperialists and their most rabid running dogs."

The situation in Mindanao, which involves a struggle between Christians and Muslims as well as a Muslim separatist effort, is potentially as serious as the Communist threat in Luzon. The Muslim Independence Movement, encouraged by the government of nearby Sabah (which is part of Malaysia but is claimed by the Philippines), has been gaining strength for several years. In the summer of 1971, during a heated election campaign, a shooting war broke out between bands of Muslims, known as Barracudas, and armed groups of Christians, calling themselves Illagas, or Rats. The Muslims claim that the land they live on is theirs by right of inheritance, but the Christians, more and more of whom have been moving to Mindanao from other parts of the Philippines, have obtained titles from local land offices and have tried to oust the Muslims from their holdings. The Muslims have resisted violently, and have complained of years of social and economic neglect by the government in Manila. An increasing number of armed incidents between the Christians and the Muslims led the government to send troops to Mindanao last fall. The troops soon ran into stiff opposition from the tough Mindanao fighters, particularly in the Sulu archipelago, and suffered fairly heavy casualties. Marcos retaliated by bombing and shelling Muslim positions, and antagonized the Muslims even further. He then gave up his effort to collect guns from the rebels—only about two thousand of perhaps thirty thousand weapons were surrendered—and offered them amnesty, with renewed promises of economic assistance; he also permitted a resumption of the traditional Muslim barter trade with Sabah, which amounts to organized smuggling. The amnesty offer expired in mid-March, and fighting continued throughout the southern Philippines. On March 19th, Marcos announced that the Muslim insurgency had been "practically crushed" and extended his amnesty offer for twenty-eight days. Still, the Muslims seem determined to push their drive for secession, and are seeking the backing of Arab nations, some of which, led by Libya, have already publicly espoused their cause. Marcos's efforts to make peace with the major tribal leaders have failed to persuade their young armed followers in the hills to compromise or surrender, and some of the rebels have made common cause with agents of the New People's Army. At the same time, rival Muslim factions have tended to come together against what they regard as a combined government and Christian plot to destroy them and their patrimony.



THE Philippine armed forces—sixty-five thousand men, of whom twenty-five thousand are members of the Constabulary, which is the national police force—are struggling to contain both the Communist threat in the north and the Muslim revolt in the south while also administering martial law. In the last, they have the help of some thirty-five thousand local policemen throughout the country, but by no means all of these are up to professional standards. There is considerable rivalry between the Army and the Constabulary. In the past, the Constabulary has been charged with corruption and with involvement in extortion and smuggling rackets, and such charges are still heard—especially concerning the lower levels, where there are fresh opportunities for corruption under martial law. Today, however, the Constabulary is led by a bespectacled, intellectual, pipe-smoking brigadier general, Fidel Ramos, who is related to Marcos and is a strong supporter of the new reform program, including a housecleaning within the Constabulary itself. When I spoke with Ramos, he acknowledged the difficulty of dealing with internal rebellions and maintaining order with a limited number of combat men. "We need more air mobility, especially helicopters, and more sea mobility, too, as well as better communications," he said. "But in any event martial law alone is not enough. The economic reforms must work. Then there will be no more need for politics."

Another important supporter of Marcos is his Secretary of Defense, Juan Ponce Enrile. Enrile was appointed to the job after losing a Senate race in the last election, and at one point he was regarded as one of Marcos's top choices for President if Marcos himself or his wife didn't stay in Malacañang. Over the last year or so, Marcos has made a point of cementing his ties with the armed forces, appointing a considerable number of new generals and colonels, and creating a nucleus of top officers who are personally loyal to

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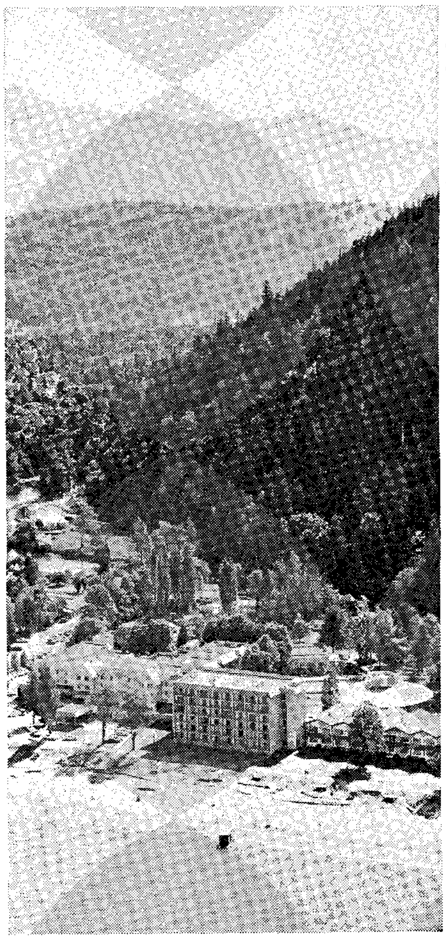

him. He knows that if his reforms do not succeed and he comes under pressure to quit, the Army will undoubtedly take over the country, at least temporarily. There are also career colonels and majors who resent the Marcos clique, and these men, if they felt Marcos was proving ineffectual and was using them as a shield for dictatorship, would probably not hesitate to act on their own. As for the Constabulary, many of its members have close relations with provincial governors and with mayors, police chiefs, and other local officials, not all of whom support the Marcos reforms wholeheartedly. One reason is that some of these officials are themselves small landlords, and stand to lose their holdings under the new land-reform program; another is that over the years they have established profitable business and political connections among themselves, which the Constabulary has condoned and shared in. It is a question how long these local officials will support the over-all reform programs, just as it is a question whether the Filipinos will be satisfied indefinitely with occasional rubber-stamp Citizens' Assemblies in place of the fiestalike atmosphere of politics and elections. "The average man hasn't really grasped the meaning yet of what's happened," an American friend of mine who has lived in the Philippines most of his life told me recently. "Marcos knows that, and he knows that his own credibility is still the chief issue. It was all very well to do away with a licentious press that devoted itself mostly to featuring crime and violence and gossip—and, anyway, the masses didn't even read it. What martial law really provides is a chance for Marcos to carry out reforms by cutting red tape and moving ahead quickly to develop this lagging society, and what will count most is raising people's income and filling their stomachs. If he can do that, he won't have to worry much about his opposition."

In addition to the Communist and Muslim rebellions, Marcos still faces opposition from many elements of Filipino society today, though for the moment he seems to have effectively neutralized his main enemies, either by jailing them or by forcing them to flee the country. Though his charge that there have been nine attempts to assassinate him is largely discounted by Western observers, there have been some plots, and late last year a psychopathic youth stabbed Mrs. Marcos at a public ceremony. Marcos has not only thoroughly alienated his Liberal

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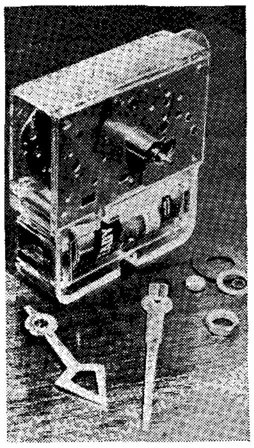

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Party opposition but has also antagonized many Nacionalistas, some of whom resent his domineering manner and his drastic reform measures. (The President was once a Liberal himself, and then, like many Filipino politicians before him, switched to the Nacionalista Party when he thought it offered him a better chance to be elected.) A year after the Liberals were routed in the 1969 elections—they suffered their worst defeat since the Second World War—Marcos broke with his Vice-President, Fernando Lopez, whom he suspected of privately supplying funds to left-wing student activists. Lopez and his brother Eugenio own a financial empire that includes sugar plantations and power companies, and they are among the wealthiest men in the Philippines.

Political animosity reached a peak in August, 1971, just before the off-year elections, when two fragmentation hand grenades were thrown onto the platform of a Liberal Party rally in the Plaza Miranda, in Manila. Eight Liberal candidates were wounded, three of them seriously, and several other people on the platform were killed and scores wounded. No one has yet determined who threw the grenades. The Liberals accused Marcos, and Marcos accused the Communists, and there are some people who believe that disgruntled Liberal Party elements may have been responsible. In any event, Marcos immediately suspended habeas corpus and began arresting left-wing students. The incident helped the Liberals take six out of eight senatorial seats that were being contested, and generally discredited Marcos, whose handpicked slate, including Defense Secretary Enrile, was swamped. According to Senator Aquino, who was not up for election at the time, the Plaza Miranda affair prompted Marcos's aides to draw up a list of secret options for dealing with the mounting crisis. The list included getting the Constitutional Convention to remove the two-term limitation on the Presidency, or projecting the candidacy of Mrs. Marcos or of a crony like Enrile, or declaring martial law while linking the Liberals to subversive elements and arranging for parliamentary government in the future. Marcos, Aquino says, chose the last. Then, in March, 1972, one of the Constitutional Convention delegates—Eduardo Quintero, a highly respected former ambassador to Japan—shocked the nation by charging that the Marcoses and their agents had offered bribes to members of the convention. Marcos struck back by ac-

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cusing Quintero of both bribery and blackmail, but the incident nonetheless served to discredit the Marcoses further. By personal pleading and by the exertion of all the influence he could muster, Marcos managed to get the convention, by a narrow vote, to reject a proposal that would have prevented him or his wife from running for office, and then to pass the present new constitution, calling for parliamentary government.

There has since been what amounts to a series of charges and countercharges by Marcos and Aquino, for Aquino, in comfortable custody at Fort Bonifacio, outside Manila, has managed to smuggle letters out to his friends, and before his arrest had mounted attacks on Marcos in privileged speeches in the Senate. Aquino maintains that Marcos made his plans for declaring martial law months before he actually did so, and carefully orchestrated events to lead up to it. He charges that in the two months prior to the declaration of martial law a score of bombing incidents in Manila—all of them in the middle of the night, so no one was hurt—were arranged by the government as part of a plot to charge the New People's Army with increasing subversive activity in the capital. And even before the bombings began, Aquino says, the government had a plan, called Sagittarius, to invoke martial law and keep Marcos in power. Last September 15th—which, he says, was four days after some friends in the Army leaked the plan to him—Aquino disclosed it in a Senate speech. Marcos called Aquino's account "a sheer fabrication without basis in fact," but the Army Chief of Staff, General Romeo Espino, admitted the same day that Sagittarius did in fact exist as a contingency plan to deal with the Communist revolt if it got out of hand. Thereafter, events moved quickly. On September 18th, Aquino and Senator Gerardo Roxas, the president of the Liberal Party, were formally briefed by the Army about Sagittarius but were told that the situation was under control and there was no immediate cause for alarm. Nevertheless, Aquino heard from his Army friends that martial law was imminent. On September 19th, Marcos accused Aquino of having held a meeting two weeks before with José Ma Sison, the Communist Party leader, in Makati, a wealthy suburb of Manila. The President, though he did not officially charge Aquino with treason, said he had evidence that could be used against Aquino in a secret report given him by Secretary of Defense Enrile, to whom Aquino had allegedly reported the meeting, and accused Aquino of "consulting with enemies of the state." The following day, Aquino, in another Senate speech, denied that any such meeting had taken place, calling the charge "sheer madness" and declaring that if it were true and if he had disclosed the meeting Marcos "instead of maligning me should have called me to Malacañang and congratulated me."

Whether the charge is true or false, there is strong evidence, I learned, that Aquino did meet somewhere in or near Manila with New People's Army representatives, if not with Sison himself. It seems doubtful whether Sison would have risked venturing into Makati, and what appears more likely is that—as the government secret files imply—Aquino met with one of Sison's top lieutenants, a man named Julius Fortuna, who, on Sison's behalf, suggested an alliance between the New People's Army and the Liberal Party to get rid of Marcos one way or another. Aquino's political base—and the source of his family fortune, through his marriage to the daughter of a rich sugar-plantation owner—is in Tarlac Province, in central Luzon, where the Communists have always been strong. He had previously admitted that he had maintained an accommodation with the New People's Army, and particularly with Commander Dante, having done so, he once told me, in order "to know what they're thinking, planning, and doing, to know whether they are getting outside support, to know their current directions." I saw Aquino in 1969, and at that time he said that he considered the new Communist threat serious enough to warrant his telling Marcos what he knew about it and to offer the President his coöperation in crushing it, but that he doubted he could trust the President not to betray him in the light of his difficult relationship in Tarlac.

Marcos declared martial law on the evening of September 22nd, a few hours after Secretary Enrile's car was ambushed while he was on his way home from his office; Enrile was unhurt, and Aquino and others have charged that the ambush was just another hoax, to allow Marcos to take over full control. The decree went into effect at midnight, and in the early hours of September 23rd hundreds of persons accused of political conspiracy were ar-

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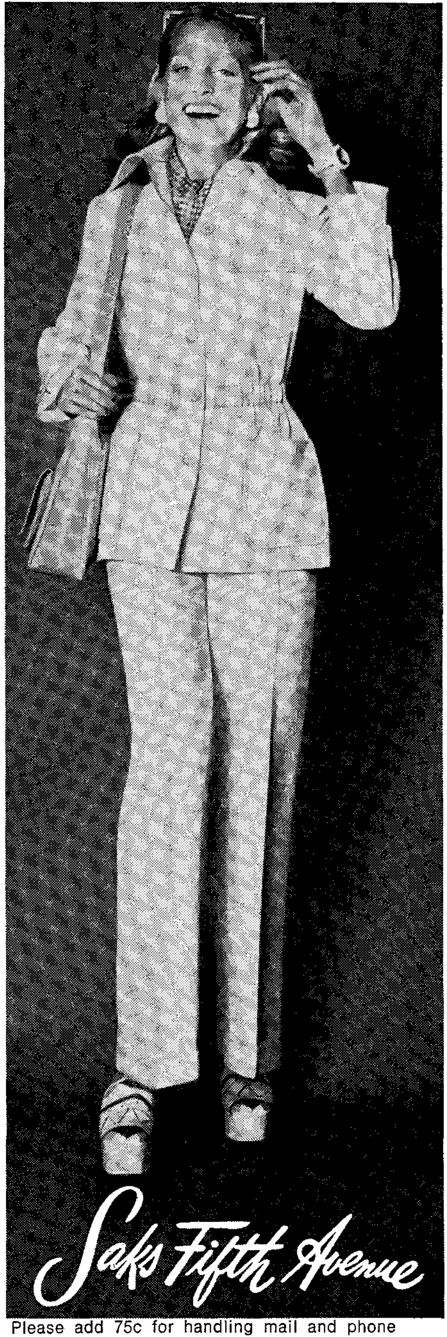

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rested. Aquino was arrested the next morning while he was attending a congressional-committee meeting at a Manila hotel. Two other senators—José Diokno, who is still in jail, and Raymond Mitra—were arrested. Mitra has since been released, and so have more than a dozen prominent journalists, among them Joaquin Roces, the publisher of the now defunct Manila *Times*, which used to be the country's leading paper, and Maximo V. Soliven, the *Times*' principal columnist. Marcos has told a group of foreign correspondents that he had actually signed the martial-law decree on the seventeenth but had waited a few days to issue it "because I wanted time to commune with God and await his signal." Aquino charges that martial law "was the only way Marcos could perpetuate himself in power" and "immobilize his political enemies," including those members of the Constitutional Convention who had been determined to bar both him and his wife from holding public office in the future. Aquino also says—and many people in Manila agree—that at the time martial law was declared the new constitution stood a poor chance of being approved by the scheduled plebiscite, because Marcos's actions were considered so discreditable.

Marcos could have achieved his aims legitimately, his critics contend, if he had simply postponed the plebiscite, and when Congress met, late in January, had asked for emergency powers for a limited period. He could then have issued the reform decrees he wanted, and could have asked Congress to establish a new date for the plebiscite. A number of petitions have been filed by Liberal Party members and citizen groups protesting the lockout of Congress after the declaration of martial law, and alleging the manner and method of holding the Citizens' Assemblies to be illegal, but the petitions have all been denied by the Supreme Court. The petitioners failed to persuade the Court of the illegality of eliminating what are known as the "transitory provisions" of the constitution—its final article, which, among other things, calls for the establishment of the interim National Assembly to choose a Prime Minister. (This was one of the main items Marcos managed to eliminate.) The basis of the petitioners' argument was that there was no time for the people to enjoy "freedom of choice" in approving or disapproving the new constitution—that the whole hasty process of ratification under martial law through the village assemblies

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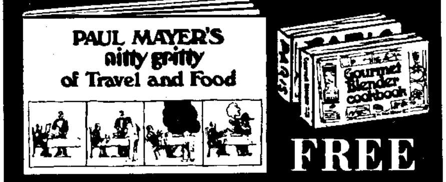

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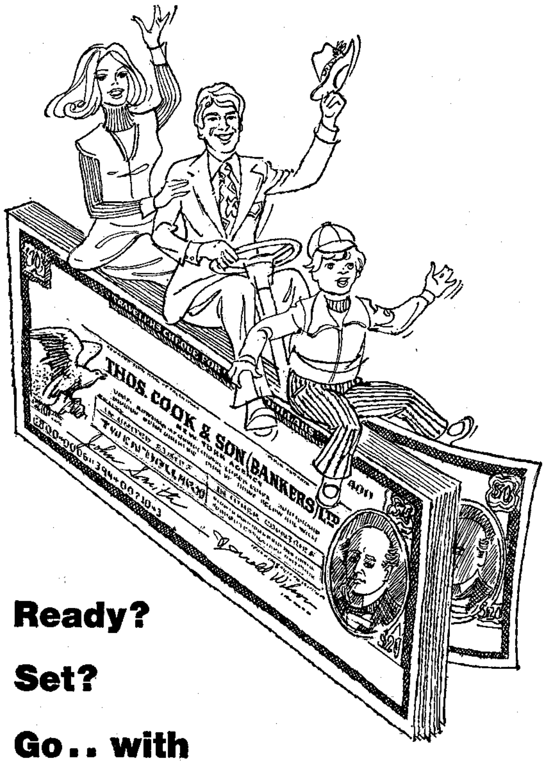
amounted to railroading it, and paved the way for "absolute dictatorship." The petitions, prepared by Liberal Party Senator Jovito Salonga, who is one of the Philippines' most prominent lawyers, and who was one of those seriously injured in the Plaza Miranda explosions, were convincing enough to divide the Supreme Court on the key issues, even though the majority of the Court consists of Marcos appointees. Since the Court's final ruling against them, a new petition has been filed, by Salonga and others, demanding that the new constitution be invalidated, because it was improperly ratified, and that the 1935 constitution be restored. On this, too, the decision is expected to be close.

If Marcos did indeed "panic," as his critics and many neutral observers say he did, when he saw the proposed plebiscite facing defeat because of popular resentment of his behind-the-scenes interference, he was upset for another reason as well; namely, the alleged series of right-wing plots to kill him. From time to time, he has appeared to consider these more important than the Communist ones—though he has reverted to stressing the latter. He has also sought to link the two sets of plots by implying that some of his Liberal Party opponents were in league with the rightists. This web of plots and accusations prompted two investigators for the United States Senate Foreign Relations Committee, who prepared a report on it after a visit to Manila not long ago, to comment on "the atmosphere of violence, paranoia, and surrealistic intrigue which one senses in the Philippines."

The right-wing plot was supposedly hatched late in 1969 by a group of retired Army officers in coöperation with a Liberal Party official named Eleuterio Adevoso. The man Marcos had just defeated for President, Senator Sergio Osmeña, Jr., ostensibly knew and approved of the scheme, which, the administration charges, called for "eliminating" Marcos and letting Vice-President Lopez take over temporarily. The plan lay dormant until the spring of 1972, when three Americans, a Briton, and a Panamanian were brought into it. Two of the Americans are alleged to have arranged for a hired killer named August McCormick Lehman to go to Manila. According to Filipino officials and the United States Senate committee report, Lehman has confessed to having made two plans for killing Marcos—one by shooting him while he was on a golf course and the other by planting bombs under the pier



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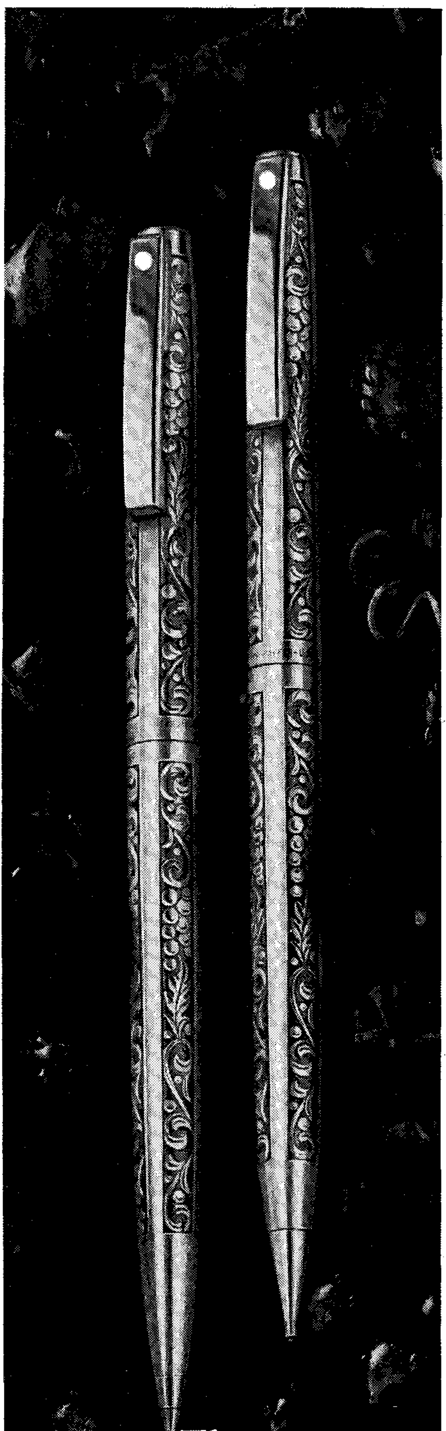

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where he usually docks his yacht. The plot was averted when Marcos's intelligence agents arrested Lehman, along with the Briton and the Panamanian, whose names have not been disclosed. In January, Marcos announced that he intended to have the three men tried and deported. Also under arrest in connection with the plot are Sergio Osmeña III, a son of the defeated Presidential candidate, who is living in California; Eugenio Lopez, Jr., a nephew of the Vice-President; and four other Filipinos, including two wealthy businessmen and a defeated candidate for mayor of Manila. What are alleged to be confessions by Osmeña and Lopez are on file, and portions of them were read to me, including testimony purporting to link Aquino and another Liberal Party senator to the bizarre conspiracy. It has also been alleged that American Embassy officials showed "great interest" in the right-wing plot, but the Americans, though they acknowledge that some sort of plot may have existed, have labelled the allegation "ridiculous."

MANY Filipinos feel that the United States has supported, and even masterminded, Marcos's strategy, approving his declaration of martial law and his harsh methods, but Marcos himself apparently feels that the Americans have grown cooler toward him, despite 1972 economic- and military-aid programs totalling seventy-two million and fifteen million dollars, respectively, plus a special fund of seventy-four million dollars for relief and rehabilitation after last year's floods. All that can be said at the moment is that the Embassy has adopted a subdued attitude as political tensions have risen, and some American officials have privately criticized Marcos for using the wrong tactics to push through the new constitution and for having outmaneuvered himself to the point where, in the words of one of them, "he moved from drifting into dictatorship to planning for it." The feeling is that he overpropagandized the right-wing and left-wing plots to keep himself in power, and then sought to justify his maneuvers as the only way to bring about the reforms that everyone admits are long overdue. Despite the somewhat ambivalent feelings in the Embassy, the Philippines' economic-aid requests for the next fiscal year are about what they were last year, with the emphasis, as before, on supporting agricultural reform, strengthening local government, continuing nutritional and family-planning programs, and provid-

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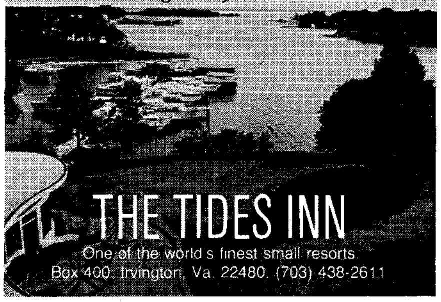

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ing funds for some capital projects, including transportation facilities, ports, and power plants. Military-aid requests are also roughly the same. There are some thorny fresh issues to be settled, however. New sugar quotas and tariff agreements must be arranged, and the Filipinos want continued guarantees on high sugar exports to the United States and tariff preferences on tobacco, coconut oil, and abaca fibre. In addition, the Laurel-Langley Trade Agreement of 1955—the basic trade agreement between the United States and the Philippines—expires in 1974, and some new trade arrangements will have to be made then. Investment opportunities for Americans, including a search for offshore oil, are now brighter than they have been for some time, and the new constitution allows Americans to retain a forty-per-cent interest in joint companies. Some American and other foreign capital has been invested, and the Manila and Makati stock markets are booming, for the first time in years, but, because of the confused political situation, the long-term economic outlook is uncertain.

The United States has a huge investment in its Philippine military bases—principally, Clark Field and the big naval base at Subic Bay—and the cost of building replacements elsewhere if the bases had to be given up would be at least two and a half billion dollars. These are facts that Washington has kept in mind. There is no present indication that Marcos wants the American forces reduced; for one thing, the Philippines get a hundred and fifty-eight million dollars a year in base-related spending by the Americans. Left-wing agitation for a return of the bases to Philippine control has diminished—it was at the point of frenzy three years ago—and the local Communists, however they feel about the matter, are fully aware that Peking has indicated it is by no means opposed to an American military foothold in Asia as a Soviet deterrent. As long as the bases remain, the chances are slight that a full-scale civil war could break out here, or that the internal situation could degenerate into chaos. "We've prevented another Vietnam in the Philippines," Marcos says of his declaration of martial law and his actions to force the ratification of the constitution. That may or may not prove true, but since the major powers—including Peking and Moscow, with both of whom Marcos wants to establish trade and cultural relations—are opposed to more violence in Southeast Asia for the moment, a Vietnam-

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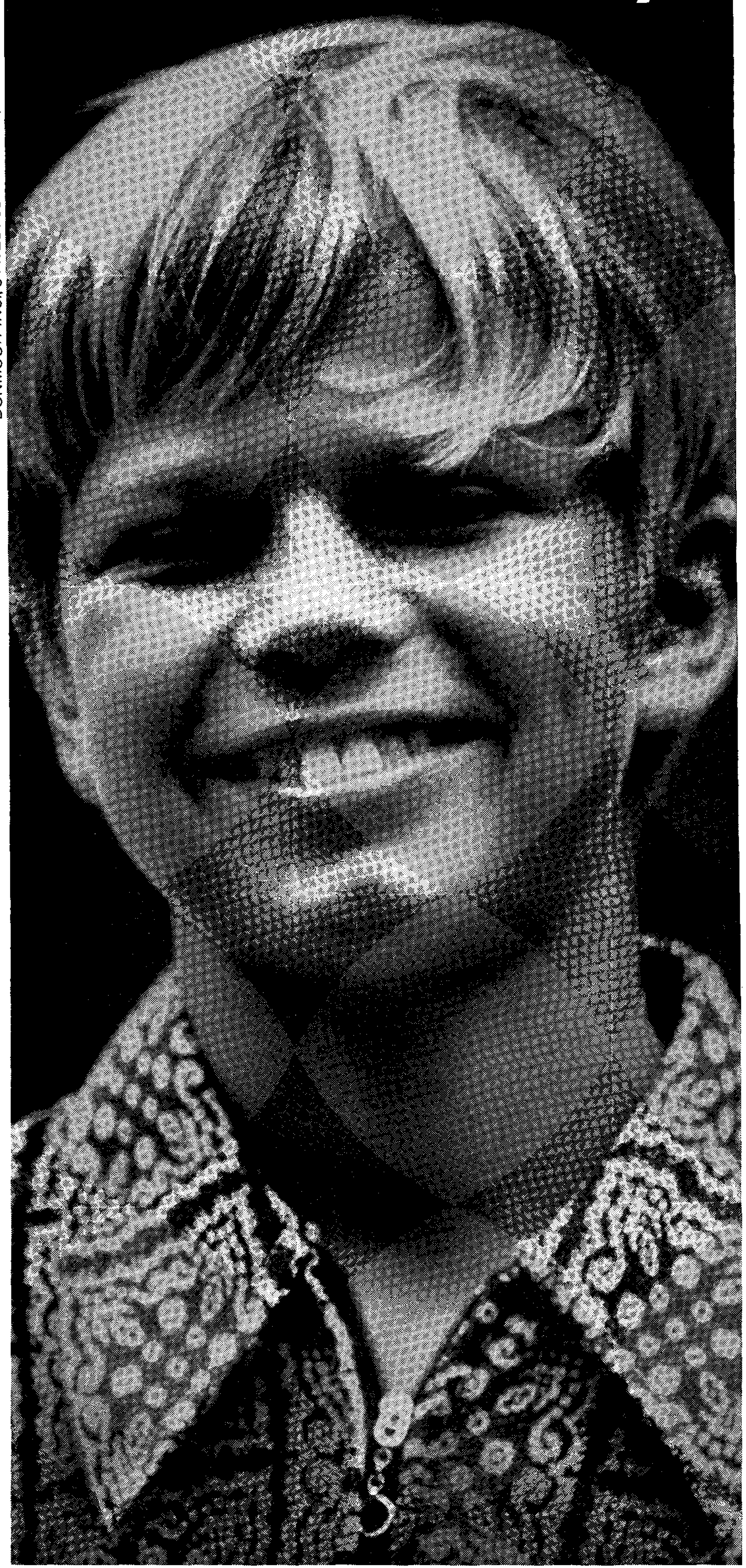

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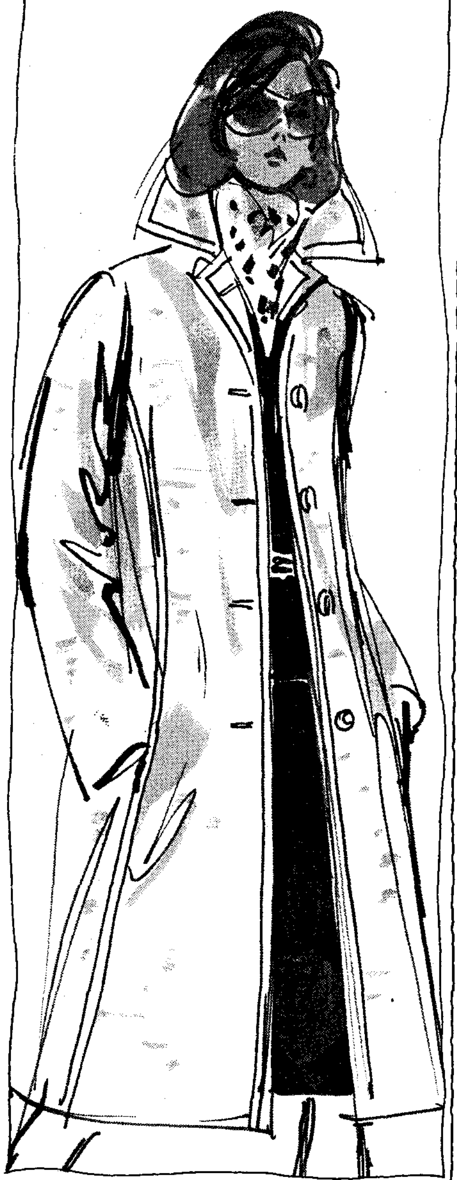

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ese type of conflict seems unlikely. If a serious rebellion did break out, however, and were secretly backed by one or more of the Communist powers, President Nixon would be sorely pressed to decide how to observe the terms of the Nixon Doctrine. Though it seems extremely doubtful whether any American troops would be committed, it is possible that, as is still happening in Indo-China today, American air power might be used, however questionable its effect. There are fewer jungles in the Philippines than in Vietnam but there are some seven thousand islands where an enemy could hide out, so air bombardments would scarcely deter a serious revolt and would simply stir up more criticism of the United States.

It is obvious that, ultimately, any revolt can be deterred or contained only by the carrying out of the economic reforms Marcos has set forth, accompanied by a real calming of the political waters. Marcos has decreed a drastic reorganization of the government, but this has only begun, and most of the reforms in education, finance and banking, social planning, and other areas are still only outlines, since they require far more managerial manpower than is at present available. To obtain the manpower, great stress is now being placed on technological and vocational training. At the same time, some six thousand of six hundred thousand civil servants have been fired for economy; this step—and it is only a beginning—has aggravated the employment problem. Ten per cent of the nation's work force is unemployed and twice that many are underemployed. Yet development opportunities abound in small industries and in such larger ones as mining, fishing, forestry, and oil exploration, and the business community, though many of its wealthy members oppose Marcos, is generally behind the reform program. One of the most brilliant businessman-economists in the nation, Sixto Roxas, the head of the Bancom Development Corporation, who was a government adviser years ago but quit in disgust, has come out in support of Marcos. Appearing at the Malacañang public meeting at which Marcos announced the ratification of the constitution, Roxas said, "The limits of our agricultural-land frontiers have been reached. Our population [now thirty-nine million] is double what it was thirty years ago, and is expected to double again in the next twenty-five years. The mass of our people suffer in poverty while con-

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scious that a happier life style not only is possible but has actually been achieved by societies that were managed more efficiently. If we had a hundred more years to achieve the kind of self-discipline which would balance much needed economic performance with more permissiveness in society, we could continue to blunder along, stacking up waste, social suffering, and losses in economic efficiency against the preservation of theoretical rights. [But] we do not have a hundred years—it is doubtful whether we have even ten—to provide a larger means of satisfaction to our growing population and avert the whirlwind that forms around a vacuum of unsatisfied demands and betrayed hopes and aspirations."

Roxas, like most other local experts, fully supports land reform as a proper beginning but criticizes the government for having failed to think the program through and to put it in a larger developmental framework. The program, which affects only rice and corn lands, has, in fact, barely got off the ground. No final decision has yet been made even on how much land a landowner can retain. The figure now being used is seven hectares (a hectare is two and a half acres), but arguments continue about whether the retention limit should be reduced to zero or raised to twenty. Unless it is reduced to zero, land cannot be transferred to the great bulk of tenants, but if it is reduced to zero the many small owners, including retired military men and small entrepreneurs who have invested their life savings in land, will have to surrender their holdings and be paid off over a fifteen-year period by the peasant tillers at an annual rate equal to two and a half times the worth of the average crop of the last three years. Eighty per cent of the nation's landowners—far more than the government originally estimated—have less than seven hectares, and these owners are dissatisfied with the compensation scheme. A sliding scale based on the annual crop value over fifteen years has been suggested, and most experts feel that the compensation should include a cash down payment, shares in government-owned or government-sponsored corporations, and social benefits such as free hospital care and educational scholarships. All this remains undecided, too, and meanwhile the government is proceeding slowly, by dividing up holdings of a hundred hectares or more. Three hundred million dollars is needed to launch the land-reform program properly, and a billion dollars more over the fifteen years it will take to complete it, and no one has any idea where all this money is to come from.

These are only a few of the problems besetting Marcos's "new society." So far, there has been far more talk than action, and hardly any benefits have accrued to the people. There is thus a strong possibility that the mass support Marcos is counting on will evaporate. By and large, the people have been going along with Marcos because he has eliminated some corruption and has improved the law-and-order situation by getting rid of hoodlums and private political armies, but the new constitution and all the decrees will continue to have little or no meaning for the common man unless he derives some material benefits from them, and soon. "Marcos can both motivate and scare people now," one of my Filipino friends says, "but he is running on borrowed time." Most thoughtful observers believe that, in the words of one of them, "Marcos overkilled the opposition and oversold reform." He has been described by a detractor as a "group-dynamics expert, a practitioner of that science dedicated to the manipulation of people and the cunning exploitation of the basic weaknesses in human nature." Others say that he had no alternative to proceeding ruthlessly against politicians and the press, and that the suspension of civil liberties will be a price worth paying if he can actually create a new national consensus and carry out his technological and developmental revolution. In Asia today, the Philippine experiment is certainly one of the most unusual post-colonial ones being undertaken, and Marcos sees his country as being in the revolutionary vanguard of the region. "With the help of God and the Filipinos, we will be a great nation," he said recently. Unfortunately, that formula hasn't worked so far, and his chances of success do not appear to be better than fifty-fifty.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

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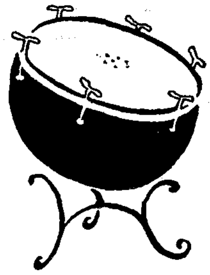
MUSICAL EVENTS

Cornerstone

PIERRE BOULEZ has announced the Philharmonic programs for the 1973-74 season. Native contemporary music is represented by the première of Peter Mennin's Eighth Symphony, Jacob Druckman's "Windows" (first heard, in Chicago, last year), and revivals of Aaron Copland's "Connotations" (composed for the opening of Philharmonic Hall) and of the Concertos for Orchestra by Elliott Carter (a Philharmonic piece of 1970) and by Gunther Schuller (1966). Contemporary Europe is represented by Alexander Goehr's "Pastorals" (1965), Bernd Alois Zimmermann's "Photoptosis" (1968), and Aribert Reimann's "Zyklus" (1971)—which, incidentally, must please the house of Schott, publishers of all three. So far as it goes, the choice is admirable: these are works which show that composers are still prepared to write for symphony orchestra (whereas during the current Philharmonic season several of the newer pieces—such as Stockhausen's "Kontra-Punkte" for ten players and George Crumb's "Ancient Voices" for seven—may have suggested that the full orchestra had become a thing of the past). Boulez evidently intends to keep the whole Philharmonic, not just sections of it, alive. I regret, however, that he cannot be persuaded to bill his own compositions; his "Pli Selon Pli" is something that New York should hear. If the programs are further scanned for works written during, say, the last thirty-one years, then the following "modern" composers can also be added: Richard Strauss (Second Horn Concerto), Schoenberg (Piano Concerto, "Ode to Napoleon"), Prokofieff (Fifth and Sixth Symphonies, Sinfonia Concertante), and Martinů (Cello Concerto). There are also early works by Roger Sessions (the Suite from "The Black Maskers," of 1923) and Michael Tippett (the Concerto for Double String Orchestra, of 1939—why not his stirring new Third Symphony?).



The Romantic theme for the season is Goethe's "Faust," as reflected in Wagner's "Faust" Overture, Berlioz' "La Damnation de Faust," Schumann's "Scenes from Goethe's 'Faust,'" and Mahler's Eighth Symphony. The Classical theme is Mozart and his concertos. About the latter I feel slightly unhappy. Boulez has declared that the Philharmonic "stage and hall were not made for contemporary music," but, as he has demonstrated, there is in fact a good deal of contemporary music to which they are well suited. What does not come over effectively in that large place is eighteenth-century stuff played with the reduced orchestral forces that Boulez, quite rightly, employs. (Handel's massive "Fireworks Music," billed for the forthcoming season, is another matter.) This season, the Classical theme has been Haydn. Work after work of his has failed to make its due effect simply because the details do not register in the large spaces of Philharmonic Hall; even though they may be perfectly audible, they do not tell. The acoustic point was forcefully made when, at a master class in the Juilliard Theatre, Boulez and his student conductor let us hear a good deal of Haydn's Symphony No. 99. Whether by chance or design, it happened that the Juilliard Orchestra was deployed at exactly the strength (except for having one cello more) that Haydn's biographer C.F. Pohl lists for Haydn's own orchestra in the Hanover Square Rooms. There were eight first violins, eight seconds, and four each of violas, cellos, and basses. As a result the balance was not, as it so often is, topheavy, and each marvellous detail, each shift of texture, every fine, subtle piece of woodwind writing could be appreciated in a hall whose acoustics are intimate, but not at all constricting. (At a later master class, the hall contained Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring" without strain.) I felt that I was hearing Haydn's music properly and keenly for the first time in months.

What should be is more easily stated than what could be, but moves can be made toward the former. Goeran Gentele felt that the Metropolitan Opera should come in two sizes, both of company and of theatre, and Opera at the Forum was a first step toward achieving this. The Philharmonic should also come in two sizes, both of forces and of hall; the Prospective Encounters have been a first step toward achieving this, so far as the modern repertory is concerned, and the summer Rug Concerts—a new Philharmonic venture, a week during which the orchestra will be divided into alternate bands of thirty-five and seventy players—will be another. In addition, the Philharmonic programs should, of course, be planned in careful collaboration with those of the Clarion Concerts, the Little Orchestra Society, Musica Aeterna, the Juilliard School concerts, and the other groups whose work could help to fill some gaps in, for example, next season's Mozart-concerto theme. On the "Faust" front, I hope that one of the visiting virtuoso orchestras has been urged to bring into town the Liszt "Faust" Symphony, and that some choir has been encouraged to tackle Henze's "Chor Gefangener Trojer." Perhaps Henry Lewis, with the New Jersey Symphony, or Lukas Foss, with the Brooklyn Philharmonia, will be exploring Anton Rubinstein's "musical portrait" of Goethe's hero.

Still on what should be—but what seems to me very easily could be: the Philharmonic should amplify its two themes by publishing two booklets, one on Mozart's concertos, the other on Goethe's "Faust" and why it has inspired so much music. They could be quite simple—just enough to enable the subscribers to see the season's "thematic" works in perspective, and perceive a little more fully why Boulez has chosen to gather them into one prospectus. Edward Downes' notes in the regular Philharmonic program books are admirable and thorough, but they are directed solely to the individual works of the evening. And so this season, though Boulez has put on coherent and carefully planned "retrospectives" of Haydn and also of Stravinsky, they have been shows without a catalogue. There has been nothing to help the concertgoer see at a glance how the work he is hearing on one night relates to those he has heard on others, although the idea of appreciating and enjoying such relations is implicit in the very nature of the planning. There have been no suggestions for further reading or further listening. Rosemary Hughes' "Master Musician" on Haydn, and H. C. Robbins Landon's little introduction to the symphonies—to name only two simple, nonspecialist works intended for the average concertgoer—have not been on sale at Philharmonic Hall's "gift shop." (Next season, I trust that at least Stanley Sadie's "Mozart" and a paperback "Faust" will be there, duly announced in the program book.) There has been no advice that across the plaza, at the State Theatre, an even fuller "Stravinsky retrospective" has been on show, that in Grace Church a complete cycle of Haydn's masses is in progress, that an aspect of Haydn unrepresented in the Philharmonic programs—as a composer of puppet operas—could be discovered at the Convent of the Sacred Heart (or listened to on the air). (Next season, I trust, any New York performances of Gounod's "Faust" and Boito's "Mefistofele" will be brought to the Philharmonic audiences' attention.) There have been no recommendations of phonograph records that might increase listeners' delight and understanding. Do I sound too sternly didactic? I write only in the belief that the Philharmonic is not helping people to get the most from its offerings and that, more generally, music lovers' enjoyment could be increased by some connected guidance through the chaos of good things to be heard in New York.

CAN the Philharmonic's concert performance of Haydn's "L'Incontro Improviso" be counted among those good things though it was inadequately cast and, by Boulez, rather dully conducted? On the whole, probably, yes, for "L'Incontro" is a rich and beautiful work, and in the concert hall one can delight in its musical inventions, even in a poor execution, without being dismayed by the composer's lack of dramatic sense. Haydn's operas have been a discovery of our day, made possible by publication of the scores and increasingly frequent performances. (The fascinating checklist of operatic repertory in the United States from 1966 to 1972 just issued by the Central Opera Service at the Metropolitan reveals that eighty-four performances of Haydn operas were given during that period; he has a far higher score than more famous operatic figures such as Gluck and Weber.) Before they were known, these operas were generally deemed to be homemade little pieces, planned solely for a private princely audience, but probably containing some splendid music. In 1781, after completing "La Fedeltà Premiata," the composer wished that the French could see it, and boasted that "no such work has been heard in Paris up to now, nor perhaps in Vienna, either; my misfortune is that I live in the country." But six years later, when Prague asked him for an *opera buffa*, he refused, "because all my operas are far too closely connected with our personal circle . . . calculated in accordance with the locality." The reasons for this change of heart can, I believe, be summed up

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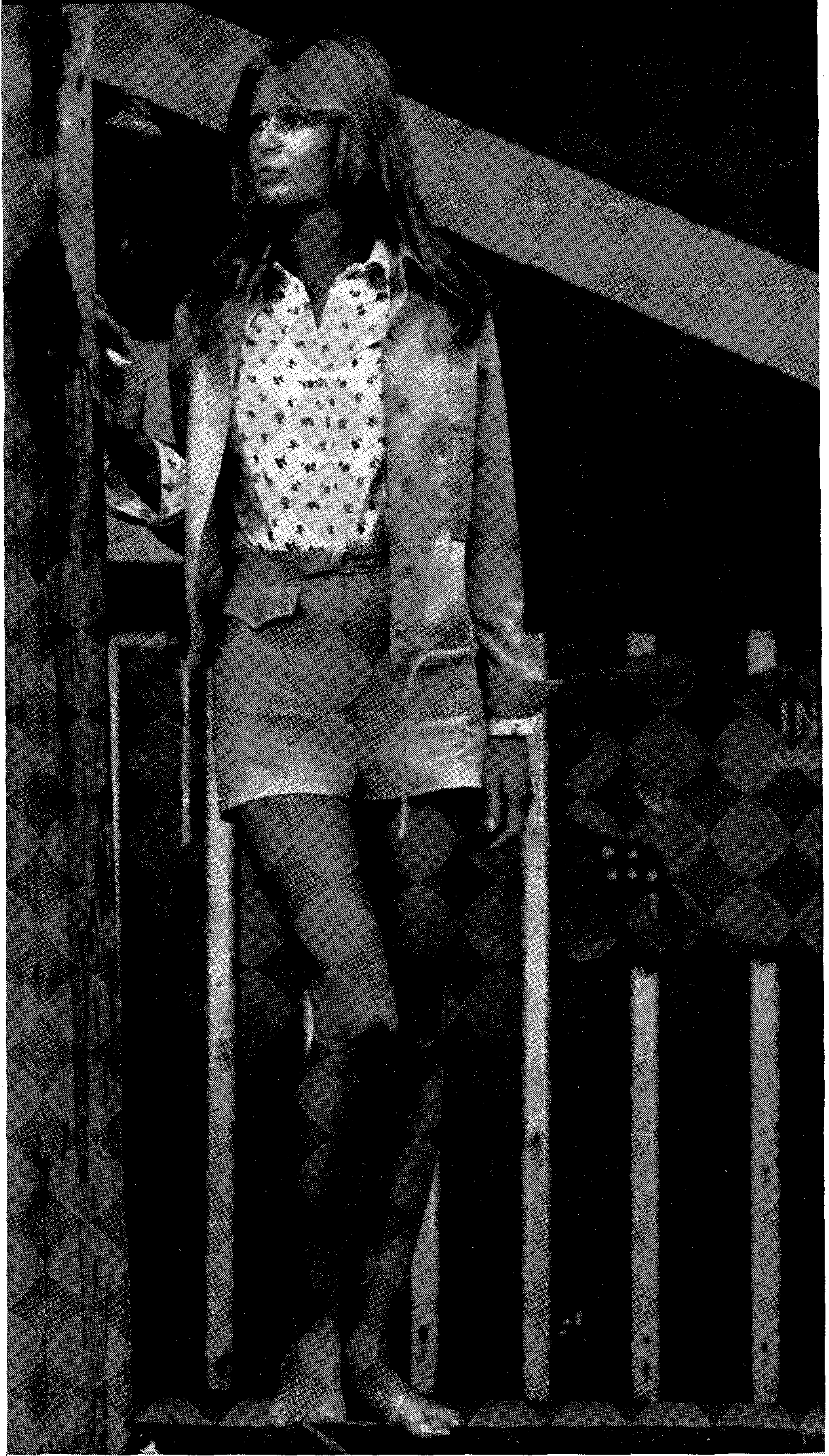

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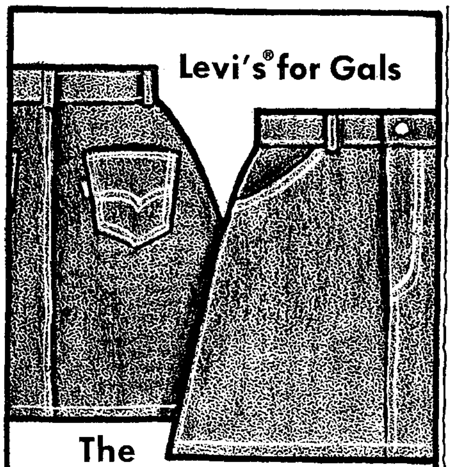

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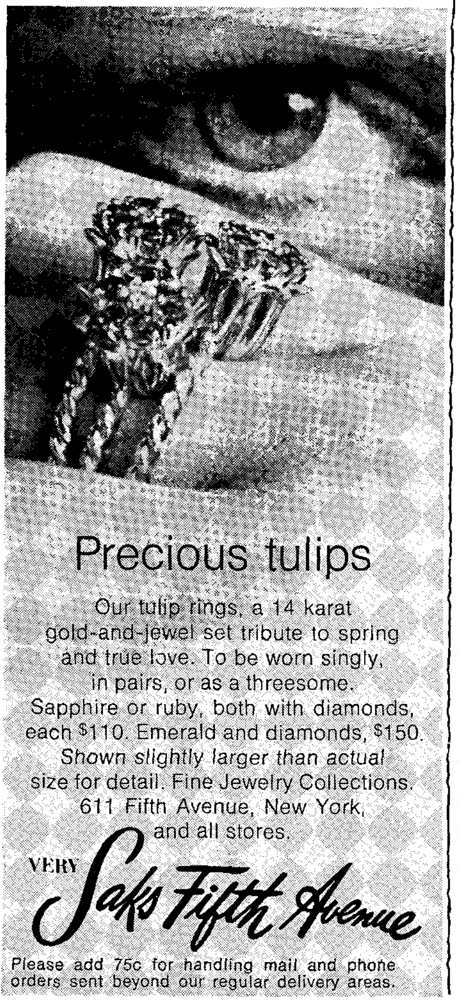

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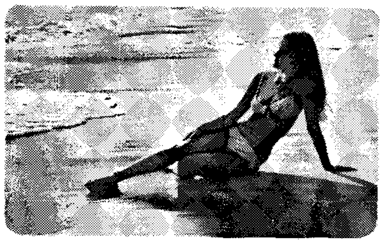
in a single word—"Figaro." Once Haydn got to know Mozart well, he composed no more operas himself (except a late piece for London that remained unproduced until, in 1951, it became Maria Callas's only "creation"), even though for six years more he continued to direct a very busy opera company. Indeed, the sheer amount of operatic activity at Esterház—scores pouring in from all over Europe to be adapted to the talents of the troupe; over a thousand performances in the decade 1780-90—is enough to show that Haydn was no rustic amateur but was in touch with all the latest developments. In "Die Entführung" and "Figaro" he must have found almost all that he had striven for in his own series of twelve well-varied works—and much more besides. His operas, like Mozart's, are rich in all forms of musical invention. The popular operatic composers of the day—Paisiello, Cimarosa, Anfossi, and the rest—wrote thinner stuff, and a great deal more of it. Paisiello composed about a hundred operas, and Anfossi over seventy; Haydn thirteen, and Mozart (from "Idomeneo") seven. We can see what Haydn was up to when we compare "L'Incontro Improviso" with Gluck's "La Rencontre Imprévue," which provided its plot (and also a musical idea or two). Gluck's *opéra bouffon* moves swiftly in a series of short, simple, taking airs. Haydn, for the most part, writes long arias embodying his marvellous discoveries in the fields of thematic development, harmonic adventure, and instrumental texture. They are far too long to be effective on the stage. Haydn knew it; in his autograph several passages are x-ed through, and wonderful ideas are sacrificed. In most modern productions, still further cuts are made. We can see where Haydn failed when we compare "L'Incontro" with "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," which has the same basic plot, almost the same vocal disposition (two sopranos and two tenors—the noble pair and their respective attendants—and a buffo bass; Haydn has an additional soprano attendant), and a musical likeness or two to suggest that Mozart may have known Haydn's piece. In "Die Entführung" the drinking scene is a vital part of the plot; in "L'Incontro" it is an unmotivated merry episode. When Mozart's lovers meet at last, their hearts overflow in music; when Haydn's meet, the soprano launches into a comic *canzonetta* in which she impersonates a rude corsair who puffed smoke in her face. In Mozart, the captured lovers' con-



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stancy in the face of death inspires a noble duet; Haydn's response is two rather perfunctory phrases of recitative. These things can be explained in part by considering Haydn's troupe, that "personal circle" mentioned in his letter. The principal roles, Rezia and Ali, were devised for Magdalena and Karl Friberth. From Haydn's previous opera, "L'Infedeltà Delusa," it is clear that Magdalena had a great gift for spirited impersonation and that Karl (who also wrote the libretto for "L'Incontro") enjoyed "character" roles. So each was given a chance to indulge a specialty—at the expense of the drama. Haydn cheerfully set a text that the mature Mozart would have scorned. But any fool can perceive that Haydn was no Mozart. He was not really a musical dramatist—but he was a great composer. Individual arias, whether passionate, poignant, or bubbling with wit, are superbly made. Especially notable in "L'Incontro" are—but, no, any list would grow too long, for nothing in it is negligible. It happens to be an opera I have heard often, and each time with increasing love. To mention just one aspect: the string textures—muted against unmuted, pizzicato against legato murmur, in astounding figurations that make picturesque points or sly, swift jests—are miraculous.

Precisely because the piece was so "closely connected" with the Esterházy company, to catch its spirit modern performers need to have soaked themselves in Haydn's operas. Ideally, for example, the Rezia should know what kind of singer Magdalena Friberth was, in all her aspects, if she is to make the most of all the varied role. In the Philharmonic performance, only one singer, Sheila Armstrong, was wholly delightful. She was Balkis, counterpart to Mozart's Blonde. Her tone was sweet and true through all its range; her phrasing was lissome, her coloratura limpid. No one else produced consistently "real" notes or remained undefeated by vocal writing as taxing as that in "Die Entführung"—and at a concert performance, where all attention is on the music, the singing needs to be even more accomplished than in the theatre. Ali's most difficult aria was omitted, and George Shirley barely got through the others. Maralin Niska's account of Rezia's music struck strident passages. Andrea Velis' Osmin (the Pedrillo part) was nimble and entertaining only until the music passed out of his effective range. Barbara Shuttleworth, the third soprano, and Spiro Malas, the buffo, were smudgy. The whole thing sounded

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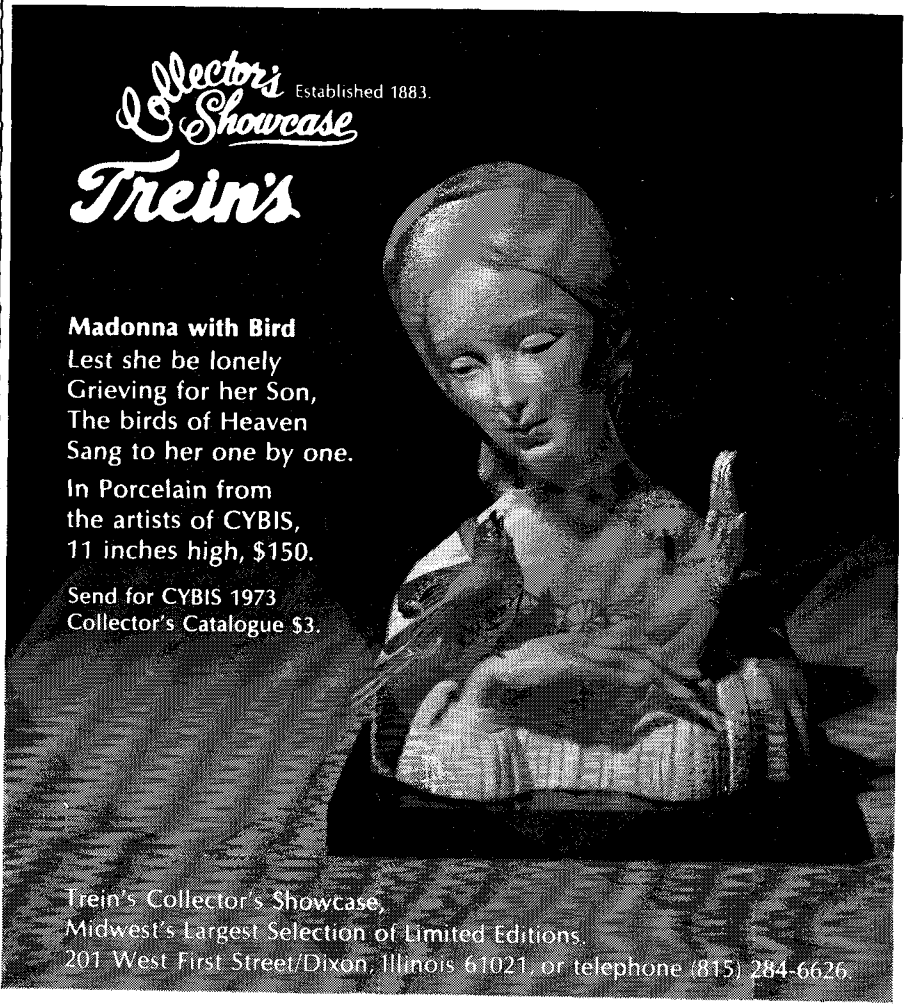

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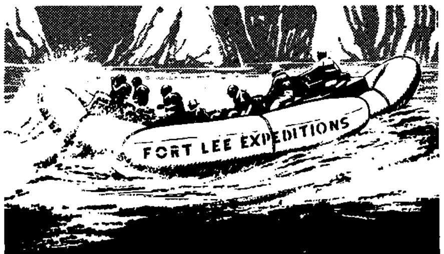
somewhat underprepared; at times the Philharmonic's ensemble was so ragged and ill-balanced as to suggest sight-reading. Boulez was more responsive to the romance than to the fun. Slow numbers were expressively molded, but some faster ones were handled in leaden fashion: Osmin's saucy opening *canzonetta* was treated as if it were a love song; two arias in 2/4 were plodded through at four beats to a measure. Six of the eighteen vocal numbers were omitted (among them, the dapper little drinking song, the pastoral-comical duet in which Ali reflects on the Peaceable Kingdom while Osmin remarks that lamb is still better for eating than lying down with, and Rezia's main romantic aria), but the others were done without cuts—without even Haydn's own cuts—and it was good to hear them in all their formal beauty. The recitatives were replaced by a jocular spoken narration. Stylish and pretty gracing of the vocal lines had been provided by Christoph Wolff. No libretto was provided.

Boulez the conductor of "L'Incontro" could, one felt, have profited by the advice of Boulez the Haydn instructor at the Juilliard master classes, who declared that "pulse is not cutting slices of time" and that shaping the phrase is often more important than indicating the beats, who pounced so quickly on flaws of rhythm and balance. The three classes—the first devoted to the First Brandenburg and Haydn's Symphony No. 99, the second to Berlioz' "Benvenuto Cellini" Overture and the "Parsifal" Prelude, the last to Webern's Six Pieces, in their original large-orchestra version, and "The Rite of Spring"—showed the *chef d'orchestre* at his most impressive. In closeup, we could examine what he himself aims to do when conducting. For the six students—two at each class—on the rostrum it cannot have been an easy experience; for the onlookers it was enthralling. There were so many things to be explained and put right, all in a hundred minutes or so: gestures, tempos, rhythms, rubato. So many techniques to learn: how to spot, and how most quickly to correct, errors of intonation or of balance; how to start a piece precisely; how to end it. So many points to consider in the whole complicated business of deciding first what sounds are wanted and then what gestures and glances can best elicit them. Boulez was not kindly, and he shared in the audience's mindless laughter provoked by a remark like "You think you are clever with that—and you are not." (But



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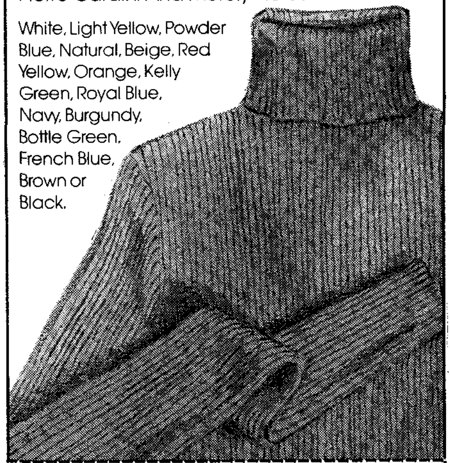

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when the laugh was on him—as when he said he would demonstrate how to secure a unanimous attack and then drew a spatter chord from the orchestra—he merely spoke a mirthless "Ha-ha-ha.") Charm plays no part in his pedagogic method. In private life the man is easy, friendly, dazzling, and utterly delightful (years ago he bewitched me, and made me feel that all my ideas about music had been changed by two conversations); professionally he appears to be cold, immodest, funless, marvellously competent, and so self-sure in utterance that one almost begins to suspect a suppressed inner insecurity. (He could have won the audience's heart by a disarming reminder that his own performance of "The Rite" had been held in low opinion by Stravinsky.) His contempt for simple, winning graces and for ideas that do not accord with his are tempered by his evidently wholehearted, even passionate care for what he admires, and by his rare ability. The master classes reflected the qualities of his conducting. The last of them was particularly rewarding, for in the student conductor David Ramadanoff he found a musician of whom he plainly approved, one who deserved encouragement as well as correction. Between them, master and pupil and the patient Juilliard Orchestra regenerated that primal excitement in Stravinsky's score which is not always felt. Three sections were worked on—the Spring Auguries, the Ritual Action of the Ancestors, and the final Sacrificial Dance. One heard the performances take shape, gain power and precision, and then explode with resistless energy.

THE last of the season's Prospective Encounters—those informal Philharmonic concerts given in the Loeb Student Center, on Washington Square, so titled that they are awkward to refer to in the past tense—was also the jolliest. Milton Babbitt was there to present his "Occasional Variations" for synthesized tape and "Correspondences" for string orchestra and synthesized tape, and though Mr. Babbitt's written words can be chewy, his impromptu discourse is limpid, merry, and sage. He told us, frankly, that "Correspondences" had been but approximately performed—too little rehearsal, and bad balance between loudspeakers and live players. Less could go wrong with "Occasional Variations," though it was played on only a two-track reduction of the four-track original. (Why, for heaven's sake? Inadequate equipment? Surely any manufac-

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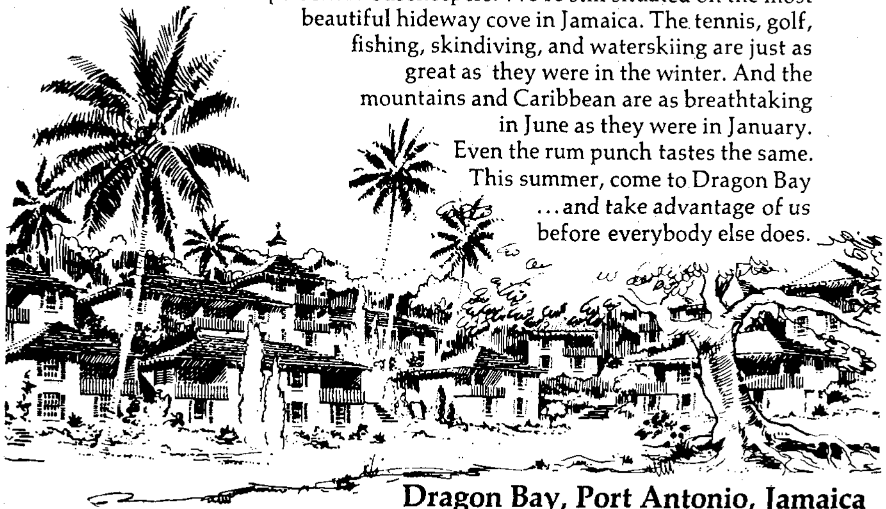

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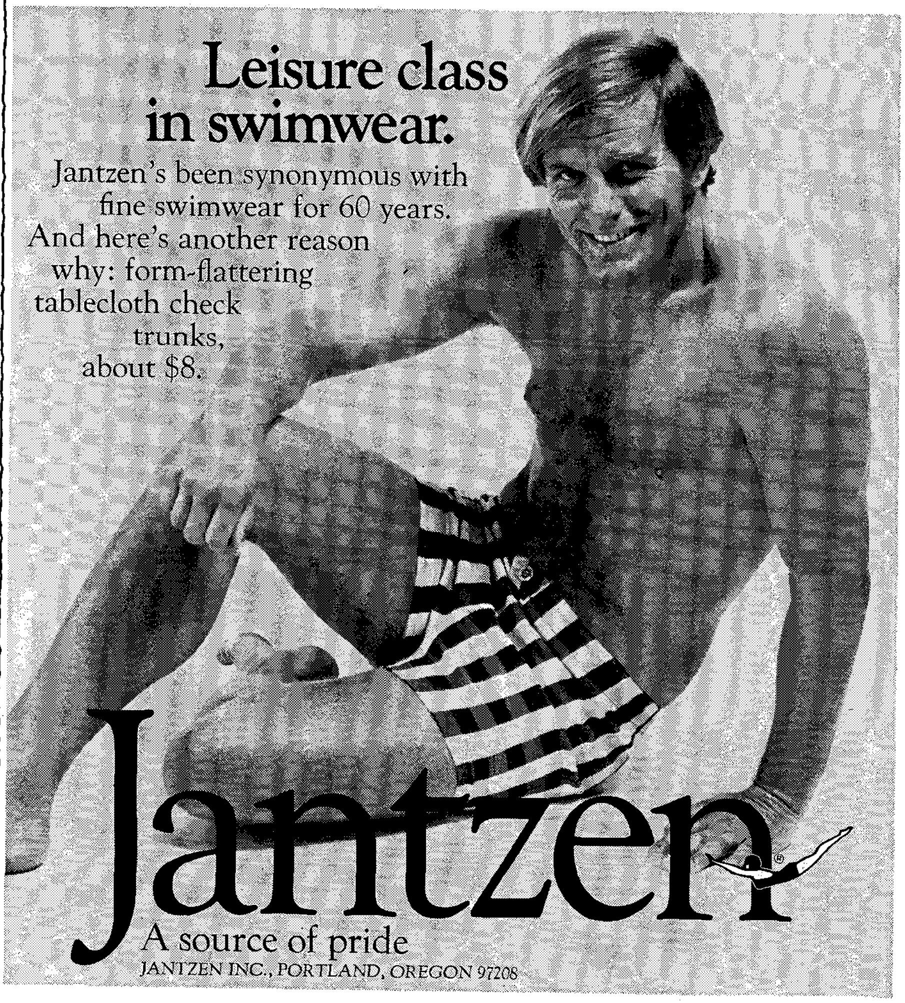

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turer would be proud to lend the Philharmonic his finest wares for such an occasion.) It is an elegantly constructed and most attractive piece, scored in simulated instrumental timbres as if for an ideally proficient orchestra. One hearing was not enough. After the interval came György Ligeti's "Aventures" and "Nouvelles Aventures"—brief "imaginary operas" sung to nonsense syllables filled with intense expression. I called Boulez funless, and so he generally is, but with the Ligeti he had lots of fun, and drew aptly extravagant yet perfectly controlled executions from three superb soloists: Phyllis Bryn-Julson, Jan DeGaetani, and Richard Frisch. A word, too, for the poised comedy of Gordon Gottlieb, the percussionist, when his big moment came and he smashed a trayload of dishes to the ground. Afterward, the captivating Miss DeGaetani took the stand and answered our questions with refreshing candor and charm. A repeat performance of the "Nouvelles Aventures" then showed all too clearly that Boulez had been right, some years ago, to call Ligeti's work "musically thin." Boulez himself, at last, almost seemed relaxed, at ease, and unforbidding in his master-of-ceremonies role. A little more unbending still on his part, a slightly cozier ambience than the antiseptic Loeb Center, and he may yet find himself on Pierre terms with his public. —ANDREW PORTER

•

Judy Bond Fashion Outlet on the Eastern Bypass was broken into early Tuesday and more than $900 worth of women's clothing stolen, police said.

It was the second burglary at the fashion shop in as many weeks.

According to police, a small hole was found in the shop's front door, but detectives said they did not believe the building was entered through the hole.

A small hole was found in the door after the first burglary at the shop last Saturday, authorities said.

In the first burglary, about $400 worth of clothing was taken, they said.

In both burglaries, only clothing that would fit a very small woman was taken, police said.—*Montgomery* (*Ala.*) *Advertiser.*

Just how big *was* that hole in the door?

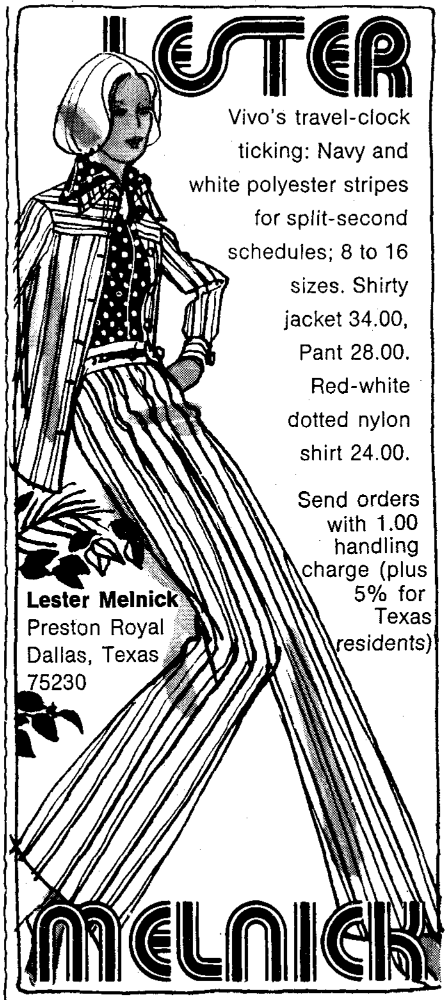
•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "The Lizard in the Cup," by Peter Dickinson*]

He could see the Helicon Bar now, a few white tables on the quayside and a faded blue awning. —*Page 86.*

The Helicon Bar was a whole civilization away from the Lord Byron, and much more Pibble's style. Its orange awning had been patched and repatched. —*Page 87.*



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AROUND CITY HALL

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COMPTROLLER ABRAHAM BEAME observed recently that in politics a year is like a century, and during the giddy convolutions that quadrennially precede mayoral elections in this city political tableaux of even a few months past can seem as dated as pictures on an old rotogravure page. Consider the political alignments represented on the reviewing stand at last fall's Columbus Day Parade, the annual local Italian-American splurge, at which attendance by all New York politicians on the make is virtually obligatory, since members of that ethnic group account for about a fifth of the city's population and, owing to the low voting turnout in many ghetto districts, perhaps a quarter of its electorate. Among the prominent non-Italians jammed elbow to elbow toward the front of the stand, where the marchers and the news cameras couldn't miss them, were Republican Governor Nelson Rockefeller, then the state campaign manager for President Nixon, whose overwhelming reëlection victory was still, of course, a few weeks off; former Democratic Mayor Robert Wagner, who, although he had good-naturedly taken on the thankless job of state campaign chairman for Senator George McGovern, was otherwise regarded as so out of things—politically dead on everybody, as croquet players might describe it—that onetime bitter rivals in and out of his party who discussed him at all referred to him only in kindly, near-posthumous terms; Republican State Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz, who had run for mayor against Wagner in 1961, in Wagner's last appearance as the Democratic nominee; Mayor Lindsay, who, in 1965, running on the Republican and Liberal tickets, with Rockefeller's support, had campaigned essentially against Wagner's record; and Comptroller Beame, a longtime member of Wagner's administration, who was the Democratic nominee defeated by the present mayor eight years ago and was considered certain to run this year in his party's primary, a field that many political commentators were then confidently predicting would include the rather new Democrat John Lindsay. Several other potential mayoral nominees as well as numerous local congressional candidates of opposing parties were also on the parade stand, craning their necks to get into the television frames. As often happens in such local gatherings, the Democrats tended to gravitate to the left side of the stand, from the paraders' point of view, and the Republicans to the right. To some parade watchers, it seemed that Lindsay was up to one of his familiar tricks: standing up straighter than ever in an effort to make some of the others—the stocky Rockefeller, perhaps, or the five-foot-two Abe Beame—look like pygmies. When, during a gap in the passing caravan of floats and waving banners celebrating Columbus's voyage, a reporter asked the members of this uneasy company if anyone knew where Columbus had landed, most of the politicians looked blank. "He landed in San Salvador, which is in Brooklyn," said Lindsay. Four weeks before a national election, however, interest in an Italian-American celebration in a city of nearly three and a third million registered voters wasn't limited to politicians from the five boroughs. Senator McGovern had made a special trip to New York to be on hand, and although President Nixon had remained in the White House, he had sent along a surrogate in a pink hair ribbon and white gloves—his daughter Tricia Cox. Of the politicians on the reviewing stand, only Senator McGovern had actually marched in the Italian-American parade (the International Ladies Garment Workers had invited him to, he said), and his action brought adverse comment from the right side of the stand. "People are here today to honor Christopher Columbus, not to take part in politics," Rockefeller told reporters. And Tricia Cox, shaking her head disapprovingly, said, "This was supposed to have been a nonpolitical event."

On St. Patrick's Day, local politicians gathered for their first reviewing-stand appearance of the spring—the Irish parade being an event that few current or prospective officeholders feel free to stay away from, although Irish-Americans now amount to less than nine per cent of the city's population, and many of the parochial-school children marching by and wearing the green are Puerto Rican or black—and there had been some significant rearrangement in the front-row lineup. No Presidential relatives were on hand

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this time, and, so far as is known, no one had asked Senator McGovern to attend, let alone to march. Although he had made two or three New York campaign appearances a week toward the end of the campaign, he had lost by nearly sixty per cent of the vote in the state, where the Democrats have a four-to-three edge in registration, and had barely won the city, where his party's margin is four to one. He had since made one indirect move in the local mayoral race. In January, in line with his view that the list of contributors to the Democratic Presidential drive should be considered his own private political resource, McGovern sent word that the names of contributors from the city would be made available only to candidates for mayor who had endorsed him before last June's state Democratic primary; that is, Representatives Herman Badillo and Edward Koch, State Assemblyman Albert Blumenthal, and Lindsay's Environmental Protection Administrator, Jerome Kretchmer. The effects of this offer had apparently not been magical. By St. Patrick's Day, both the Kretchmer and the Koch campaigns were in financial trouble. Lindsay would not have been eligible for the offer, but, in any case, he had announced ten days earlier that he would not run for a third term, and he thus appeared at the parade as a formal non-candidate and, presumably, a figure of waning significance in local politics. Former Mayor Wagner, by contrast, was now the center of attention on the reviewing stand, since, a few days earlier, Rockefeller, the state's leading Republican, and Alex Rose, the state Liberal Party chief, had begun jointly touting the lifelong Democrat as the ideal candidate for mayor. Not only had the city's other politicians now stopped disregarding Wagner but they were no longer saying only nice things about him. When State Senator John Marchi, who had previously been considered the Republican Party's almost certain nominee, was asked for his view of the former mayor's new candidacy, he said he would rather not comment. "It's Lent," he explained. (A few days later, he described Wagner as "not an idea whose time has come but one which has gone and went.") A prominent Liberal Party figure complained that Wagner had been "resuscitated from a garbage can," and down at City Hall the Mayor's staff passed the word along that they had a new variation on Lindsay's 1965 campaign slogan, "He is fresh—and everyone else is tired." The updated version was "He is tired—and everyone else is dead." Already,

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some of the five Republican county (that is, borough) leaders were mutinous. The Brooklyn leader, George Clark, described Wagner as "the man who originally put New York City in a coffin," and the Bronx leader, State Senator John Calandra, said, "He's a moron. He'll be our Arthur Goldberg." The reference to Goldberg illustrates the perils of getting entangled in New York politics. As the Democratic candidate for governor in 1970, Goldberg turned out to be an inept and dreary campaigner, and his loss at the polls helped scuttle other Democratic candidates all over the state; now the name of the once-revered brilliant labor lawyer, former Supreme Court Justice, and former head of the United States delegation to the United Nations is a local synonym for political bum.

LATE in January, about six weeks before Lindsay withdrew from the race, he had asked Wagner to a luncheon at Gracie Mansion—of which the former mayor had said when he was living there, "I love this house. It's comfortable." (Invited there for a lawn party a few months earlier, he had looked up at the bedroom windows and said to Lindsay, "I see you still haven't painted those shutters.") The January event was a gathering of actors, comedians, movie producers, and other theatrical figures willing to describe themselves as "unabashed New York chauvinists" and, in this capacity, to oblige the city administration by spreading the word on their travels that, contrary to widespread belief, the city is not moribund and is not inhabited solely by full-time muggers and their victims. The former mayor arrived a little late for the preliminary press conference, in the Mansion's west wing, and the show-business personalities were already busily tossing off one-liners to demonstrate their civic devotion. (The comedian Alan King, who, like many of the theatrical figures on hand, and, for that matter, most of the city officials, had arrived in a limousine—and who lives in Nassau County—got a bigger laugh than he had intended when, after doing a routine about the charms of the city that, as a kid from Brooklyn, he had been able to sample for the price of a nickel subway fare, he added, "And it's still only thirty cents." It has been thirty-five cents since January, 1972.) Wagner stood quietly at the rear of the large group until Lindsay saw him and waved to him to come forward. He had to wave twice more, urgently, before Wagner, ducking his head

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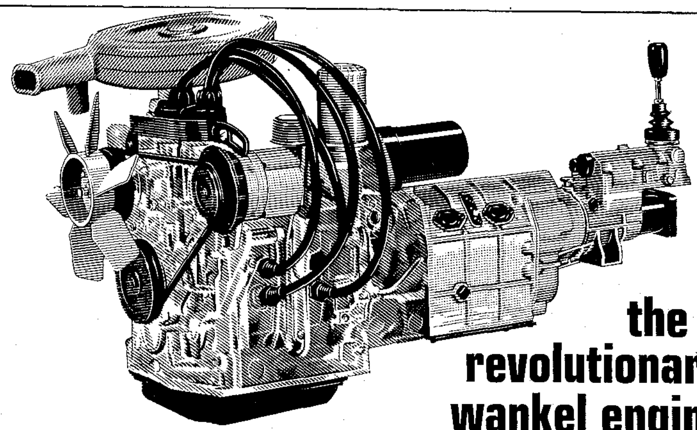

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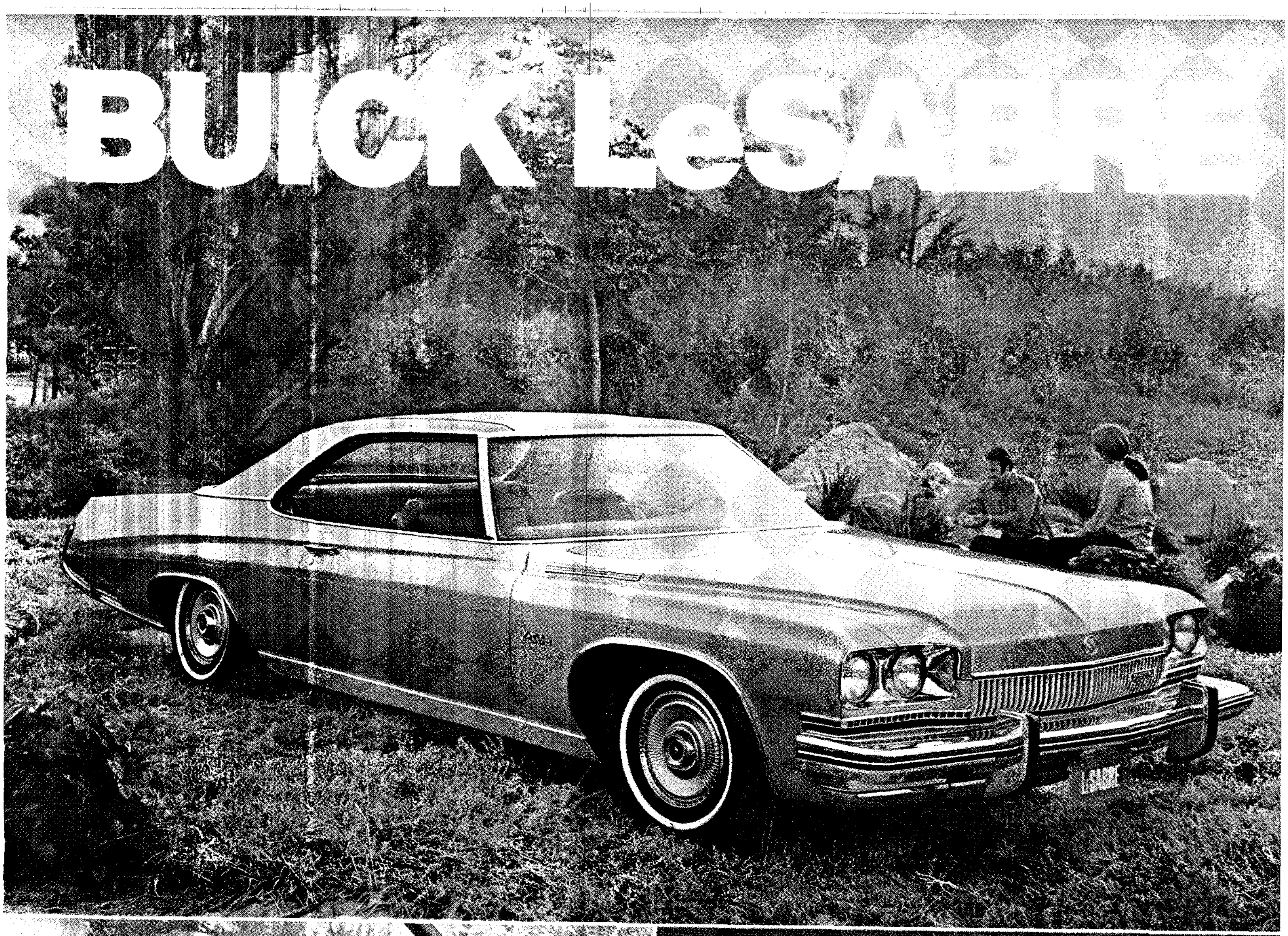
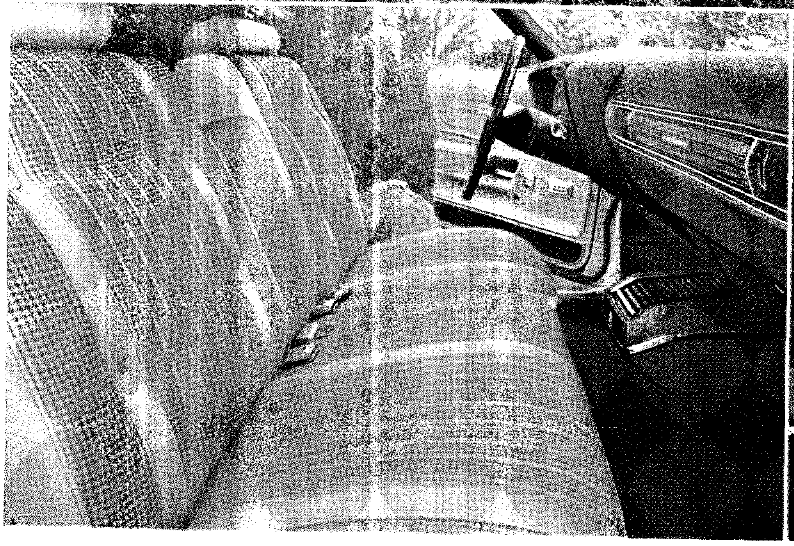
politely to avoid discommoding the television crews, moved through the resistant crowd and took a place beside the present mayor. Lindsay then did an uncharacteristic thing. Leaning against the wall beside Wagner, who is five feet eight, he slouched noticeably, as if to minimize the difference in their height. At the luncheon, during which Wagner mentioned to a reporter that he was thinking of writing his memoirs but that publishers did not seem to be highly interested in the recollections of former mayors, the present mayor made a point of praising Wagner's contributions to making New York a place to brag about. The gesture was of a piece with some other apparently gratuitous friendly moves Lindsay had made toward his predecessor in recent months. Wagner was invited to speak, for example, at the City Hall memorial service for former President Johnson, and, at a service honoring former President Truman, Lindsay himself read a statement by Wagner when Wagner was unable to be there. Such gestures appeared at the time to be part of a canny campaign by a candidate for reëlection to win the support of a prominent Democratic old boy; after Lindsay's withdrawal from the race, it seemed possible that the soon-to-be-former mayor had been feeling a premonitory sense of kinship with a veteran performer in this rather awkward role. In any case, Lindsay had seemingly been as unprepared as most local politicians for his predecessor's emergence as a prominent contender to succeed him, endorsed by two of the Mayor's own former sponsors as the one man who could, as Rockefeller put it, "lead and heal this city"—presumably from the wounds John Lindsay had inflicted on it. A few days after the St. Patrick's Day Parade, Wagner, who had every reason to remember the present mayor's campaign descriptions of his administration as a hopeless disaster, called the previous Rockefeller-Rose collaboration to elect Lindsay an obvious mistake, whose result had been that "the city is in deep trouble today."

News of the Rockefeller-Rose collaboration—or end run—in the latest mayoral contest had hardly broken before the seventy-four-year-old Rose was being denounced as "decadent," "senile," and "a charlatan" by local politicians whose plans it threatened to interfere with. Rose was plainly attempting to restore his party's influence, which has of late been vestigial; the boast used to be that the Liberal vote could provide the margin of victory in the state, but that vote accounted for less than three per cent of the total last November. Though Rose would undoubtedly prefer to have a man in City Hall who, like Lindsay, has an obligation to show his gratitude in the form of jobs for Liberal Party faithful, he has indicated that his major concern was the possibility that this November's winner might be Representative Mario Biaggi, the former cop and aggressive law-and-order advocate, who already has the Conservative Party designation and is a candidate in the Democratic primary. (Biaggi started his political life working for Rockefeller as an assistant to the secretary of state in Albany, but in 1965 he was fired because of his politicking for mayoral candidate Beame, whom he's now running against.) Reminded recently that he has been described as "an archconservative," Biaggi said, "There is absolutely no sustenance for that charge." Rose, in his speech urging other Liberal Party leaders to give Wagner the Liberal nomination, which they dutifully did, warned not only against Biaggi but also against the people "who march behind Mr. Biaggi"—a reference widely interpreted to mean members of the militant Italian-American Civil Rights League. New York, Rose told his Liberal colleagues, is caught up in "a dramatic struggle between good and evil," and its fate is "literally on the line." Rose's version of how he and Rockefeller came to settle upon Wagner as a means of saving the city is that early this year he had asked the former mayor to organize a committee to try to persuade the numerous Reform Democrats in the race to winnow their ranks down to one candidate, around whom all New York Liberals and liberal-minded Democrats could then rally. Rose reported that a few weeks later—not long after the Gracie Mansion luncheon—Wagner had told him that in his missionary endeavors in the interests of other candidates he had run into an embarrassing situation. "They all say, 'Why don't you run?' " the former mayor had told Rose, adding, "Looks like I'm going out to organize a committee for myself." Rose told Judith Michaelson, of the *Post*, that he had urged Wagner to do just that. The Bring Back Wagner movement that the former mayor had detected had apparently developed despite the fact that his previous comeback try, in 1969, had ended disastrously for his own party. Wagner, who retired voluntarily in





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1965, made a late entry into the Democratic mayoral primary four years later. "I don't have charisma," he said then, using the local code word for John Lindsay. "I just keep winning elections." Things didn't work out that way, of course; he came in second, only a few thousand votes ahead of Herman Badillo, who ran third, and his entry had badly split the liberal Democratic vote, thereby giving the nomination to the rather Know-Nothing Mario Procaccino, whom Lindsay, running on the Liberal and Independent tickets, defeated that November. Since then, there had been no noticeable public clamor for Wagner to return to active politics. (Readers who were startled a while back to see a *News* editorial entitled "We'll Take Wagner, Thanks" discovered that it referred to a Vatican proposal that the strains of "Here Comes the Bride," from "Lohengrin," be replaced by a less secular processional at formal weddings.) Nevertheless, the effect that Wagner's remarks had on Rose was the kind that would once have been represented in comic strips by a fibrillating light bulb over a character's head. Some communications with Rose's old collaborator, the Governor, followed, and, after further conferences with Wagner, the proposition was floated. "This year's mayoral race is maybe the first step toward a voluntary draft," explained Spiro Agnew, in town with Frank Sinatra to receive a "Splendid American" award from the Thomas A. Dooley Foundation. "Like Robert Wagner was told, 'Uncle Nelson Wants *You*.' "

On the St. Patrick's Day reviewing stand, Lindsay and Wagner were surrounded by would-be candidates for City Hall and other offices, whose problem of getting on camera included craning their necks around the customary oversized hat worn by Representative Bella Abzug—whom both the present and the former mayor had supported last year over the candidate aggressively backed by Alex Rose. (Perhaps the most phenomenal achievement of Rose, who is head of the United Hatters, Cap, and Millinery Workers International Union, is his survival as a political power, to which his labor connections are not incidental, although the product that his fellow union members manufacture is now even more vestigial than the Liberal Party—compared, at any rate, to its onetime indispensability. In 1929, when Rose was already a union official, the solution to Ellery Queen's first published detective story, "The Roman Hat Mystery," which was set in a

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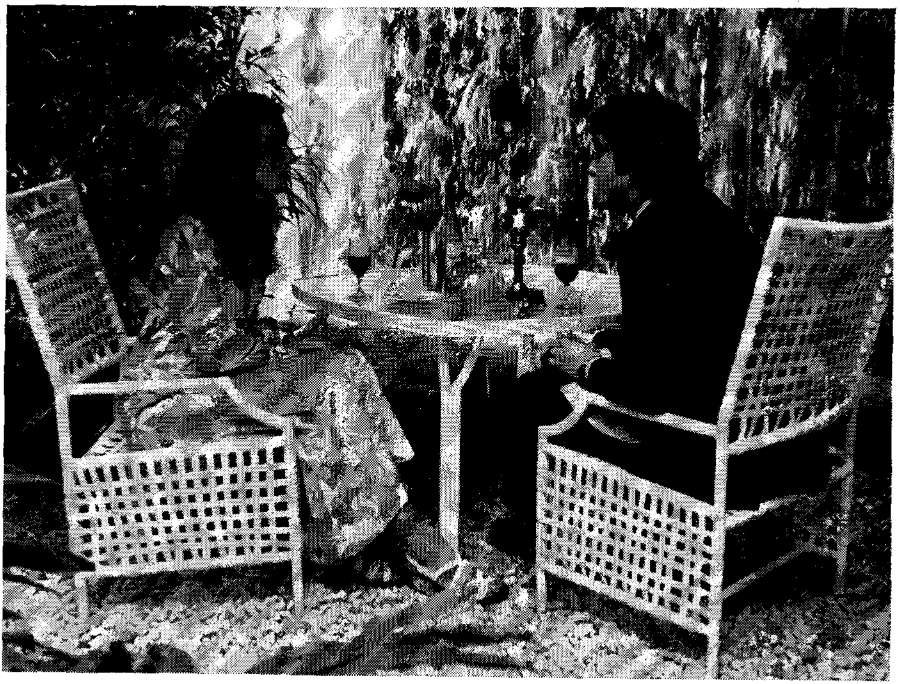

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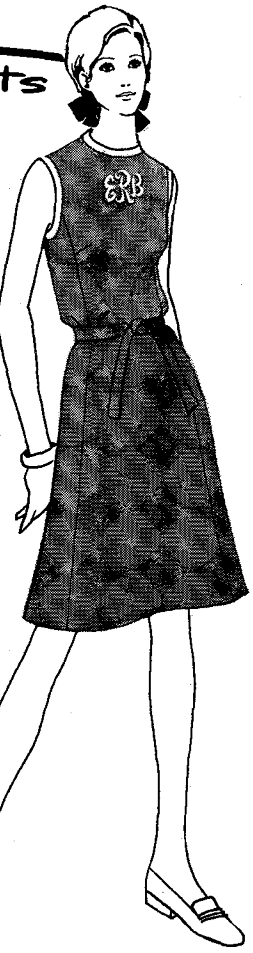

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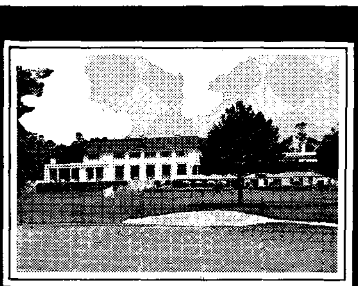
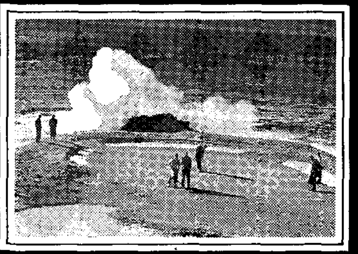
Broadway theatre, rested on the fact that every man in the audience had, of course, worn a hat and had checked it, so every stub could be traced to its owner. Nevertheless, confounding all theories about the unholy alliance between politics and the cash register, ever since Ms. Abzug's emergence as a possible congressional candidate Rose has made political life as difficult as possible for the only prominent local politician who favors hats as a distinctive item of apparel and is never seen in public without one.) By St. Patrick's Day, Wagner had made it clear that he was in no rush to commit himself on the Rockefeller-Rose proposal, and a few days later he would exasperate the local press corps by calling what turned out to be the largest news conference of the mayoral campaign in order to say, essentially, that he had nothing to say. "Are you enjoying this?" asked a TV reporter, waving at the battery of cameras. "Yes," said Wagner, with a grin.

The St. Patrick's Day exchanges between the present mayor and his possible successor were reported to be highly amiable, but, for that matter, this is also true of most face-to-face encounters between Lindsay and Rockefeller ("Hello, Nelson" and "Hiya, John"), even when both men have been working full time the previous week to cut each other up politically. When Lindsay is asked about this phenomenon, he likes to expound on the importance of civility in public life; on one occasion he even used the word "politesse." Presumably, if the Governor had been on hand their St. Patrick's Day exchanges would have been as amiable as ever, although Wagner's projected candidacy had been almost universally interpreted as, in the words of one prominent Republican, a Rockefeller maneuver "to shut off the Liberal line in case Lindsay tries to sneak back" into the mayoral race, and as a demonstration, according to a City Hall spokesman, that the Governor is "politically perverse and vindictive in his hatred of Mayor Lindsay." Many months back, when Lindsay was still a possible Democratic candidate, Rockefeller had acted to minimize his chances in the primary by forming a temporary alliance with the Mayor's political opponent Kings County leader Meade Esposito and indicating that he might support Esposito's fellow-Brooklynite Abe Beame on a fusion slate. The city had then been treated to the interesting spectacle of the Governor, who was born in 1908, has been elected four times, and





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almost certainly plans to run for a fifth term, publicly agreeing with Esposito on the virtues of a candidate such as Beame, who, because of his age (he is sixty-seven), would be limited to one term and thus, unlike other officeholders, would be in a position to govern the city "with no political obligations to anyone." The Governor's absence from the St. Patrick's Day Parade may have disappointed the Mayor, who had planned a small surprise. This time, it was Lindsay who joined the paraders for a while, marching along at the head of the Emerald Society of the Police Department. "Dressed in a trenchcoat and a wilted gray fedora, the Mayor could easily have been an Organization (I.R.A.) man from the cast of 'The Informer,' " the *Times* reported. It was not a move calculated to put to rest any other politician's suspicion that Lindsay might not be out of local politics for good. Every March, as he has posed with green-clad stewardesses from Aer Lingus-Irish Airlines and engaged in similar seasonal public-relations capers available to the City Hall incumbent, Lindsay has pointed out that his grandmother on his father's side was Irish. He did not mention this year that there are currently no Irish candidates for mayor—a far cry from the old Tammany days before Fiorello LaGuardia's first victory, in 1933, when Irishmen had been elected to City Hall for twenty-four straight years. If Wagner should stay in the race, someone will no doubt mention along the way that not his grandmother but his mother was Irish. Neither Lindsay nor Wagner is likely to make a point of the fact that if Wagner should be elected in the fall and serve out his term, City Hall will have been presided over for twenty-four straight years by Yale men.

THE Governor's absence from the St. Patrick's Day Parade presumably had something to do with preparations for the now notorious pool-house conference. After a long meeting with Rockefeller, John Marchi announced in subdued tones that he was cancelling a press conference, at which he had been expected to announce his candidacy for the Republican nomination for mayor, and the cancellation was interpreted as meaning that, one way or another, the Governor had persuaded him not to run, thus leaving the Republican route clear for Wagner. Three days after the parade, the five Republican county leaders, several of whom were still issuing statements de-

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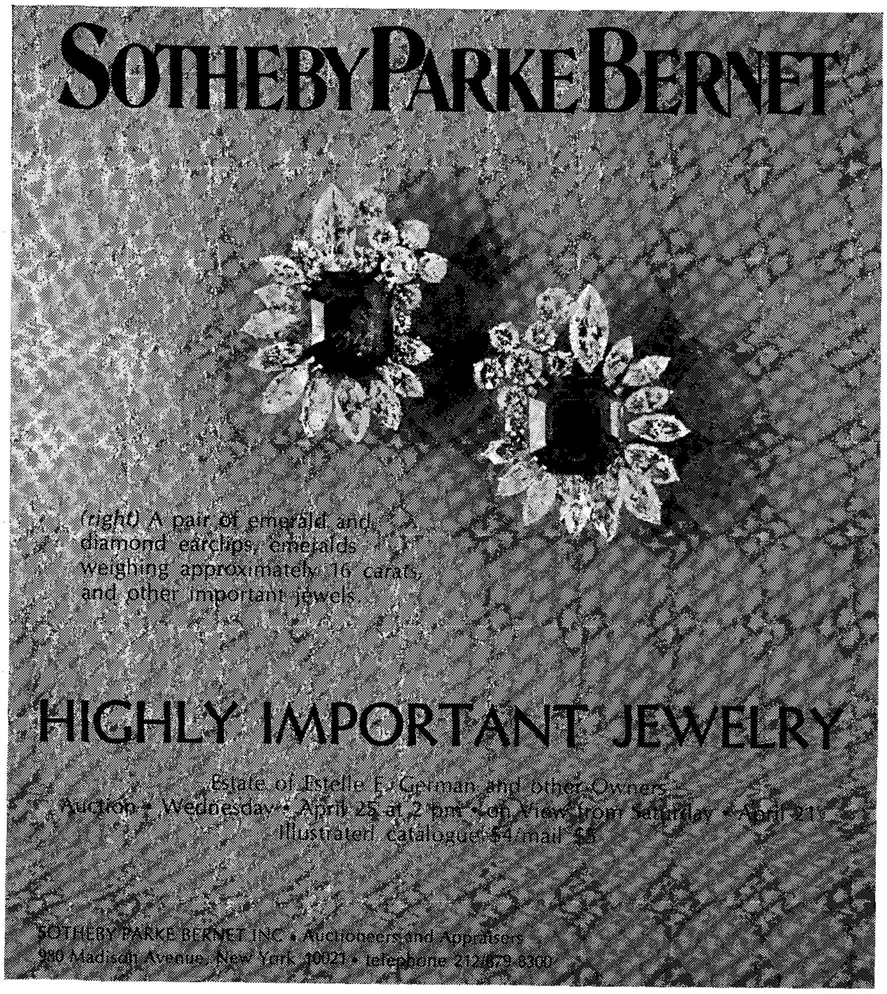

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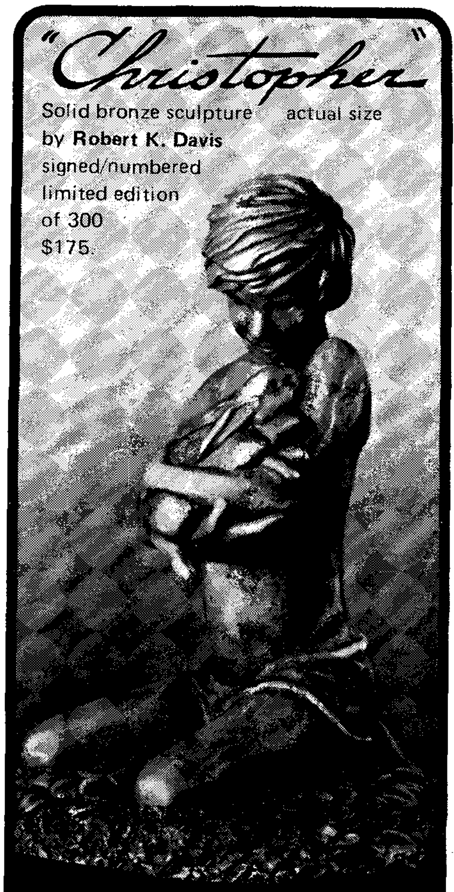

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nouncing the Wagner maneuver as an insult to their party, were summoned to Albany to be "worked over," as one of their colleagues put it. Said Democratic candidate Blumenthal, "I have dealt with Rockefeller long enough to know he has no shame, that he thinks power is his for the buying, and, short of two things—City Hall and the White House—he has pretty much been right." The conference took place not in the executive mansion but in a small rear house beside its swimming pool. The Governor remained in his quarters (the *News* had already begun to refer to him as Lord Nelson) while the negotiations, in which politesse did not seem to play much part, were conducted by members of his privy council—including Lieutenant Governor Malcolm Wilson, State Republican Chairman Richard Rosenbaum, and Attorney General Lefkowitz, whose urgent praise of Wagner as a candidate must have struck some in the company as ironic, since in his own race against the Democratic mayor, in 1961, he had dwelt with passion on the scandals, the extravagance, and the gross inadequacies of Wagner's administration. When the five county leaders emerged at the end of the conference, which went on for six hours, they had nothing to say. Rosenbaum announced for them that, in the interests of good government for the city, they were "showing a great desire to support the decision of Governor Rockefeller." Asked later about his statement that Wagner was "a moron," the Bronx leader, Calandra, said, "Sometimes you say something in haste." The Governor's emissaries were also prominently on hand when the local county committees voted on Wagner. (Four of the five committees went along with the Governor; only Brooklyn did not.) The city was then treated to the interesting spectacle of John Lindsay, who is not believed to have been backward about rewarding or punishing officeholders according to the degree of their support, calling for a grand-jury investigation to determine whether Rockefeller and other state officials had feloniously coerced the local Republican leaders into voting their way. "In the next few weeks, you'll see Republican right arms raised all over town," predicted the Queens Democratic Leader, Matthew Troy, referring to the numerous judgeships at the Governor's disposal.

Meanwhile, on the Democratic front, the Manhattan, Bronx, and Brooklyn endorsements have gone to Beame, and Troy has endorsed Biaggi,

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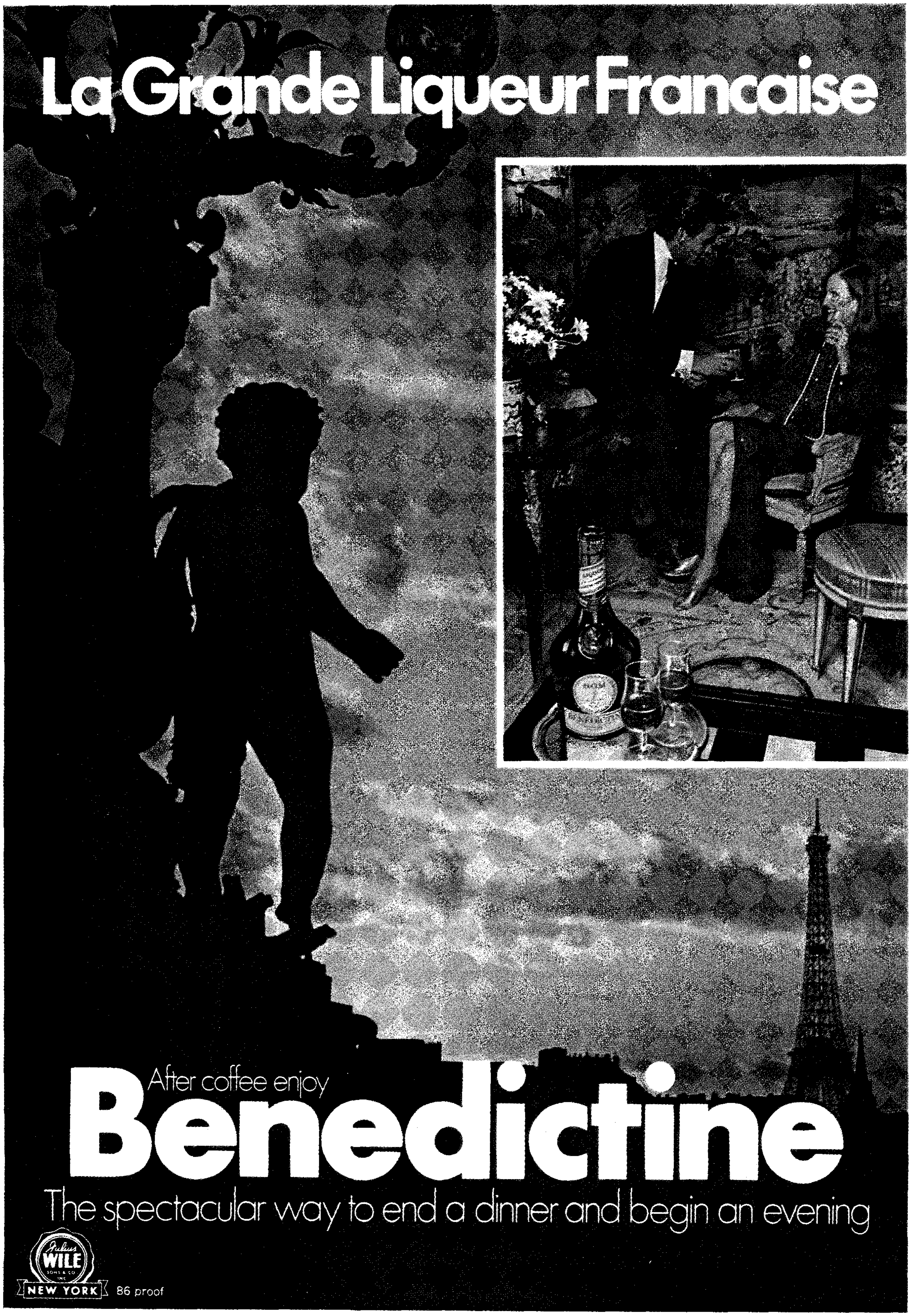

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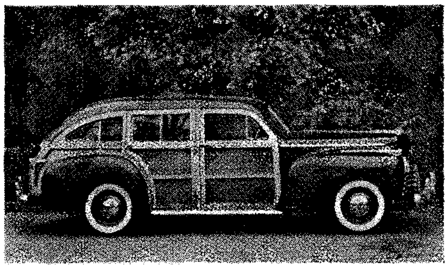

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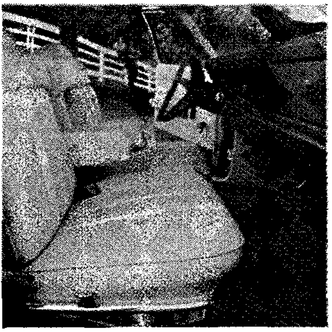

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pointing out, before anyone else could, that his position was quite a change from last summer, when he had been the first county leader in the country to endorse George McGovern. He had backed Biaggi, he insisted, because Biaggi was the only candidate who could "defeat this blatant attempt to force a tired man named Bob Wagner down the throats of this city." (In response, Wagner, who will be sixty-three this month, called the Queens leader, who is forty-two, "a nice young man," and remarked, "He'll gain some stability in time.") Having taken credit for breaking local precedent by allowing a secret ballot on the county endorsement, Troy said that if his district leaders didn't go along with the Biaggi endorsement "there'll be a lot of dead bodies." (They went along.) "You can be sure of one thing," mayoral candidate Koch commented. "Matt Troy stands behind Mario Biaggi one thousand per cent. And if I were Mario Biaggi, I'd be standing close to a wall." (A few days later, a *Times* editorial mentioned Koch's "typical grace" and commended him for not having resorted to name-calling in the campaign.) When the endorsement of the New Democratic Coalition, an alliance of reform groups based largely in Manhattan, went to Blumenthal on the seventh ballot, Badillo, who is the first Puerto Rican member of Congress, and who had expected to get the endorsement himself, said he would not support Blumenthal or anybody else favored by the N.D.C., describing as "racist and discriminatory" what *Times* reporter Tom Buckley noted later "may be the only political organization in the city whose members might at least pretend not to be unhappy if their sons or daughters married across racial lines." Wagner, who had suggested that he might enter the Democratic primary whether he accepted the Republican and Liberal endorsements or not, now called it "a dogfight." And about the same time Blumenthal quoted an old joke about local Reform Democrats: if they were armed and told to form a firing squad, the first order would be "Make a circle."

In the end, of course, the pool-house conference turned out to be an irrelevant exercise. Demonstrating that money—and, perhaps, judgeships—can't buy everything, Wagner eventually rejected the Republican endorsement, although in refusing it he carefully had no harsh words for Rockefeller, mentioning only the behavior of the five Republican chairmen, who, he complained, had called him names and

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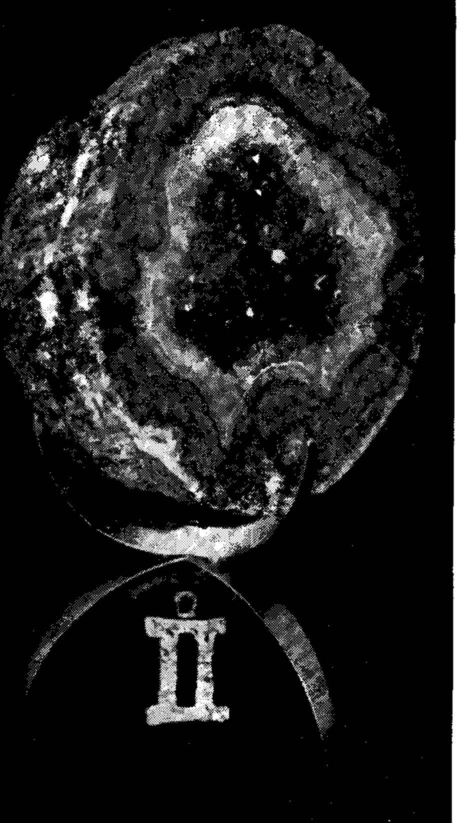

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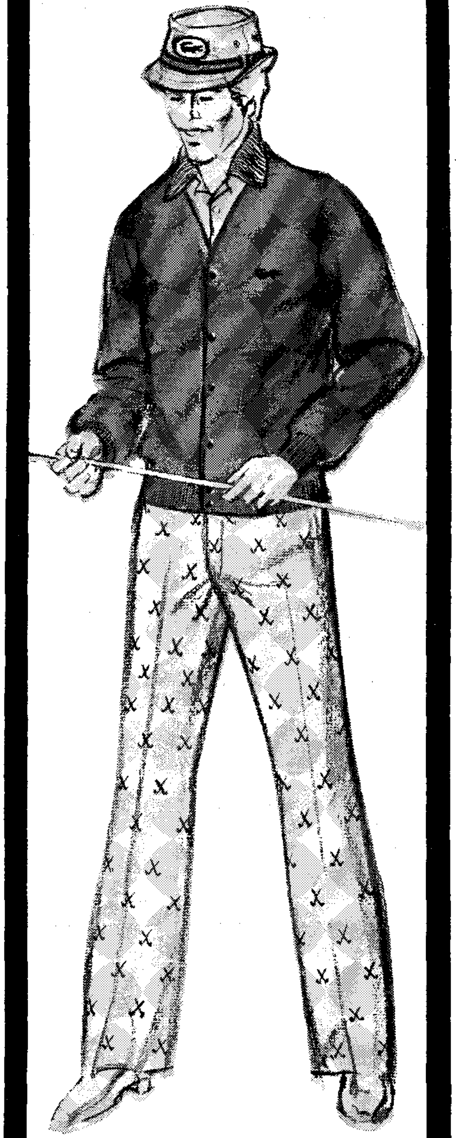

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"acted as if they were doing me a favor." In an even more impressive display of independence, Marchi then defied the Governor by deciding to run for his party's nomination after all. (To show the perils of relying on political clichés, Marchi has opposed the Italian-American Civil Rights League from the start, and he publicly deplores the operations of the Mafia when that's what he means, watching with amusement while other politicians refer nervously to "organized crime.") Asked if he thought the Governor would support his candidacy financially, Marchi asked, "In lire?" Meanwhile, the Democratic ranks are thinning out; several of the nine announced candidates have counted the cost (at least half a million dollars just to take them through the primary, June 4th) and reconsidered their chances of advancing further. "In this mayoral season, I do not intend to be a lemming running to the sea," Koch said in his withdrawal statement. A few days earlier, he had taken time off from attacking his rivals in the primary to declare that John Lindsay "couldn't be elected dogcatcher in this town." Although the present mayor is officially on his way out of local politics, few local politicians seem to consider it safe to give him the affable treatment suitable for an emeritus competitor. Ten minutes after Marchi declared his candidacy, he announced, gibing at charisma, "We don't need lacquer anymore." (In politics, "the day of the tall, handsome-looking guy is gone," Brooklyn leader Esposito told a reporter a while back.) And Rockefeller, apparently consoled by the thought that Wagner would probably run as a Liberal and so block Lindsay from returning to the competition by that route, said of the former mayor, "As long as he stays in the race, the work is not for nothing." Or, as that grand old man of local political intrigue, Robert Moses, demanded recently in testifying before the New York State Charter Revision Commission, "If the end doesn't justify the means, what *does*?"

—Andy Logan

•

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REMARKS made to me lately in answers to questions about Latin America, quoted because of the new Constantin Costa-Gavras film, "State of Siege," which is nominally about Uruguay but concerns the whole continent, and also paternalism, foreign investment, questions of public responsibility, processes of change:

Brazilian Unpublished Novelist of Seventeen, Just Arrived in North America, with a Bad Cold: South America needs strong governments, because it is underdeveloped and we have to wake up from our primitivism. Military governments are strong governments. They are the only ones strong enough to fight big powers who have education.

Uruguayan Laborer: The Tupamaros are our guerrillas. They come from the middle-up class. They come from universities.

Wife of a Millionaire Plastic Surgeon in Venezuela: We're going to leave Caracas. There are no more patients for my husband to treat. The lepers? Oh, the poor don't care what they look like.

Brazilian Intellectual in His Forties: Brazil is the most imperialist country in Latin America.

Argentine Waiter and Shop-Owner: Brazilians have never seen anything, so they expect nothing.

Argentine Café-Owner: I don't think the Peronist government is good, or the best, but I like a change. The military did nothing for Argentina.

Young Argentine Mechanic: Yes, the military did nothing for Argentina. What the Peronists are trying to do is become more Socialist, but they have no plans. The unions are very strong, and the Peronists control the unions. The military asked for key positions in the Peronist government. If it doesn't get them, it may overthrow the government as before, and perhaps that would be civil war, because many members of the military are for Peronism.

Brazilian Boy of Eighteen, Butcher's Assistant: Under the military we have always been very much a colony of the United States, but now the people are enlightened by our boom. Brazil will soon be the biggest country in the world.

Latin-American Economist: The boom is from American investment and American markets.

Brazilian Coffee-Boy: Military governments tend to be leftist. Strong governments are leftist governments.

Young Uruguayan Translator: We are a very small country between Brazil and Argentina, but our guerrillas are serious. They know the truth about charity from big countries. Charity is guns. We would rather have choice.

Scottish Nursing Sister in New York: A.I.D.? Assistance for Industrial Development, isn't it? Of course, in Scotland it means the Artificial Insemination Donor plan, for cattle and so on. I don't know why a beautiful country like America needs to inseminate anyone. Look at the mess England's made of converting Ireland ever since Cromwell. Wicked waste, all that I.T.T. money.

George Stevens, Jr., Director of the American Film Institute, in Washington, About the Cancellation of Showings of "State of Siege" at the New Kennedy Center Movie Theatre: I cancelled the showings entirely on my own judgment. Nothing to do with losing Nixon's money for the Institute. Though there were a lot of congressmen getting ready to support me on the cancellation. It was a question of taste, not of censorship: this picture rationalizes political assassination. I'm not against pictures people might call anti-American. I took "West Side Story" to Moscow. If it had been "The Ugly American" the Institute staff had picked, that wouldn't have been an ideal choice but one could have lived with it.

Costa-Gavras: There is no connection between the assassination of the Kennedy brothers and the assassination of Dan A. Mitrione in Uruguay by the Tupamaros—Mitrione was the head of the public-safety division of the A.I.D. mission—because there is no evidence of concerted effort and political thinking by an intellectual group in the terrible Kennedy killings. As to what the film shows about A.I.D., my fellow-conspirator is a European—Franco Solinas, the writer of "The Battle of Algiers"—and you know more than we do, because you are in America. It is for all of you here to judge whether we did right in using the facts we have found out about Mitrione when he was supposed to be representing A.I.D.—his knowledge of Brazilian torture cases when he was in Brazil, the F.B.I. card he carried, the Uruguayan-police card he had undercover in Uruguay, the police training he went through in North America—and then whether people will understand us when we personify his story in our hero, who is by nature not such a bad man at all. It is not the facts of Mitrione's private life that are reproduced in our character. Only the public ones that we could be sure of by research.

A Colombian Who Drives a Taxi to Earn the Money for College Tuition: If there is a revolution in my country with people like the Tupamaros in it, I will leave New York and join it. And if there isn't one, when I finish my education I will go back and try to make one.

IN the thoughtful new political film by Costa-Gavras, the third of a near-trilogy with "Z" and "The Confession," the character based on the assassinated Mitrione is called Philip Michael Santore. He is played by Yves Montand. Especially since "La Guerre Est Finie," Montand has contained exactly the nature of a certain kind of jaded, intelligent left-wing European. Hopes unfulfilled by events seem to be lying emptied in the dead air of his head. Montand can make idealism and radicalism look like habits of long ago. Nothing new here, he seems to be feeling, but still nothing to be given up. Life is full of a taste like sour wine, and of sleep lost on the undertaking of missionary tasks with vanished purposes. Whether Montand's quality has anything much in common with Mitrione's seems doubtful, for Montand is such a European. (So was Mitrione, actually, in a pedantic sense that is not to the point: he lived in Italy until he was two.) The experience of watching the film is like looking at the story through a prism. A Frenchman is playing a Latin-American-trained United States immigrant who is in naïve servility to a big proselytizing power that could be only America or a Communist force or an embattled Vatican. The prism does nothing unhelpful; in fact, it puts any propaganda content of the film at a useful distance. This picture is much less dizzying than the earlier ones. But it has the same narrative energy and the same whipping

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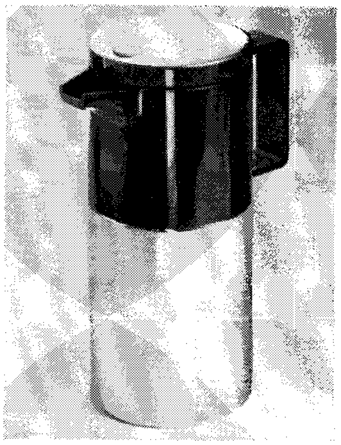

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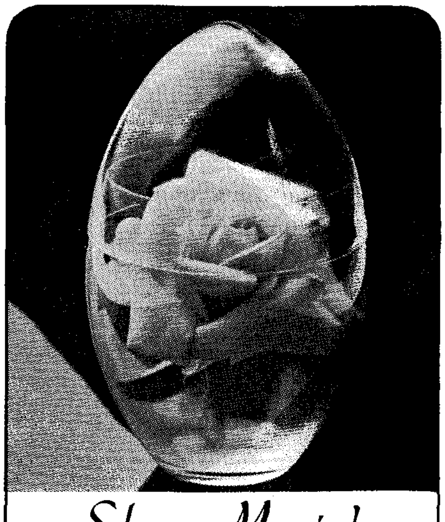

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cuts; unless you see a Costa-Gavras picture two or three times, and if you naturally respond to more reposeful filmmaking, it is easy to find things in his movies glib. Terrifying political topics go by with a swiftness that seems meant not to trouble, and to make the problems look soluble. I don't think these bits of crabbiness are deserved, though, especially about the new film. One is simply in the presence of a director and a writer who prepare slowly for production but who value speed on the screen, and who are more interested in the sweeps and causes of events than in character. The Brechtian anti-typecasting of Yves Montand speaks for the director's and the writer's priorities. The chunkily debonair Renato Salvatori here plays no one to swoon about. He is a goonish A.I.D. hireling of forty called Captain López, flawless in hypocrisy, evasive under journalists' catechisms, and impeccably sad at official funerals.

It is August "in Latin America," says the script, but obviously Uruguay, though the place isn't stressed. The weather is wintry. One feels the particular chill of a flunkey nation. Police barriers everywhere. A man is frisked on a bus. The computer voices of messages transmitted on car radios control police movements. A man with the look of a foreigner peers into López's room. Then the corpse of Yves Montand is seen in a hospital. Medical notes are barked out. The body has been brought in from the back of a Cadillac with Montevideo license plates. The car was reported stolen the day before. Parliament votes for a national day of mourning. The Santore whom Montand plays was an A.I.D. "functionary." There is a pompous funeral procession. Courage sometimes prevails in the obsequious circumstances: "It is regrettable that the places reserved for the university president and faculty are empty," says the voice of a TV reporter, unseen. And the archbishop has refrained from giving the funeral oration for a man whom he knows to be another country's hireling. Cameras study the face of the widow. Her husband happened to be a likable man. It was his job, including training in torture, that made him humanitarianism's enemy. How much did his wife know about his job? Was she ignorant? Or his ally? Or even an accomplice? Perhaps she didn't ask questions. But one is at fault not to ask questions, suggests the picture.

Already, even before we are party to any of this, the utterances of officialdom have the ring of lies. What is meant by calling Santore in his eulogy

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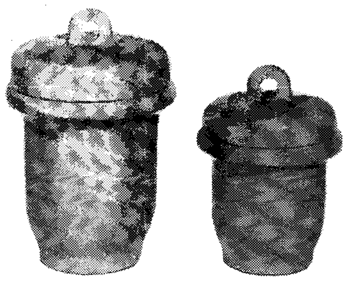

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"a victim of terrorism and violence"? It sounds like a don't-ask sign. Flashback to the kidnapping. The Tupamaros have been appropriating cars for it. Journalists question officials. "Will the terrorists demand ransoms?" "Or, as in Brazil, the release of political prisoners?" "We have no political prisoners here," a representative of law and order answers with dignity. "Only common criminals." "Don't you think the terrorists must have had huge numbers of supporters?" says one journalist. And another: "Is Brazil massing troops at our borders?" The state of affairs is said by still another journalist to be intolerable to the government. It is more intolerable to the country, retorts a correspondent with a wider view.

We see something of the city: ordered, ducal-looking official mansions with guards and quick escape routes; thousands of poorly dressed people going to work. Emergency powers are in operation, voted to last sixty days, now two years old. The word "Tupamaros"—the recognition that a guerrilla force even exists—is officially banned. Linguistics to deal with overwhelming reality. The journalists weren't aware of Santore's existence. He had no official position. Everything is clouded. Costa-Gavras has a growing respect for ambiguity, like the scriptwriter Solinas. Santore is described by the lofty A.I.D. director as "a specialist in communications." Captain López says to weary-looking, sage journalists, "Yes, A.I.D. collaborates with our police. . . . Safety measures affecting traffic." No, says the picture, it collaborates on coercion and torture.

Flash to another place. Santore is being questioned by young Tupamaros with gray-brown masks over their heads, showing only tired eyes, and mouths that look oddly made-up and pretty in the petrifying surroundings. Santore admits he was in Brazil and Santo Domingo, yes. His smile is not unsympathetic, and his ironies are unaggressive; he feels himself to be in command. "In 1964, Goulart's Brazilian democracy was overthrown by the military," says a young Tupamaro. "Parliament was abolished, political parties, freedom of the press, trade unions. But you, you still stayed. . . . Johnson even sent congratulations a few hours before the *Putsch.*" "Political expediency," answers Santore casually, to which the inquisitor says, "And morality was guarded by Spellman's blessing." Another Tupamaro, very young, unmasked, intervenes, and simultaneously wishes he hadn't thought of the remark: "The American God is *putschiste.*" The interrup-

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tion is over in a second, but the Tupamaro's regret stands for the film's benign over-all eye for muddle, for mistakes, for brave measures wrongly undertaken, for the paradox of a privately kind man like Santore countenancing torture by the Brazilian police, which he suavely calls Communist propaganda.

One begins to sense a curious intimacy built up hour after hour between Santore and the Tupamaros, like the tie that can bind torturer and victim as it was located by Sartre in his introduction to "The Question," Henri Alleg's book about Algeria. Now and then in the film there is an offer of a cigarette, an exchange of current news when the inquisition for the day is over. Stretchers are used gently for wounded hostages threatened with assassination unless demands are met. A seized Brazilian diplomat in a little next-door room marked off by a curtain is less frank than Santore about his role as torturer. And there follows a dogfight in Parliament about foreign influences, foreign investment, the right to use the unmentionable vital word "Tupamaros." We are in a small country with colossal problems, tenacity, and will—a place where cops are often produced by hunger, and not only by some richer nation's masquerade of having a vocation for peace. Other people, out of the same hunger, become thieves. Hunger doesn't leave people many choices. Even Santore, who thinks he is the boss, is the lackey of his own catch phrases. His situation becomes piteous through the compassionate vision of the film. He realizes all too well the truth that, once captured, he is more useful to his government dead than alive. The local Minister for Foreign Affairs is concerned to protect what he calls "sovereignty," which is like the sovereignty of "other interested countries;" the diverse countries are all of the same stripe when it comes to the question of individualism.

"State of Siege" is not about morals so much as about politics. It is not at all a romantic film but a grievous one. Cant kills. The picture deliberately hacks away all possibility of plot suspense. The grip of the story is in the possible twists and turns that casuistry can take, and it has two fine, inquiring minds controlling it.

ELECTRICIAN FROM URUGUAY: Ech, you have heard of the Tupamaros? But you have not been to Uruguay. Well, you know what is a peon? The Tupamaros are necessary because we are a peon country.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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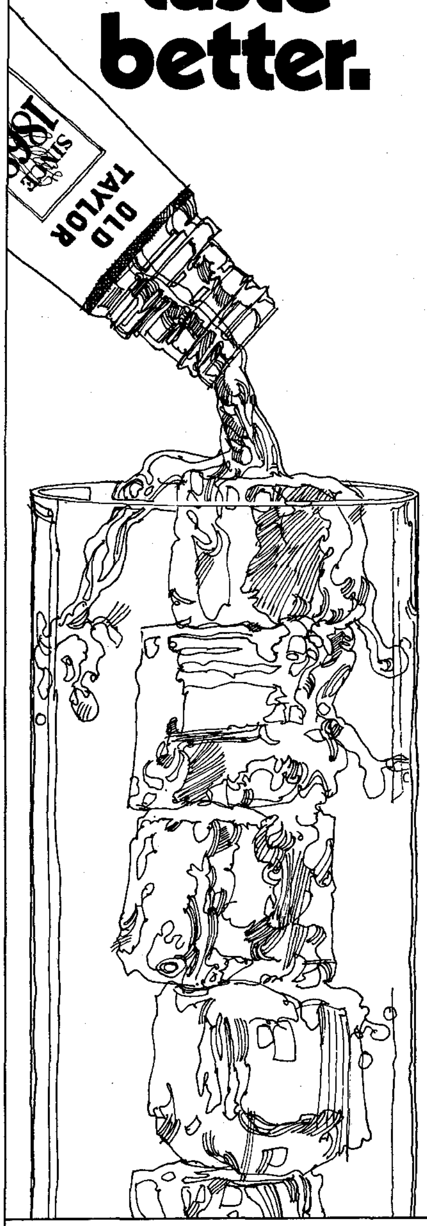

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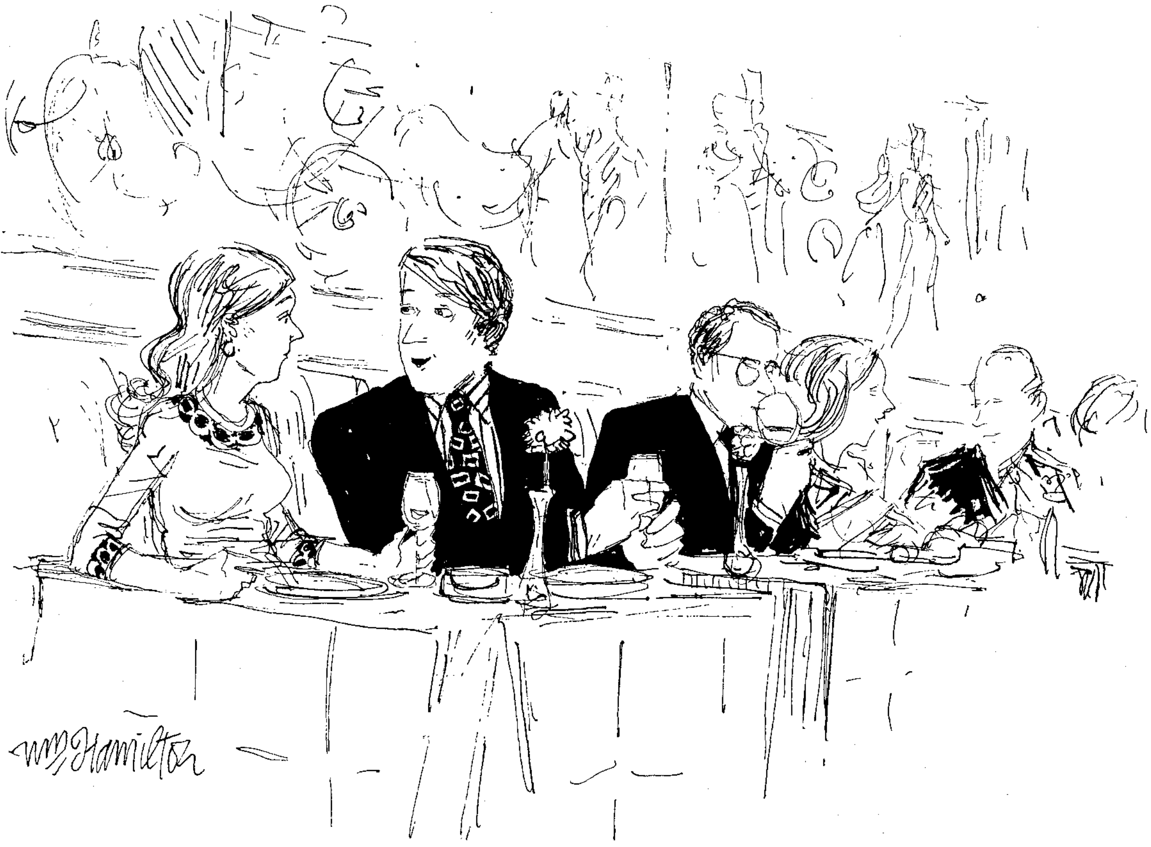
BOOKS

Polina and Aleksei and Anna and Losnitsky

THE University of Chicago Press, which has issued, under the editorship of Edward Wasiolek, Dostoevski's notebooks for his five major novels, has extended this valuable series with a new, complexly augmented translation (by Victor Terras) of the short novel "The Gambler." The augmentations include: letters from Dostoevski during the hectic period of his life when he was obsessed by gambling, debts, his dying wife, his dying brother, and Polina Suslova; the diary of this same Polina Suslova, who is described by the normally unemphatic Encyclopædia Britannica as a "young woman of sensual, proud, and 'demoniac' character" and who is often cited by critics as a prototype for the perverse and taunting Dostoevski heroines; and a short story by her about a love affair between "Losnitsky" and "Anna." This bundle of interrelated materials is intelligently edited and fluently translated, though I blinked at the exclamation "Wow!!!"—the Garnett translation has "What!!!"—and regretted that the proofreaders allowed one doubled slug to slip through. And I would have been grateful for a little factual background to Polina's diary, "published here in English for the first time." Why does it begin and end so conveniently and abruptly, August 19, 1863, to November 6, 1865, in effect bracketing the European phase of her affair with Dostoevski? Did she keep a diary only then? And the chronology of this affair is not set forward as clearly as it is in, say, Avrahm Yarmolinsky's biography.

Polina and Dostoevski probably met, in Petersburg, before September of 1861, when a story of hers appeared in *Vremya* (*Time*), which he edited. He was forty; she was little more than half his age. They became friends and, by the time she was twenty-three, lovers. He kept the secret from his wife and made no offer to divorce her, which may have offended Polina. However, she went to Paris in the spring of 1863 with the understanding that Dostoevski would join her there and that they would travel together in Italy. A tangle of business generated by the government's suppression of his magazine held him in Petersburg until mid-August, and en route to his mistress he stopped off at Wiesbaden and Baden-Baden to gamble—first winning, then losing. By the time he arrived in Paris, Polina had been captivated, seduced, and abandoned by Salvador, a young South American medical student, who did not love her. Dostoevski quickly adjusted to this new embarrassment and proposed that he and Polina travel to Italy anyway, not as lovers but "remaining like brother and sister." Thus uneasily attached, they toured for two months; then Dostoevski returned to Petersburg, to write "Notes from the Underground" and most of "Crime and Punishment." He did not see Polina until nearly two years later, in the summer of 1865, in Wiesbaden. In the few days they were together, he lost his last kopeck at roulette, and proved no luckier at love. The reunion didn't rate a line in her diary, though it did elicit from him two frantic but amiable letters to her, postage due, begging for a hundred and fifty gulden. Their final encounters occurred that fall and winter, in Petersburg, to which Polina returned in November; "he has been offering me his hand and his heart," Polina wrote, "and he only makes me angry doing so." She departed three months later. He finished "Crime and Punishment" and in October of 1866 dictated "The Gambler" to a competent, patient, and smitten young stenographer, Anna Snitkina. Dostoevski married Anna in February of 1867, and that spring, in response to a letter from Polina, informed her of his marriage and added, "*Au revoir*, my good friend forever!" He and Polina did not—if one discounts a romantic story Dostoevski's daughter tells of a "woman in black" who called on her father in the late seventies—meet again.

Reading through "The Gambler" and its attendant documents produces several unexpected impressions—chief among them that the lovers did not



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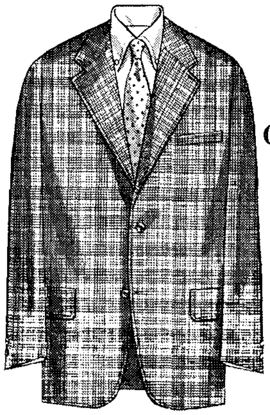

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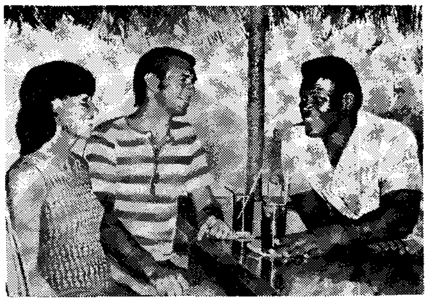

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much like one another. Indeed, through the mist of egoistical preoccupations they hardly *saw* each other. Polina's story "The Stranger and Her Lover" betrays no awareness that she is representing, in fictional guise, one of the century's most fascinating spirits: "He started telling her various anecdotes and stories from his own life. These tales might have been, perhaps, of some interest to other people, but Anna saw little wit, and even less refinement, about them." Once Dostoevski returns to Russia, he drops out of her diary with scarcely a thud, to be replaced by a titillating series of (at the least) flirtations. Mr. Wasiolek, in his introduction, protests: "One is dismayed to find that it is only our interest that lifts the image of Dostoevski in her diary from the mesh of her prosaisms." The literary scholar, necessarily in love with greatness, cannot help scolding this mediocre little bluestocking who, awarded the living Dostoevski's love, betrayed him with a—in Wasiolek's phrase—"trivial and insensitive medical student." Worse yet, in her fictional representation Dostoevski appears "petty, boastful, and vulgar; his only redeeming features consist in his appreciation of her majestic character and beauty, in his astonishment at having possessed her, and in his contrition at having lost her." It is true that Polina's "The Stranger and Her Lover" is pitiably inept and self-promoting; the persistently "majestic" heroine obtusely refuses to perceive that her one ticket to significance, from the standpoint of posterity, lies with this repulsive, repelled lover, whose immortal genius is never for an instant permitted to wink through the vapors of her narcissism.

But does Polina fare better in Dostoevski's version of their affair, in the minor masterpiece "The Gambler"? Not much. The pages dealing with "Polina Aleksandrovna" and her willful abuse of the infatuated "Aleksei Ivanovich" seem rather perfunctory, as though the author were blocking out an idea instead of giving flesh to inspiration. "I simply don't understand what I find in her. All right, she is beautiful, that she is; or it seems that she is. She drives other men out of their minds, too. She is tall and slender, though very slim. It seems as if one could tie her in a knot or bend her double. Her foot is long and narrow: tormenting. Exactly so: tormenting." The focus is on the torment, not on the woman. When she dares Aleksei to insult a passing baron, the vivacity of the incident depends on his zealous willingness to play the fool; he overreacts to her, as he overreacts to the seductive

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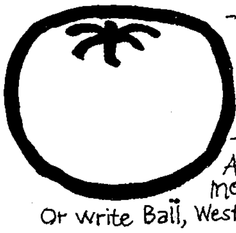

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It's tough to drink scotch out of the side of your mouth.

BY SHELDON LEONARD

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FOR MORE THAN twenty years, I made a good thing out of coming on like an ape.

In that time, a large number of plays, movies and radio shows paid me amply to snarl and sneer. To this day, if you can stay up long enough, you can catch me—wide brimmed hat, padded shoulders and all—engineering a hit on the late show.

Or muttering "all right Louie, drop da gun."

Or being used as a punching bag by a leading man half my size. Like Ladd. Or Bogie.

They got the broads, and I got the lumps.

The image that emerged from all this was not what my parents had planned for me.

I had a better than adequate education, and no more than a normal endowment of sadism and capacity for violence. But, along the line, in the streets of New York, I became somewhat familiar with the hoodlum idiom. As well as the hoodlums. So a side of the mouth manner came easier to me than it might have to a Harvard Professor.

And, in those same New York streets, casual acquaintances undertook to rearrange my features.

I had my face lifted by professionals long before plastic surgery became popular. And, believe me, it was quicker and cheaper than a plastic surgeon's knife. You didn't even have to make appointments. They'd do it for you right there on the spot.

Many of the gentlemen whose fists graced my face, have gone onto bigger and better things. Like jail. One of these gentlemen is a godfather. I wear his handiwork proudly.

Due to these attentions, plus the fact that my legs never seemed to move as fast as other people's hands, I have acquired a somewhat battered appearance.

While some people in Hollywood worry about being photographed on their good side, I have no such problem.

Of course, once you have an image producers pay nice money for, you live up to it. Upon awakening you climb into it and before bed you step out of it. So I had to go to great pains to conceal my normal law abiding, civilized background.

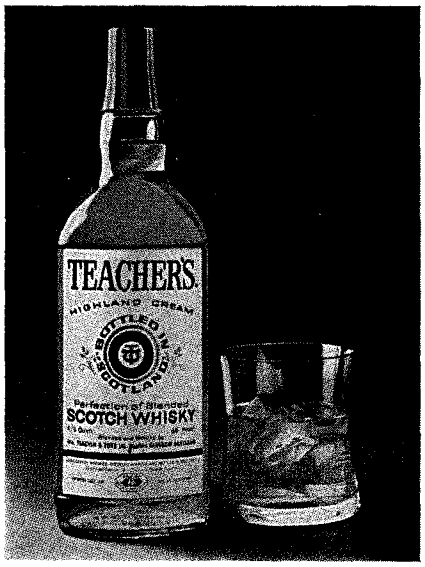
For example, in a bar, if I followed my natural inclination and said "Teacher's please, with one ice cube, a splash of soda and twist," my cover would be blown.

Better to ask for straight rubbing alcohol with a clove of garlic. And maybe an order of nails, so I'd have something to munch on while sipping.

At home, however, I'd pull the blinds, check the phones, look behind the pictures and in flower pots for hidden mikes or cameras, then heave a sigh of relief, pull out a bottle of Teacher's and proceed to build a civilized drink. Sometimes I'd even drink with my pinky out. But only among my closest friends.

Maybe that's one of the reasons I drifted away from acting into directing and producing. It was like taking off a pair of tight shoes.

Now, released from the prison of my image, I can be myself. I can smile, I can be kind to kids, dogs and old ladies, and I can look bartenders in the eye and say, "Teacher's please. With one ice cube, a splash of soda and a twist."



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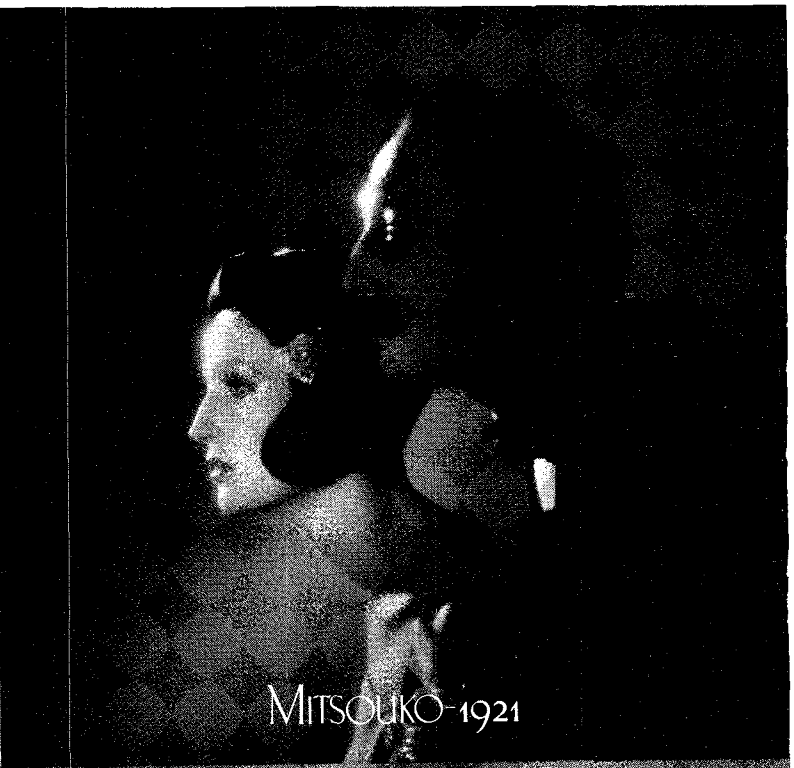
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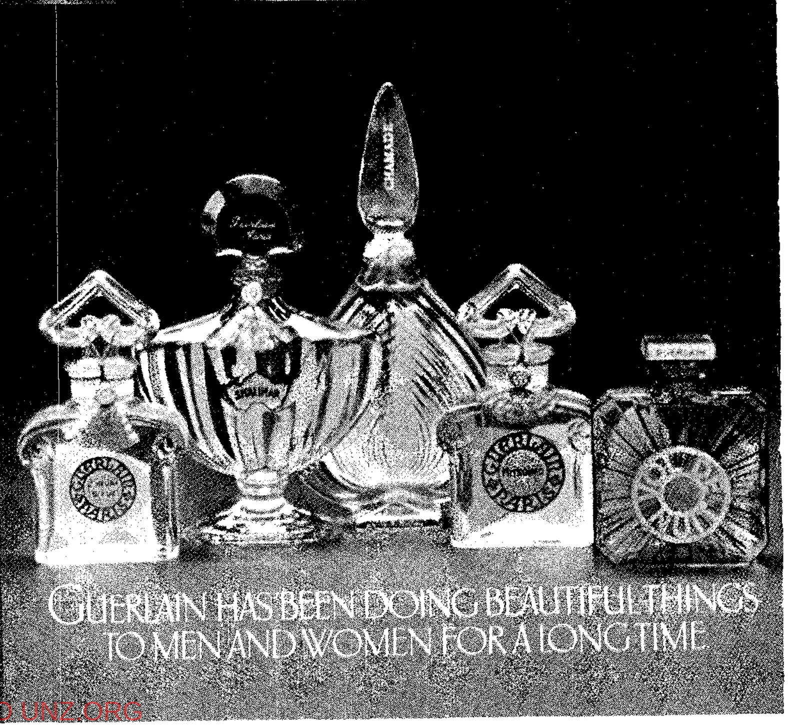
GUERLAIN HAS BEEN DOING BEAUTIFUL THINGS
TO MEN AND WOMEN FOR A LONG TIME

spin of the roulette wheel. Her moods, indeed, have for Aleksei the blind chanciness of roulette, and they offer him the same opportunity to humiliate and impoverish himself and thereby to demonstrate his exalted Russian disregard of material consequence. Aleksei, and the author, do not attempt to discover an inner logic of Polina's behavior, because a cruel arbitrariness is what satisfies them. So Polina remains too volatile to be grasped by our imaginations; "one could tie her in a knot or bend her double." In contrast, a secondary female character, the French adventuress Blanche, is quite solid: "She is tall, with broad, strong shoulders. Her neck and bosom are magnificent. Her complexion is a swarthy yellow, her hair raven black, and she's got a great deal of it, enough for two coiffures. Her eyes are black with yellowish whites, her look insolent, her teeth very white, and her lips always painted. Her perfume smells of musk." This musky creature develops amusingly when Aleksei, in a feverish trance of gambling clairvoyance, wins a hundred thousand gulden; Polina, though she is deeply in debt, in good Slavic style disdains the money ("The bankroll hit me painfully in the face and scattered all over the floor"), whereupon Blanche delightedly pounces upon the fortune: "First of all, *je veux cinquante mille francs.* You will give them to me in Frankfort. *Nous allons à Paris.* We'll be living together there *et je te ferai voir des étoiles en plein jour.*" In Paris, however, instead of making him see stars in daytime, Blanche deigns to tie his necktie for him every morning and shrewdly uses his money to set herself up as a respectable person: "So now I have established myself in decent style once and for all, and nobody is going to put me out, not for a long time, at least that's the way I've got it planned." To crown her new status, she weds a useless but ornamental general, a Russian aristocrat whose mother's fortune has been disastrously depreciated at the voracious tables of "Roulettenburg." Nevertheless, Blanche will make the best of the bargain: "To begin with, he's got his pension, and second, he'll live in a back room, where he'll be perfectly happy. I shall be '*madame la Générale.*' I'll belong to a nice social set. . . . Later I'll be a Russian landowner; *j'aurai un château, des moujiks, et puis j'aurai toujours mon million.*" In this interplay between brisk French avarice and the mystical wastefulness of the Russian character, "The Gambler" finds its best comedy and its serious point, anticipating the magnificent, if deluded,

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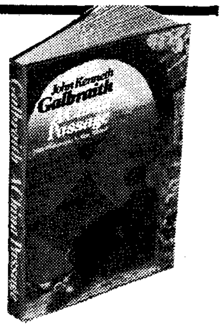

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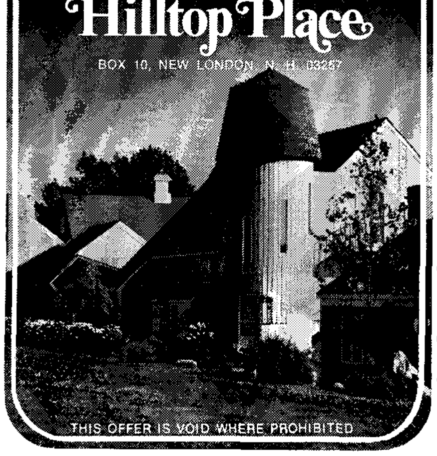

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Slavophilism of the great novels to follow. Seen, caricaturally, as a hard-headed, hardhearted European, with her mainspring plainly diagrammed, Blanche succeeds as a character and as a lovable woman. "Blanche, it ought to be said, was indeed a very nice, good-natured girl—in her own way, of course; I did not appreciate her enough in the beginning." Whereas Polina remains mysterious, and rather unlikable, to the end.

Polina Suslova's diary explains her more sympathetically than either work of fiction. The grandiose, ill-coördinated self-assertiveness that her own story expresses and that Dostoevski's portrays is here muted and disclosed as fruit of a central plight: she is a woman.

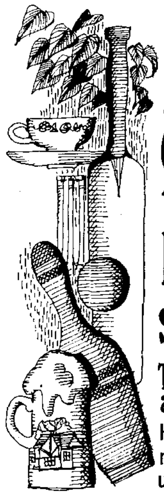
> Now I feel and see clearly that I cannot love, that I cannot find happiness in the enjoyment of love, because the caresses of men will remind me of my humiliations and my sufferings.

Clinically she observes herself in love with the indifferent Salvador, transcribing each of her pleading, unanswered letters, mordantly noting the fluctuations of her disease. "Any mention of S[alvador] gives me a terrifying, painful, and sweet feeling. However, what rubbish that whole thing was, everything that happened between me and Salv[ador]." Coolly, with her nearest approaches to irony, she admires her beloved's stratagems of withdrawal while she records her own maneuvers with Dostoevski, moderated "so that he could neither cherish hope nor be quite without it." Out of her pain, she rises to chilling heights of detachment: "Today I have been thinking a great deal, and I almost felt glad that Salvador loves me so little; it makes me freer." Freedom is what she wants and cannot attain:

> I am now thinking about my return to Russia. Where shall I go, to whom? To my brother, to my father? I will never be as free as I would like to, and to what end should I suffer this dependency? What have I in common with these people? Carry out my ideas! Stupid.

She distrusts her ideas as she distrusts her loves. In the midst of a discussion with one of her intellectual, revolutionary boyfriends, she flashes out, "Why go to see a woman? There isn't much interesting about me, is there? If you are looking for intellect and erudition, you won't come here to find them." In a shocking passage, she is suddenly, without anesthesia or warning, operated upon by a doctor:

> He said, as he was putting away his instruments, that after this operation I could have children if I got married. I



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said that I found no comfort in this. "Why so?" he asked; "all women want to have children." "Because I don't know how to bring them up," I said. The thoughts which occurred to me in connection with this conversation made me sad and caused me to shed tears, which I did not hold back.

Polina's feminism turns her diary outward from the stifling self-concern of her fiction; her jottings abound in sharp vignettes of the life about her as she moves from Baden-Baden to Turin and Genoa and Rome, and then to Paris and Zurich and back to Petersburg. She is unself-consciously sensitive, as the pain of Salvador ebbs, to other women: waitresses, flower girls, kept women, landladies, lady novelists, countesses. Only with another woman can she relax and spill her grief: "I could not restrain myself, but dropped on my knees before her [the Countess Salias] and began to sob aloud. She was frightened and wanted to get me a glass of water. 'No, no,' I said, 'forget it; I feel good this way.' " As she receives compassion from women, so she gives it; she offers to find work for a young woman who begs for two sous on the street, and she takes note of the inequities between a young student and his mistress:

> The relationship between the student and the lady is a touching one. At table, she lets him have the choice morsels; when she pours herself some wine, she always lets him have some first.

With the same eye, she observes her feelings, in the course of her entanglements, of humiliation, disgust, and uncertainty, and the contradictory behavior these feelings engender:

> Then there began an incoherent conversation, interrupted by kisses. He was trembling all over, and he had such a happy, smiling face. I was also feeling happy, but kept breaking off our ardent embraces with my pleas to be left alone. I kept pushing him away, then again passionately stretched out my arms to him.

Her awareness of her own ambivalence gives some episodes the sentence-by-sentence surprisingness of the best fiction:

> I stroked his hair and kissed his forehead. We talked all kinds of lighthearted nonsense, no worries or doubts of any sort entered my mind. Then I drove over to the Co[untess's]. He accompanied me. As we were sitting in the carriage hand in hand, I felt that his love was not a good one, if this can be called love. We got up. We parted in the park. Having walked a considerable distance I turned around and saw him standing there, following me with his eyes, but it was a farce, and an awkward one, in fact. He came the next night. There was

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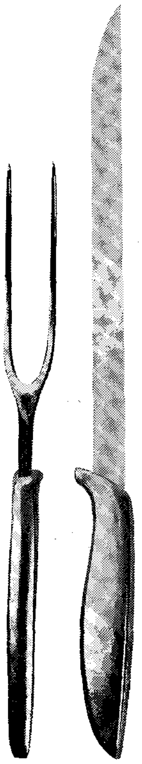

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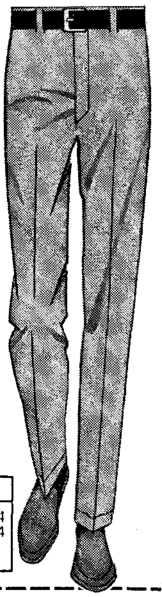

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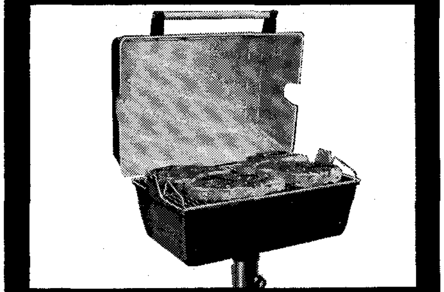

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> no limit to his rapture and passion, and I surrendered to these moments without any anxiety or doubt.
>
> He wanted more than that, but I wouldn't let it happen, and he saw his mistake. I said that I was leaving.

Such a passage, in which the subtle female heart begs dignity and verity of a world that offers her only motherhood and "love," illuminates from within the self-punishing, lover-punishing perversity that Dostoevski was content to represent as an inscrutable delirium.

Yet these two people, who saw into each other so imperfectly, so carelessly, were useful to one another. Dostoevski's "turbulent and destructive affair with Polina Suslova," as Wasiolek calls it, coincides, he admits, with the writer's final awakening, the production of two works—"Notes from the Underground," in 1864, "Crime and Punishment," in 1866—that bring him into the small circle of Western writers who have appreciably enlarged mankind's self-knowledge. In her story, Polina has Dostoevski's surrogate say, "You have meant a lot to me. Your love descended upon me like a gift from God, against all hope and expectation, when I was weary and desperate. This young life at my side promised me so much and has already given me so much. It has resurrected my faith and what remained of my former strength." Was this a real speech, or her own sentimental fantasy? At any rate, the heroine responds with a startlingly dry inner observation:

> "You've really put it to good use," thought Anna, but she said nothing.

This mirrors a sentence in "The Gambler," as Aleksei meditates:

> She doesn't bother to hide her aversion to me at all, this I can see. But she also does not conceal from me either the fact that she needs me for some purpose and that she is saving me for some future use.

What were these uses? In Dostoevski's case, Polina—apart from her sexual benefactions in the short period before she shut them off—helped him debase himself toward that ground of suffering nullity from which he drew creative strength. Self-humiliation is one of the writer's most useful aids; it puts him in touch with the basal humanity that dignity, honors, flattery, and prosperity would estrange him from. It frees the artist of a respectable man's baggage. Biting the dirt, he recovers the taste of comedy and dread. Among contemporary practitioners, Norman Mailer most diligently, or at least most publicly, humiliates himself, but any serious writer needs keep some access to

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shame and abasement. Dostoevski's need was acute; that Polina taunted him with her later lovers, banished him from her bed, ignored his immense gifts, and urged him to play the fool should not be counted against her. In her unhappiness, she had an instinct for the necessary plunge. With odd generosity, she lent Dostoevski money for his gambling, which became to his temperament a religious trance, a frightful prostration to the divine *nihil*, a kind of induced epilepsy, a giddy descent into himself, a defiance of worldly wisdom. In his begging letters to Polina he exults in his pennilessness, in the contempt expressed by his German servants, for "there is no greater crime in the eyes of a German than to have no money." But there *is*, he announces in the next letter, food beyond bread: "I continue to go without dinner, subsisting on my morning and evening tea for the third day now, and strangely enough, I am not very hungry at all." Eventually, such a regimen kills; Dostoevski turns from Polina and takes shelter in marriage to a kind woman.

What of Polina, though; what was Dostoevski's use to her? Not, I suspect, as an intellectual companion. In her diary, though she mentions a healing heart-to-heart talk about "the emancipation of women," it is the feline Frenchman Jean-Baptiste Gaut who manages to speak her language.

> Yesterday Gaut was here and I had a sentimental discussion with him: on love, marriage, etc.... "And love," he said, "passion, what are they? Just a needless scandal. Surround yourself with sensible people, that's all."
>
> I agreed with him.

Her soul finds flattery, too, in the company of her revolutionary countrymen—Herzen, Bakunin, Luginin. Dostoevski by this time is not even a liberal. And before she begins this diary she has committed herself to younger lovers; Dostoevski tells her, "You fell in love with me by mistake." But there is evidence in her diary that he did, once, perform for her the lover's essential service: he shook her up. "I hear about F[yodor] M[ikhailovich]. I simply hate him. He made me suffer so much, when it was possible not to suffer." And "As I remember what happened two years ago, I begin to hate D[ostoevski]. He was the first to kill my faith." Yet a proud otherworldliness is perhaps what they shared. Though he accuses her, when she first refuses to sleep with him, of a "utilitarian attitude," in the end, in the last entry in the diary, all passion useless, she talks teasingly, in a vein dear to his heart:

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"I said that I was going to become a holy woman, that I would walk through the Kremlin gardens in Moscow in my bare feet, telling people that I was having conversations with angels."

In fact, she married, in her middle years, a much younger man who was, strangely, an ardent devotee of Dostoevski—the critic and *littérateur* V. V. Rozanov. He grew to hate her. Her later life has the flavor of "The Possessed." After parting with Dostoevski, she opened a village school that the authorities closed on the grounds that she bobbed her hair, never went to church, and had consorted abroad with revolutionaries. Six years after marrying Rozanov, she fled with a young lover; when this neo-Salvador spurned her, she denounced him to the police as a revolutionary. Her husband, whom she refused to divorce, likened her to Catherine de Médici and claimed to have found a perfect description of her in Dostoevski's "The Insulted and Injured": a woman who "looked upon everyone with impartial severity, like the abbess of a medieval convent," yet whose "sensuality was such that even the Marquis de Sade might have taken lessons from her. . . . In the very heat of voluptuousness she would suddenly laugh like one possessed." Dostoevski wrote the description first; then he met Polina.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SURFACING, by Margaret Atwood (Simon & Schuster). The nameless heroine of Margaret Atwood's bleak second novel takes two journeys in the course of the book. The first is away from the city (also unnamed) and its social conventions into an obscure but not untouched lake region in northern Quebec, on what proves to be a fruitless search for her father. (He is discovered, drowned, by others.) She is accompanied by three friends: a married couple, who bring the city's artificialities and taint with them, and her lover, who rarely speaks and to whom she feels indifferent except in bed. The other journey is an inward one, and leads to a terrifyingly described nervous breakdown. Miss Atwood is one of Canada's most gifted poets, and her ability as a novelist shows clearly here in her strong evocation of the Canadian hinterland and in her spare, vivid descriptions of her characters' feelings. But one wonders why she seems compelled to

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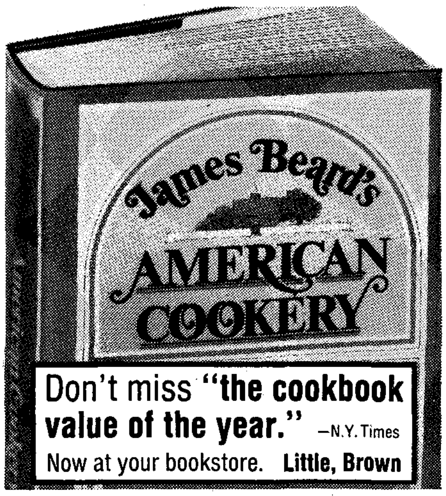

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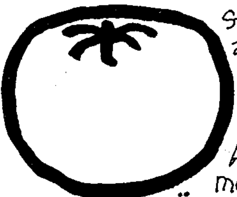

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impress and overdo—why, for example, the sun is never allowed simply to set but must be "a clear tulip color paling to flesh webs, membrane," or why the cabin floor is never merely swept, without "the broom webbing itself with long threads, dark and light." Overly exquisite writing like this too often detracts from the real qualities of the book, as does the utterly unjustified upbeat ending.

GIRLS AT WAR AND OTHER STORIES, by Chinua Achebe (Anchor Press/Doubleday). Twelve gentle tales written over the last twenty years by one of Nigeria's best-known novelists. They show, among other things, how British colonialism, the disintegration of tribal ways, modern education, and the Biafran war have affected Nigerian life. The excellent title story is about a proud young Ibo girl who becomes completely demoralized by the war. In another story, "The Voter," old rituals and new money are used to fix a local election. Mr. Achebe's writing has a kind of serene, grandfatherly quality—especially his humor, which comes at unexpected moments. These are worldly, intelligent, absorbing stories, whose only flaw is a superfluity of untranslated Ibo words and phrases—"Somebody else shouted 'Irevolu!' and his friends replied 'shum!' 'Irevolu!' 'shum!' 'Isofeli?' 'shum!' 'Isofeli?' 'Mba!' "—which some kind hand ought to have excised.

GENERAL

MACAULAY: THE SHAPING OF THE HISTORIAN, by John Clive (Knopf). One historian's tribute to another, this biography narrates the formative years of an awe- but not love-inspiring prodigy, who had not only to make his way in the world but also to come to terms with the almost overpowering influence of an evangelical father, whose essential view of mankind, including his son, was that they were sinners. The author takes his subject through his early successes as a writer for the *Edinburgh Review*, as a reforming M.P., and as the legal member of the Indian Council from 1834 to 1838, during which time Macaulay wrote his famous prescription for Indian education, created a uniform penal code for the subcontinent, and made enough money—he was not yet forty—to go home to England and become a historian. Professor Clive makes everything in his

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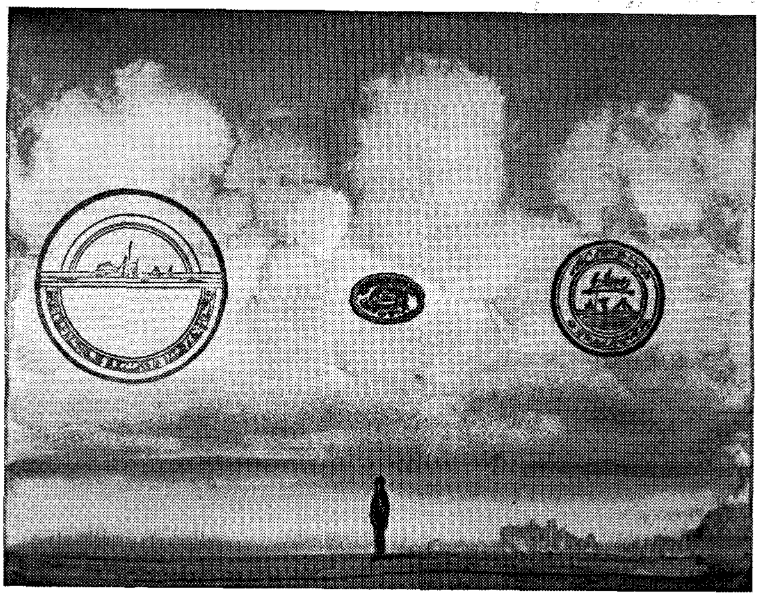

The INSPECTOR

Parades, masks, streets, music-writing, urban war, words and letters, crocodiles, cowboys, girls, diners—these are the subjects examined in Saul Steinberg's new, brilliant collection of drawings. America's master artist sets his eye and stamps his seal of inspection on many of the worst and best aspects of the modern universe.

Most of the drawings in this book first appeared in The New Yorker. $10.00

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A novel of death and retribution that brings together five men, once friends, who for ten years have shared a dangerous secret. "A first-class adventure story. It's a toss-up whether the physical or the psychological side is the more exciting."
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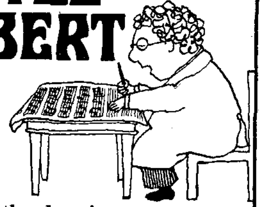

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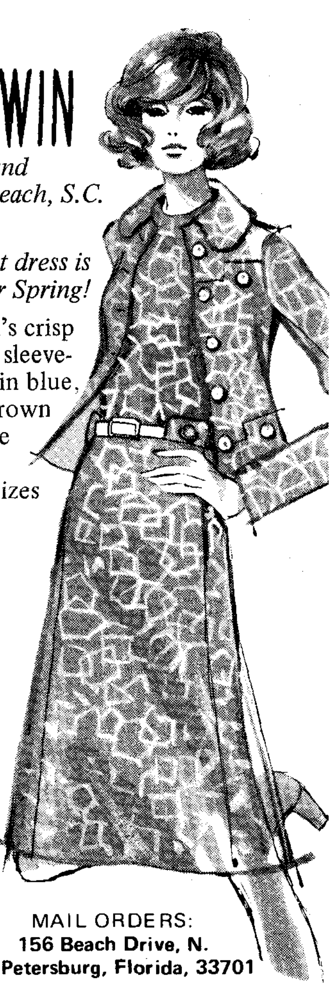

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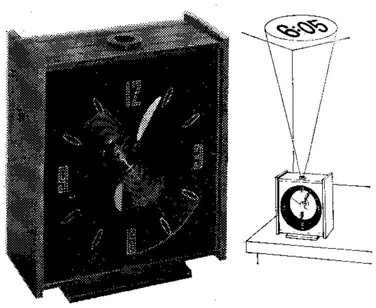

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book pertinent; the Indian-education question, for example, now has application all over the world as men ask whether modernization and Europeanization are identical. And Clive makes Macaulay's intellect not just impressive but beguiling.

Hour of Gold, Hour of Lead: Diaries and Letters, 1929-32, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). The bride whose letters to her family begin this book can scarcely believe her own happiness. With her husband, she ranges the globe, learning to fly by flying, and the couple's happiness is marred only by their resentment of the publicity they attract; when an older friend points out that as long as they do newsworthy things reporters will follow them, Mrs. Lindbergh merely notes this piece of common sense, and remains unconvinced. The birth of their first child, a son, offers a new source of joy, and the letters and photographs portray an alert, handsome, sturdy, playful little boy. And then the Lindberghs' lives fall apart, with the kidnapping of that child. Mrs. Lindbergh reprints the letters she wrote to her mother-in-law at the time, along with her own diaries, and these recall the daily suspense of waiting and hoping to hear that the baby is safe, followed by the terrible discovery that he is dead. The book reproduces unbearable pain—except, of course, that the Lindberghs bore it. A Literary Guild selection.

Note: Viking has published "The Inspector," a collection of drawings by Saul Steinberg. Most of them were first printed in *The New Yorker*.

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Tulsa (Okla.) Daily World*]

Hominy—Child-care expert and anti-war activist Dr. Benjamin Spock is scheduled to speak at an Osage Indian feast and dance March 31.

Spock will speak at 2:30 p.m. at a meeting of the Osage Association at the National Guard Armory. He will be made an honorary chief at a 6 p.m. feast in honor of original Osage allottees. War and social dancing will follow the dinner.

•

The result was the famous Soviet wheat deal. It involved roughly one-sixth of the U.S. wheat crop (7.5 million tons) and sizable amounts of corn and soybeans. The Chinese later bought 600,000 tons of what.—*Billings (Mont.) Gazette.*

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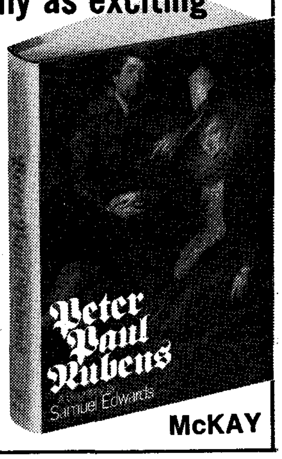

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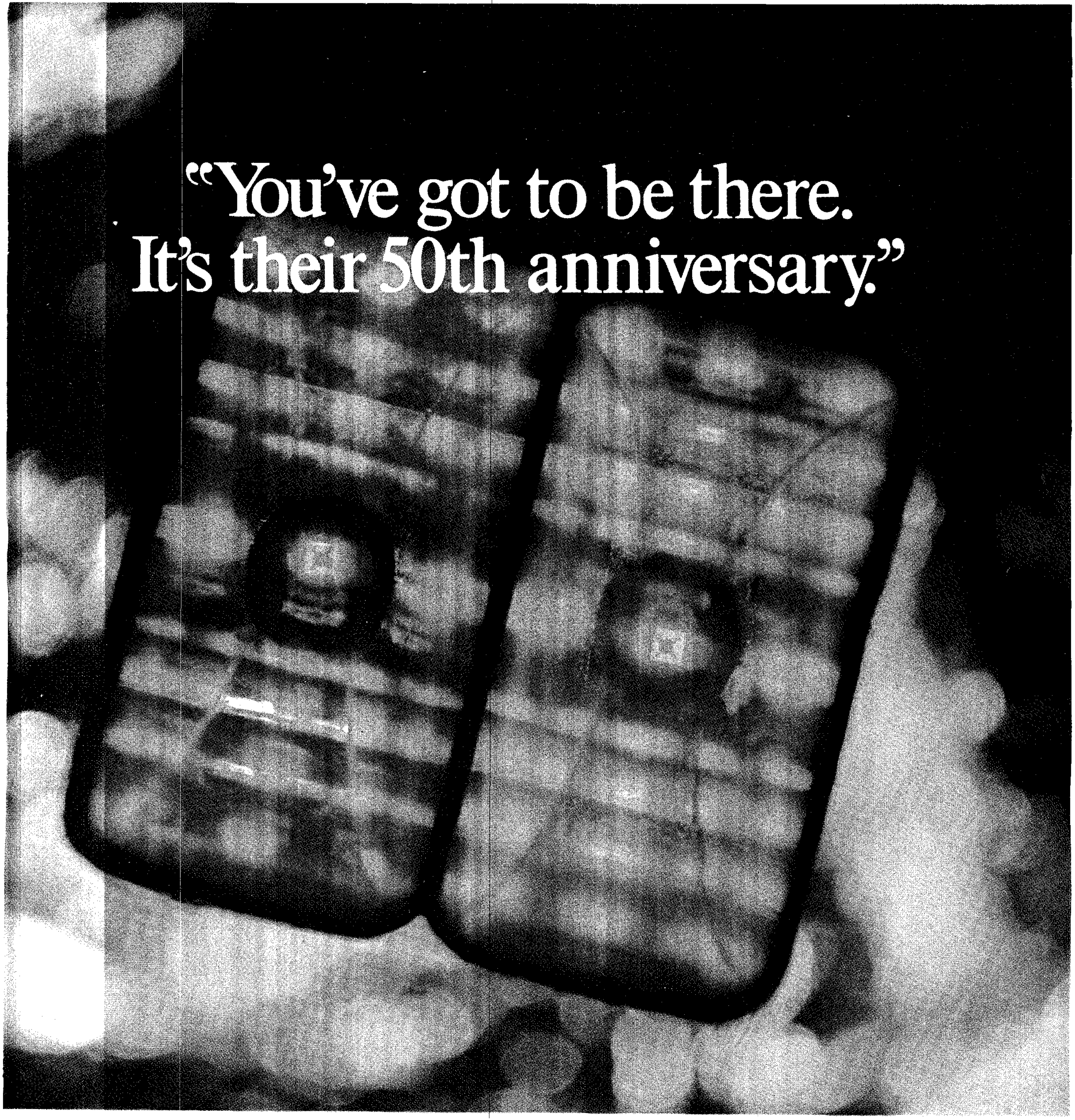

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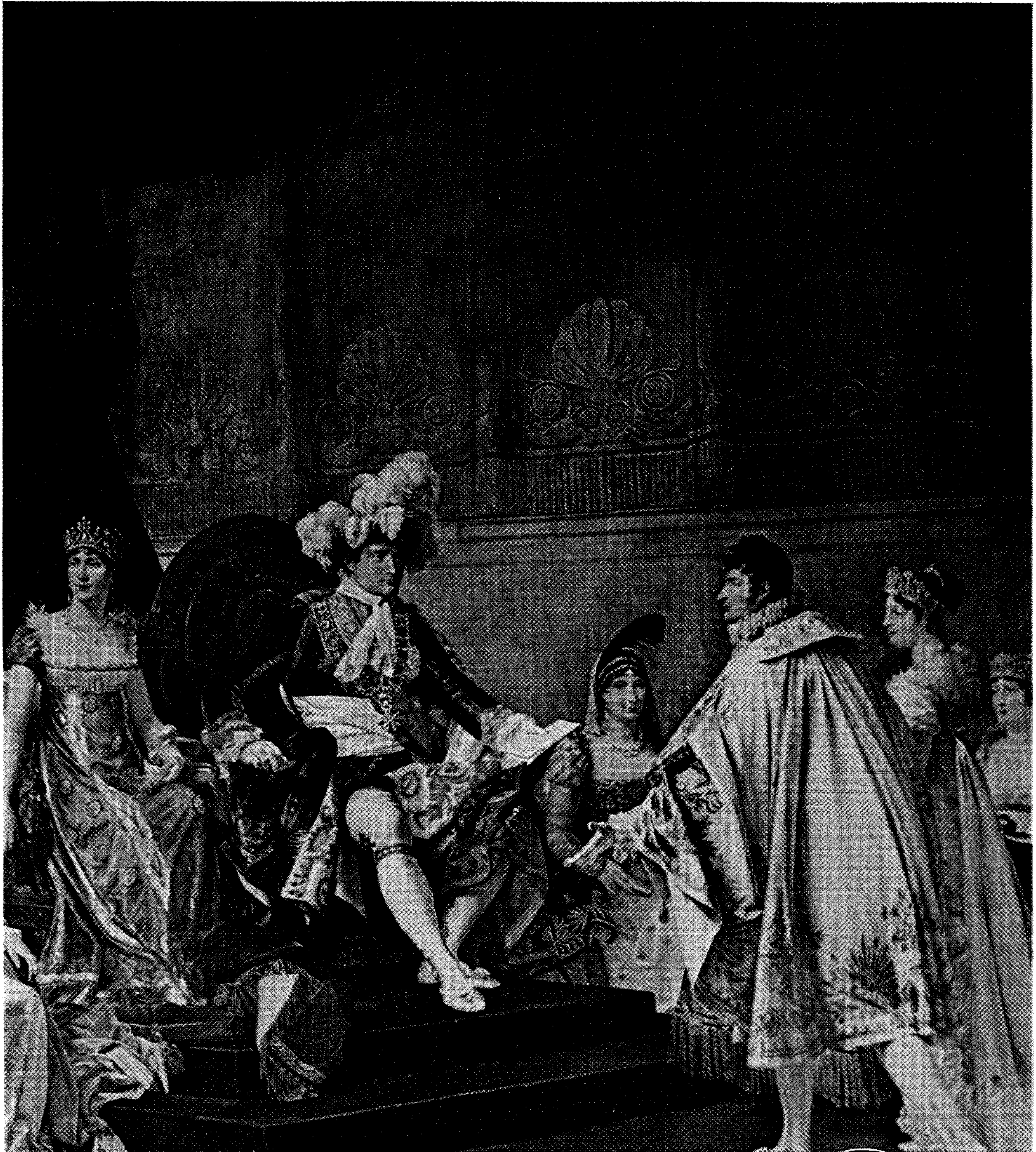

Mariage du Prince Jérome Bonaparte. Detail from the painting by Jean-Baptiste Regnault (1754-1829). On August 22, 1807, the marriage contract between Napoleon's youngest brother and Catherine of Württemberg was signed in the presence of the Emperor and Empress and dignitaries from both courts. The religious ceremony took place the following day in the Palace of the Tuileries.

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